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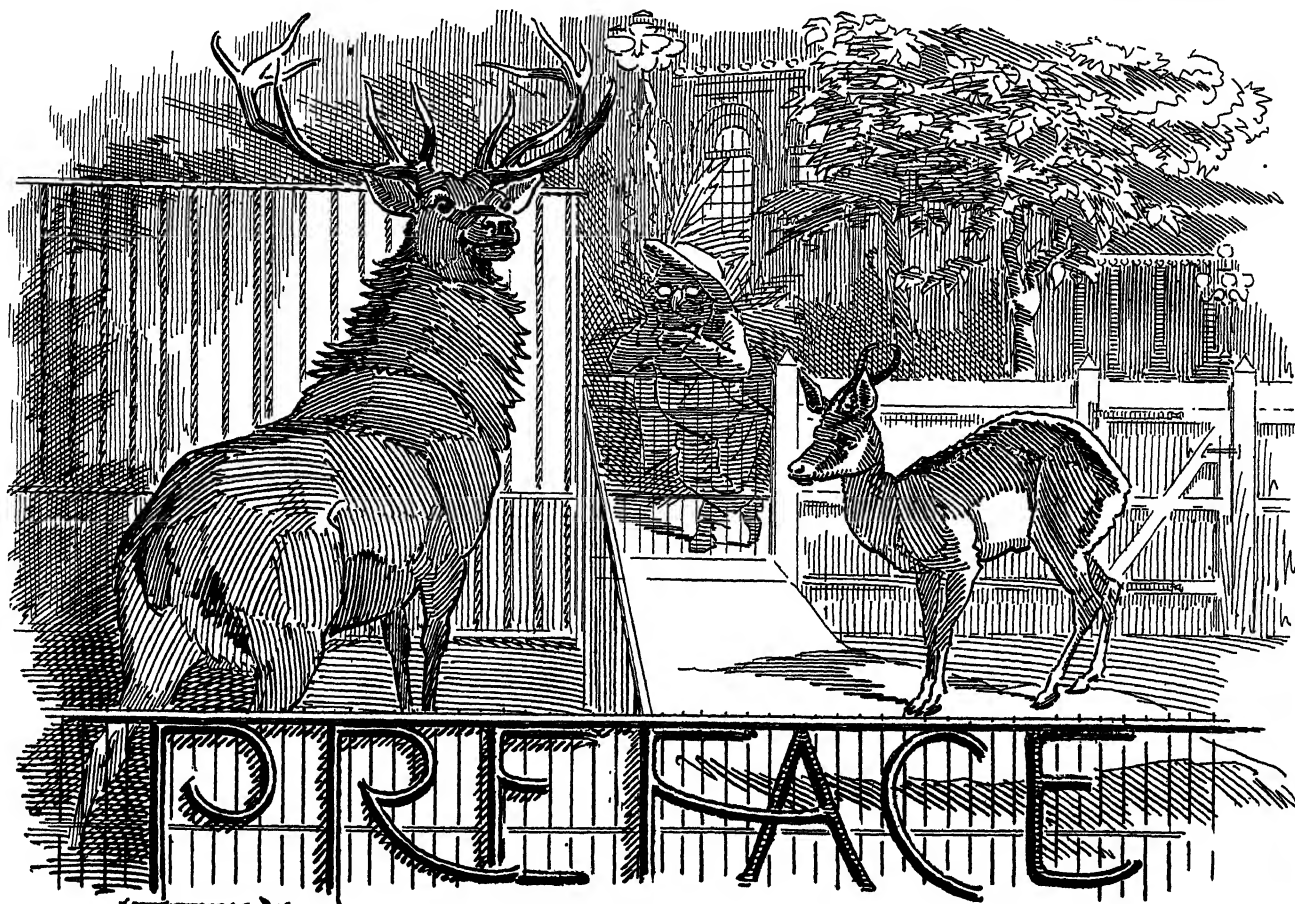
PUNCH

VOL 116



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1899.

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"MORNING," said the British Red Deer, nodding across the palings to the Spring-bok. "Town pretty full, what?"

"Yes," said his neighbour. "It's this polyglot show round there in the Bosch that brings the foreigners in. Never heard such a varied lot of language in my life, and I've spent half of it in Zoos. And such respectable-looking gentlemen, too. Seen them strolling through here of an afternoon on their way from the Huis to take the Stoom-tramway to Scheveningen."

"What are they doing here?" asked the Red Deer. "Is it a Church Congress?"

"Not exactly that," said the Spring-bok. "I rather think it's a meeting of people interested in Life-saving Apparatus. Two of them—Russians, I fancy—passed my cage the other day talking French. Picked up a smattering of the tongue myself at the Marseilles Zoo, where they landed me to get acclimatised to Europe. Well, one of them said something that gave me quite a shock. 'Damnable things these dum-dums!' That's what he said."

"What's a dum-dum?" asked the Red Deer.

"Sort of pellet you get shot with," said the Spring-bok, who was very well-informed.

"Anything like the explosive pattern they use up our way?" asked the Red Deer. "Very insidious, my friends tell me."

"Not so noisy as that; but it's got a flattened head, and won't come out the other side."

"And what did the other gentleman say?"

"He said the dum-dum was an outrage on civilisation, and he was glad to see the brutal English were going to have a lesson in humanity. Daresay you've had your prejudices against English sportsmen during the stalking-season; but I don't really think they *can* be so very unkind. One of them, such a nice-mannered old gentleman, came by the other day, with a hump on his back and a small dog. He addressed the latter with a very perfect Dutch accent. 'Silence, Toby,' he said, 'and remember the notice, *No dogs of war admitted!*' And he came up and patted me on the head and gave me a mixed biscuit and asked me how my poor old Oom was."

"What's an Oom?" asked the Red Deer.

"Kind of paternal Uncle," said the Spring-bok.

"Well, how was he?" asked the Red Deer.

"That's just it. Nobody here seems to know exactly *how* he is. You see, our people haven't sent over any missionaries to this Bosch Congress, not being a sovereign nation, like—well, for instance, like the hilly little place our young friend, the chamois, comes from. So I asked him if *he* knew. And he said my Oom was suffering just now from a sluggish liver; but warm external applications were being used."

"Then he asked me what I thought of the Boers as marksmen. And I told him they were pretty accurate—or had been, before I left the country. Only they overdid it, and nearly exterminated us; result being that they were getting out of practice for want of moving targets. Doubtful whether they could hit a sitting Englishman now at more than fifteen hundred yards. Ah! here he comes again!"

"Who? a sitting Englishman?" asked the Red Deer.

"No, stupid," said the Spring-bok. "Can't you see the nice old thing with the hump behind? Wonder if he's got any more mixed biscuits about him?"

"He looks very good and kind," said the Red Deer. "Why, of course, I know him quite well. He used to draw pictures of us and the sportsmen at home!"

With elastic step and a jaunty air of general philanthropy, the Sage of Fleet Street (for it was he) passed by, scattering wide largesse of buns and biscuits as he went, and saying, "*Pax vobiscum!*" at intervals to the various animals.

"And to think," he was murmuring to himself, in between, "that all these barriers between beast and beast will shortly be removed; and we shall have the lion walking out with the bear and the rooster sitting down beside the crocodile. Man, returning to Paradise (of which the word *Bosch* is so infelicitous an equivalent), is bound to bring in his train the brute creation, which will follow his good, as they once followed his bad, example. For"—and here he broke out into melody—

"There's never a note
In the Gatling's throat,
The sight of the rifle's blurred;
The clarion's blast
Is a thing of the past,
The same as the Dodo-bird.

"The sword has a crook
Like a pruning-hook,
There's a hole in the big, big drum;
They've shovelled the shot
In the melting-pot,
And the ping of the dum-dum's dumb!

All which," he added, "is largely due to my happy thought; one of those spontaneous touches which make the whole world kin!" And for the twentieth time he drew from his breast and read aloud an official document in orange-tinted vellum. It was headed "AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL," and at the foot ran the words, "*Make what use of this you like.*" The rest of it was as follows:—

"The Delegates of the Peace Conference assembled at the Huis ten Bosch, severally and in combination beg to thank Mr. PUNCH for the handsome gift which he has conferred upon each of them without invidious distinction; and to assure him that their heavy labours in the cause of Universal Amiability have been conspicuously lightened by the perusal, during several consecutive sittings, of that unparalleled work, his

"One Hundred and Sixteenth Volume."



MR PUNCH'S ALMANACK



Bernard Partridge.

1898 — 1899.

January



THE COMING CENTURY.

SCENE—*The House of Commons. Enter mild-looking individual at door leading to Reporters' Gallery.*

Custodian. Can't pass there, Sir. Reserved for the ladies of the Press.

Individual. But can't I go into the House itself? The public are admitted nowadays?

Custodian. Oh, yes, Sir, but only females. That regulation has been in force ever since the passing of the Equalisation of the Sexes Adjustment Act.

SCENE—*The Foreign Office. Enter Foreign Ambassador with Declaration of War.*

Messenger. Can I be of any assistance to you, Sir?

Ambassador. Will you kindly direct me to the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army?

Messenger. Sorry, Sir, but there is no Commander-in-Chief. The patent of the last one expired about five years ago.

Ambassador. Then direct me, please, to the next in command.

Messenger. Sorry again, Sir, but next in command is on sentry-go. Only one soldier belonging to the British Army nowadays, and he's a volunteer.

Ambassador. What shall I do with this Declaration of War?

Messenger. Oh, that, Sir? They will deal with that in the Arbitration Department, next door to the room reserved for the Commissioners in Lunacy.



MOTTOES FOR THE MILLION.

Football men.—"Horresco referens," I shudder when refereeing.

M. de R-g-m-nt.—"Hic jacet," here he lies.

The Dervishes.—"Dum spiro, spearo."

Briefless Barristers.—"Vacs. et praterea nihil."

Conscientious objectors.—"Poz vobiscum!"

'Bus conductors.—"I know a Bank."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SORS CESARIANA.—*Gallia est omnis divisa.* Undoubtedly you are right. Caesar's prophetic eye foresaw *L'Affaire Dreyfus*.

ENQUIRER.—Yes, Sultan Wilhelm is said to be very fond of turkey, and if not prevented, will help himself to large slices.



A GHOST STORY.

Uncle John was at the most exciting point of one of his most thrilling ghost stories: "The door opened, a strange white light was projected into the room, and approaching, yet without movement, gliding along without the slightest sound, came a tall, weird, ghostly figure in a white robe, the Lady of the Moat, whose appearance on that fateful night meant—," * * * Well, it meant that we were all to be bundled off to bed as quickly as possible, as it was Aunt Jane, who insisted on all the young people being in bed early. And didn't Uncle John catch it!!



Extract from a Hunting Diary.—Monday. "FIRST DAY AFTER THE FROST, LOT OF SNOW IN THE DITCHES. I WAS WELL IN IT."



IN DEFENCE OF THEIR COUNTRY?

OH, DEAR, NO. FACT IS, A RARE BIRD HAS BEEN SEEN AT THE BRICK PONDS, A LITTLE FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD!



SPORTIVE SONGS.

(An old Bachelor sitting over the Yule Log casts back his Memory of Christmas Day.)

THE fire is getting very low,
The log is failing fast,
But in the dim red afterglow
I think upon the past,
And muse upon that Christmas day
When you and I first met
Beneath a silver-berried spray—
I feel its power yet!

The fire is getting lower still,
The log is well-nigh ash,
The while the air may not strike chill
Athwart the creaky sash,
My heart is warm with thoughts of you,
It fears no Winter snow—
You were the nicest girl I knew
At Christmas long ago!



The fire is darker, almost gone,
For me it still burns bright,
My flame, Matilda, never shone
With clearer, purer light,
Not e'en upon that Christmas day
In A.D. '69,
When all the world was blithe and gay,
And I hoped you were mine!

The fire is out, Matilda dear,
Nought left but calcined white,
My diary will make quite clear
The words I spoke that night.—
What's this—'Twas not you after all,
But pretty pouting Kate
In '69. I now recall
Your date was '68!

THE COMING CENTURY.

SCENE—A Ball-room. Edwin and Angelina discovered sitting out.

Angelina. This is very delightful. So much better to have the supper brought round by waiters to wherever we may be.

Edwin. 'Tis a distinct improvement upon the small tables. And the theatrical entertainment for the chaperons gives those poor people limitless amusement.

Angelina. It does indeed. And then it is so much nicer not to have the bore of dancing.



Edwin. Yes, it was a comfort when all that was done by professionals. And who is our hostess? I have lost my card of invitation.

Angelina. I haven't the faintest idea. I have lost mine too. But it doesn't matter, as she wouldn't have known us.

SCENE—Site of the Central Criminal Court. Enter Country Cousin.

Country Cousin. I say, Policeman, how do I get into Newgate?

Police Constable. By breaking the law. You try it, and you will soon see.

C. C. Well, can you give me the address of a barrister-at-law?

P. C. Bless you, there are no barristers nowadays! They were ousted long ago by the solicitors.

C. C. But I suppose the Old Bailey exists?

P. C. Of course, but it has been moved to West Kensington—about four miles beyond what used to be known as Richmond.

C. C. And what has been done with the site of the Central Criminal Court?

P. C. Although very valuable, it has been retained by the Government for the Bankruptcy Branch of the Companies, Limited, winding up automatically. Millions of money are dealt with daily.

C. C. And where is the Paying Out of Court Department?

P. C. There's no such place. It isn't a part of the system.

NOT SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.—Melanc-holly.



Youth (to Miserable Policeman). "W'Y DON'T YER GO 'OME?"



APT.

Brown (helping lady out of water). "PON MY WORD, MISS SMITH, YOU REMIND ME EXACTLY OF WHAT'S-HER-NAME RISING FROM THE WHAT-YOU-CALL!"

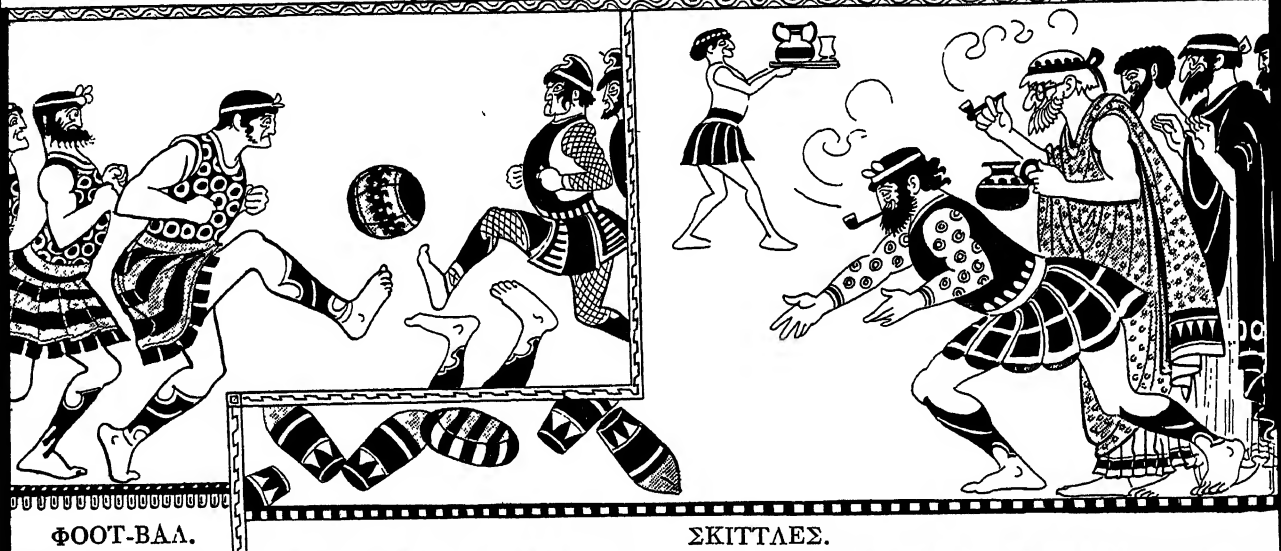
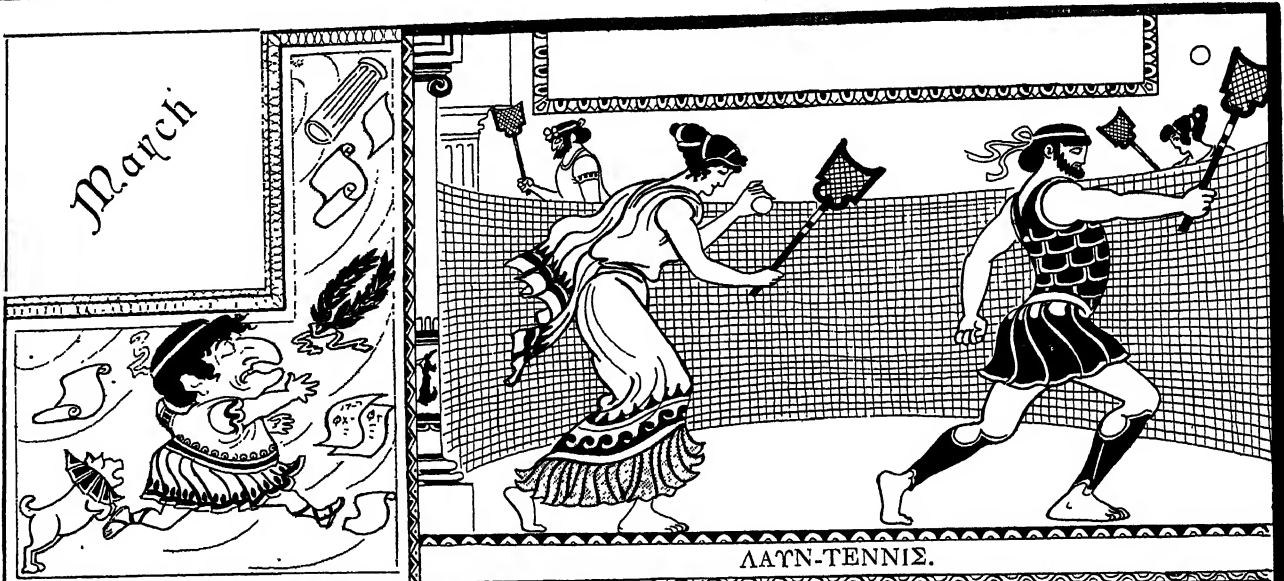


Effie (wishing to be polite). "NO THANK YOU, MISS MIGGINS. THE FOWL ISN'T HIGH—BUT IT HAS RISEN A LITTLE!"



*Curate (just ordained). "NOW I SHALL HAVE MUCH PLEASURE IN MARRYING YOU AND YOUR SISTER, MISS KATE."
Miss Kate. "WHAT, BOTH?"*

[Left explaining.]



ἸΑΡΣΙΤΙ ΒΟΑΤ-ΡΑΣΕ. ΕΚΣΙΤΙΝ ΣΤΡΥΓΓΛΕ, ἈΜΜΕΡΣΜΙΘ.



Arthur Hopkins

"THREE SHEETS IN THE WIND."

IT'S SIMPLY HUMILIATING. TO BE BLANKETED WITH FLYING NEWSPAPERS AT THE VERY MOMENT YOU THOUGHT YOU MIGHT RENEW YOUR ACQUAINTANCE WITH THOSE JOLLY GIRLS YOU MET AT THE BALL! BLOW THESE MARCH WINDS!!



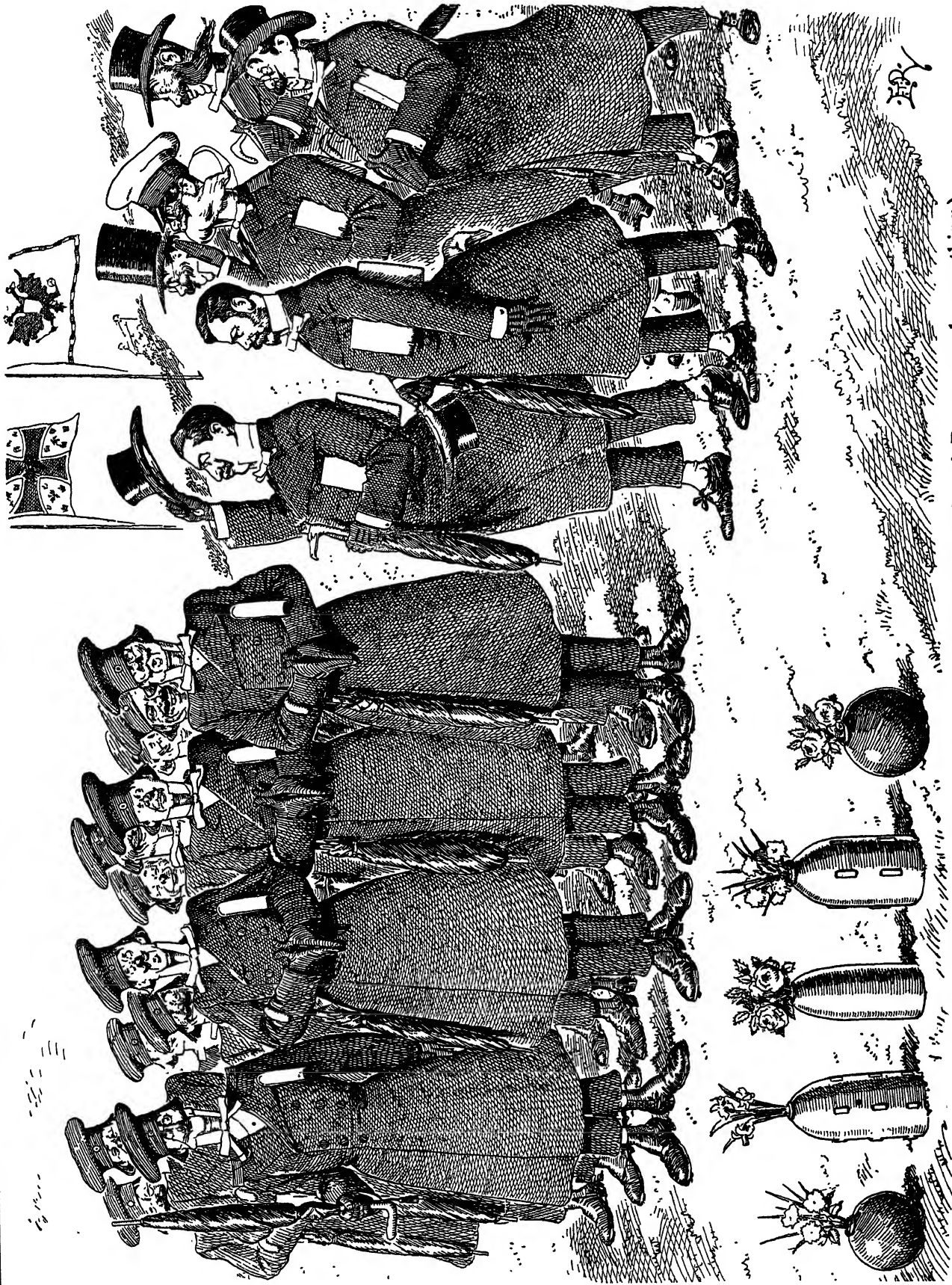
Sidney Harvey 1899

"I HAVE JUST BEEN TO CALL UPON MARIE. SHE HAS FALLEN OUT WITH HER FIANCÉ."
 "OH, YES, SO I HEARD. DID SHE TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT?"
 "MY DEAR GIRL, I WAS ONLY THERE AN HOUR OR SO!"



LOOKING DOWN ON OUR FRIENDS.

PHILMAN
98.



THE MILLENNIUMSKY REVIEW. (Tsarskoe Selo. A.D. 1900 and something.)

THEIR IMPERIAL MAJESTIES THE KAISER AND THE TSAR PROCEEDED, FOLLOWED BY A BRILLIANT STAFF, TO INSPECT THE VIRTUOUS AND HARMLESS REMNANT OF THE RUSSIAN TROOPS. IT IS NO USE DISGUIISING THE FACT THAT THE FIRST RESULTS OF GENERAL DISARMAMENT AND UNIVERSAL PEACE WERE JUST A TRIFLE LUGUBRIOUS AND DEPRESSING!



THE TURF APHORISMS OF DARBY JONES FOR 1899.

EVERY "jug" must have his "mug"!
 Every jock must know his "crook"!
 Every layer find a payer!
 Every tout—uncertain scout!
 Every owner—public "loaner"!
 Every trainer—stable gainer!
 Every donkey "plunge" a "monkey"!
 Every plunger—future "sponger"!
 Everything will so go round
 Till a better turf be found!

A COUPLE OF DERBY DAYS.

(Extracts from Two Diaries.)

Old Style—The Early Sixties.—The great event has been reached at last, the great day of the year—for what are the Oaks and the Leger compared with the Derby? The House of Commons has adjourned as a matter of course. London has been emptied into Epsom. Not a soul is in town, except at the Academy. People go there because they know every one else is away at the races. The clubs with their coaches, the road with its numberless vehicles, and the fun of the course! And the betting, and the walks in the paddock, and the luncheon on the Hill! Why, the world stands still for the carnival of Epsom! Such an event! Once a year! I wonder if I shall ever forget the Derby Day?



New Style—The Later Nineties.—Dear me! I know that something or other happens to-day, because I made a knot in my handkerchief. Sure it was this date: Will the paper help me? The House of Commons hard at work. Nothing unusual there. London season in full swing. All the theatres, and concert-rooms crowded. Novelty, perhaps, worn off. The leading club windows as well occupied as ever. Piccadilly and the Park thronged. And what was it that I proposed to remember? For the life of me I cannot recollect. The Levee? No; went there on Monday. Memory evidently going. Knot in the handkerchief must mean something. Anything to do with the ups and downs of life? Why, of course, the Downs! To be sure. It is the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. Fancy forgetting what used to be considered the event of the year! I wonder if I shall ever remember the Derby Day?



Charles (soliloquising). "HA—I'M NOT EXACTLY EQUAL TO THAT DOOCID GWECK FELLAH, ADONIS, DON'TCHERKNOW; BUT, DASH IT ALL, THERE'S A SOMETHING ABOUT ME THAT POSITIVELY FASCINATES THE WADIES!"

PADDY TO HIS PIG.

OCH! Piggy dear, an' did ye hear
 The thrators what they say?
 The rint is due, an' oh! 'tis you,
 Me darlin', that's to pay.
 So you, whose squal is music rale
 To me—the rascals hint
 That you must doi, an' plaise, for whoy?—
 The landlord wants his rint!

But no, me jew'l! Oi'm not so cru'l,
 To kill an' murther dead
 The chum that's ate out ov me plate,
 An' shared the fam'y bed.
 Oi would be loike a fool to stroike
 A frind to plaise a foe—
 If one must doi, why then, says Oi,
 The landlord, he must go.



BROTHERLY SARCASM.

Mabel. "HE HADN'T THE FACE TO TRY TO KISS ME!"

Fred. "SUPPOSING, MY DEAR, YOU HADN'T THE CHEEK TO TEMPT HIM!"



EASTER MANŒUVRES.

Extract from Private Letter.—April 1. "I'M AFRAID MILLY AND I HAVE PUT OUR RESPECTIVE FEET IN IT THIS TIME. WE THOUGHT WE WOULD TEST OUR CAPACITIES AT HOSPITAL WORK, AND ATTACH OURSELVES TO PA'S REGIMENT—OF COURSE, WITHOUT TELLING PA—AND WERE GETTING ALONG QUITE NICELY WITH A SOLDIER WHO WASN'T VERY WELL, WHEN WE MET PA AND THE GENERAL AND HIS REGIMENT. THEY TOOK AWAY THE PATIENT, AND JUDGING FROM PA'S LOOKS, THERE'S A WARM TIME COMING."



AN UNCONSCIOUS HUMORIST.

"GOOD MORNING, MRS. HODGES. I WAS SORRY TO HEAR THAT YOUR SON DIDN'T GET THE SITUATION AFTER ALL." "NO, MISS, THERE WAS A DEAL O' PEN-WORK TO DO, AN' THEY SAID AS 'OW ANYBODY AS COULDN'T WRITE VERY WELL WASN'T LEGIBLE."



Herr Von Angler (who is very short-sighted). "HAF I SOME FISH KILLED? ACH, YA! I HAVE ONE TWO HOURS CATCHED, AND HE MOVED NOT HAS. FOR SURE HE IS KILLED."

May



AFTER-DINNER THOUGHTS.

I.—PRELIMINARY PRECAUTION.

THERE are few things more charming than a well-planned dinner-party, none more dolorous than a bad one. As a great philosopher has remarked, the success of a good dinner depends quite as much upon what is on the chairs as it is concerned with what is on the tables. The assertion might be put more strongly. Better is a dinner of herbs where bright people are, than a dainty banquet with insufferable bores. If the wine is bad you need not drink it; if the meats are poor and ill-cooked, you can eat bread. But you can't get away from your right and left neighbour, bore they never so drearily. Like Sterne's Starling, you "can't get out."

Doctors enjoy in this respect an advantage over their patients. If you are a doctor, and in doubt about your company or your dinner, play a messenger. Suppose the dinner is fixed for 8 o'clock. By half-past you will pretty well know what's on the table and what's on the chairs. Have your messenger arrive sharp on the stroke of the half-hour, bringing a note. If all is well, you nod your head sagaciously, murmur, "I thought so," and tell the servant there is no answer. If you are in for a *mauvaise* hour and a half, plead urgency; make your apologies; go off to your club; have a pint of decent claret, a cut off the joint, and a restful evening.

This arrangement serves a double debt to pay. It spreads wholesome idea of the extent and urgency of your business, and at the same time delivers you from the burden of what promised to be a fearsome night.

A modification of this simple device is possible to the wary diner-out who does not belong to the medical profession. Before starting for an unfamiliar or doubtful dinner-table, address to yourself a telegram (it may purport to come from "P. Toots") timed to arrive at 8.30. If it finds you dying to get off, here is your opportunity.



II.—ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO DINE OUT.

As Sir Henry Thompson and other wise men know, eight is the model number for a dinner-party. The difficulty in the pressure of London life is that, having carefully selected your seven, mixing them with all the forethought and skill requisite to making a salad, one or two may at the last moment fall out. Of course, there are the highways and by-ways at your disposal. But recourse to them rather spoils your human salad. Ten is all right, and with care twelve is possible. When it comes to

sixteen or twenty, with centre-pieces and pots of flowers down the middle of the table, you might as well dine at a *table d'hôte*. For the pleasure or misery of the sitting you are entirely dependent upon your neighbour on the right or left.

It is here where the telegram or messenger from the surgery comes as a boon and a blessing to man.

Once seated at the dinner-table and no hope of deliverance, try and make the best of it. Of course you will not eat peas with your knife. That is an elementary rule of good manners. There are other tendencies to be guarded against. When asparagus is just coming in, and costs thirty shillings for a moderate-sized bundle, don't (supposing you are served early in the round) empty the dish, or even transfer to your plate a full half of its contents. If the dinner begins with turtle soup, and your neighbour on the right, not caring for green fat, leaves a succulent piece on his plate, whatever you do, don't stick your fork into the morsel and convey it to your mouth. If you feel temptation overcoming you, look the other way. Don't drink your soup out of the plate as if it were a saucer. Don't ask how much anything on the table cost. Don't stuff a corner of your serviette between your neck and shirt-collar as if you were going to be shaved. Don't emphasize argument by brandishing a knife. Don't leave the room before the ladies; and when the spirit-lamp is handed round, don't blow it out when you have lit your own cigar.



III.—A RARE FEAST.

SOME dinner-givers affect eccentricity in their *menu*. Here's a copy of an invitation received last Lent: "Dear Duke,—Come and dine with me on Thursday. You shall have bread made of wheat that browned under the sun before Moses crossed the Red Sea; Butter churned in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth; Wine that was getting up in years at the time of the Armada. For dessert there be apples that grew on trees in the first century."

Interesting this rather than attractive. Bread likely to be a bit stale, and as for the butter—um! However, I went, and it was all as the host had said. The wheat out of which the bread was made was discovered in a chamber in one of the Pyramids. The butter—really not bad, though lacking in flavour—was found on a ledge in a well in Ireland, where, while the centuries grew, it lay in a crock set in icy water. The wine came from a vault in the ruined city of Corinth, and the apples half filled a jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii.

A nicely arranged dinner; expensive, but scarcely filling. Not to be recommended to young couples beginning house-keeping. They had better start with *Caneton de Rouen à la Presse*. This has nothing to do with modern journalism or the Press Bazaar. The duck is brought into the dining-room roasted; all the flesh is cut off; take the bones, body and all, put them in the press; then just crunch them. The resultant moisture poured over the slices of duck is appetising, whilst the

exercise of working the lever is most healthful. Each guest takes a turn at it, the others singing in chorus, "Heave ho, yeo!" It is not *de rigueur*, especially when ladies are present, to remove the coat and turn up the shirt-sleeves before approaching the press.



IV.—A NEW SOUP ("Souppon de l'Earwig").

DINING the other night with an old friend at home in one of the Channel Islands, we had a sublime soup. Simply compounded, as all good soup should be; with a flavour of vegetable and a faint faraway reminiscence of a game leg—whether of partridge or grouse I'm not sure. But beyond the ordinary flavour of successful soup, not unfamiliar to the palate, there was a distinct **SOMETHING** in this dish that I do not remember to have met with before. Tried to pump the Member for Sark, but he's very close in these matters.

"I'll give you a dinner," he said, "with pleasure. Always like to have at my table a man who knows what he's eating and drinking. But when it comes to letting you into all the kitchen secrets, that's another pair of sleeves. The soup is good, I know, and I'm glad you recognise that peculiar touch of flavouring which might have escaped the notice of a less acute and well-trained palate. But don't ask me how it is achieved. Have another spoonful?"

Don't usually take two helpings of soup, but the temptation irresistible. Looking down on plate, thought I saw something unusual. Here, peradventure, was the secret. Perhaps it was; at any rate it was an earwig. Sark was, for him, a little taken aback when he saw me fish the creature out and lay it on the rim of the plate. "I suppose it got in by accident," I said. "You are not going to draw me," he replied, somewhat blusteringly.

I noticed he didn't finish the soup on his plate. All the same, it was the best I have tasted for a long time. Try it. Strictly an Autumn dish. In September earwigs are cheap, especially in the Island of Sark. Only, in order to avoid narrow prejudice, the soup, before serving, should be carefully strained.



FOLLOW ME, LEADER!

WHEN pigs and wombats o'er the mead
Rival in flight the swallow,
Then shall our gallant leaders lead
And followers shall follow.
Meantime, while followers advance
O'er bramble, brake and hollow,
Our leaders, biding each his chance,
Do not so much as follow.



LOVE IS BLIND.



HODGSON.
FISHING INTERROGATORIES. No. 1.



HODGSON.
FISHING INTERROGATORIES. No. 2.
"WHERE'S YER TICKET?"

June



A SONG OUT OF SEASON.

LET others sing the joyance,
So-called, of Christmas cheer,
I view with veiled annoyance
This section of the year;
What though our rheumy noses
With fog are painted black,
I say I sigh for roses,
I want the Summer back.

We sat beside the heat-waves
Which I shall always miss
Till memory, O my sweet, waives
That dream of melting bliss;
We plucked in various places
Old Tempus on the wing;
By day we did the Races,
By night we did *The Ring*.

'Tis true our brows were moister
Than I should care to say;
We could not eat an oyster,
Oysters are death in May!
The joys of Monte Carlo
Were wanting—that is true,
But never mind! at Marlow
We "punted" all we knew.

Queen's had its bike-gymkhana,
The Park its church-parade;
We read Dreyfusiana
In Richmond's pleasing shade;
We patronised the pictures,
Unsheathed our critic-stings,
And passed amazing strictures
On Art and other things.

Putney provided polo,
Henley the College-barge;
I warbled (once) a solo
There by the verdant marge;
At Lord's (in lovely weather)
We lunched upon the lawn;
We supped, like wolves, together,
Together danced till dawn.

Compare the treats that follow
In Winter's weary train!
To smile and smile and swallow
Mince-pies that make for pain!
So, though we have the plumber
To heal us when we crack,
I say I sigh for Summer,
I want the Season back!



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E. W. H. L. L.



THE COMING CENTURY.

SCENE—One of fairy enchantment in Bouverie Street. Enter a Tourist doing the lions of London.

Tourist. Why, what is this magnificent place, with its gorgeous palaces, splendid grounds, and indescribable tout ensemble?

Resident. It is quite the finest place in the world.

Tourist. So I see. Is it the Crystal Palace transplanted from Sydenham?

Resident. Oh, no, a far more important establishment.

Tourist. Then is it the property of Royalty? Is it a combination of Windsor, Buckingham Palace, and Balmoral?

Resident. Yes; it is a combination of the places you have mentioned, but it is private property.

Tourist. Indeed! Then what is it?

Resident. The greatest wonder of the world, the glory of the universe, the extreme limit of civilisation.

Tourist. And it is called?

Resident. The new offices of Punch.

Tommy (reading). "George the Third sat on the throne for sixty years." What! Auntie, did he never get off?



UP THE RIVER.

"OPEN LOCKS, WHOEVER KNOCKS."

THE COMING CENTURY.

SCENE—The corner of St. James's Street at the top of Piccadilly. Enter would-be traveller.

Traveller. Where is the nearest railway station?

Messenger. You must be a stranger! Railways were abolished years ago.

Traveller. Then can I get about in a balloon?

Messenger. Oh, they burst up as soon as they were started.

Traveller. Then can't I go by electricity?

Messenger. Not since electricity has been superseded by the new force.

Traveller. Then, wasn't there a pneumatic-tube conveyance?

Messenger. Quite out of date. That sort of thing never paid a farthing dividend.

Traveller. Can I travel by the Thunderbolt Utilisation Company?

Messenger. Oh, that affair was closed by the County Council. The cars were irregular and uncertain of arriving at their advertised destination, and there were heaps of accidents.

Traveller. Well, how do I get to Putney?

Messenger. Oh, that's simple enough. You get to Putney and everywhere else by mail coach.



THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

(An Incident of the Holidays.)

It's very odd! I know the face,
One couldn't easily forget him.
But yet I can't exactly place
The last occasion when I met him;
In London, doubtless, I had passed
With just a nod, polite and frigid,
But, while these weeks at Slocombe last,
My etiquette is not so rigid;

Thus, seeing one whose face I know,
I felt that "Here's a fellow-sinner
Enduring the same penance," so
I promptly bade him come to dinner.
I wonder why he showed surprise?
My friendliness was unexpected,
Yet that but partly justifies
Such diffidence ere he accepted.

He seemed well-dressed (although I think
Those large-sized checks should be abo-
lished);
His black straw hat quite made me blink,
It was so beautifully polished.—
His hat! Good gracious! Fatal day!
His hat! Why, that explains the matter.
I wonder what my wife will say?
That fellow is—my London hatter!



THE AUGUSTAN AGE.

Now is the time when we pack our portmanteaus, study our Bradshaws, and drive to the station. Yet it must be confessed that a train-journey is wearisome, and most of all if one travels in solitude. But why should any one be compelled to do this? Why should not the railway companies provide agreeable travelling companions, to be hired, at a moderate fee, for the journey? The advantages of such a system are so obvious, that the only wonder is that it has not been adopted long ago.

You have, let us suppose, to travel from London to Exeter by yourself. To read

in the train is notoriously bad for the eye-sight. To write is even worse, not to speak of the fact that your friends won't be able to read your letters, and even may be led to infer from your handwriting that you have taken to drink. No; what you really need is an agreeable companion to enliven you. Accordingly, you will consult the superintendent, and will ascertain from him what members of the travelling-companion staff are disengaged. He will hand you some such list as the following:—

"Lord D.—Very aristocratic; gives a high-class flavour to any journey; new and exclusive anecdotes about the Upper Ten; can only be hired by first-class passengers.

"Miss E.—Charming lady companion; describes each place of interest passed on the journey; also an authority on millinery.

"Mr. F.—A favourite with artists and literary men. If desired, will discuss exclusively his fellow-traveller's works."



SCENE ON THE MOORS.

TOMMY ON HIS NATIVE HEATH—HIS NAME MCTOMPKINS! HE HAS TUMBLED INTO A BOG OF BLACK MUD, HIS GUN HAS GONE OFF BY ITSELF—SO HAS HIS PARTY. HE HAS LOST HIS FLASK, HIS CIGAR-CASE, PIPE, AND MATCHES, AND HASN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA HOW FAR HE IS FROM "HOME." "CALL THIS 'SPORT'!"

"Mr. A.—Radical politician; can criticise the Government by the hour; very suitable for any Conservative who likes argument.

"Mr. B.—Humorist; guaranteed to keep the most melancholy passenger in roars of laughter throughout the journey; epigrams and witticisms quite unrivalled.

"Mr. C.—Very useful companion; can play chess, draughts, and *écarté*; also a musician, and will discuss Wagner intelligently.

From this list you will select the travelling companion who seems most likely to suit you, with the result that the hours of your journey, instead of being wearisome, will prove wholly delightful. Another incidental advantage of this system will be that it will create a new profession for the impoverished upper classes. Instead of emigrating, or having to stoop to trade, they will become travelling companions, and will earn comfortable salaries with very little trouble.



'ARRY'S 'OLIDAY; B'LOGNE AND BACK.

RA+MAY
98

September



MR. PUNCH'S LEXICON OF SPORT.

KEEPER. A martyr to foxes, who devotes his energies to keeping feathered bipeds alive in order that the unfeathered variety may slay them. He absorbs in tips the balance of a sportsman's ready money, frequently beats a covert only to be beaten

observance of a fox. If he does not say "yoicks" and "tally ho" as often as the song-writers suppose, the fault may be imputed to a nature which cares little for any music except that of the hounds whom he often rates—not perhaps as highly as they deserve. Though he is not given to trundling things, he has a whoo-hoop of his own, which he sometimes rolls out with great effect. Usually a perfectly honest and straightforward man, he yet enjoys carrying a mask—but only *after* he has outmanœuvred the wildest animal in existence by going very straight. He has firmly-rooted opinions in regard to scent, but though he knows nothing about it, he knows quite as much as anybody else.

FIELD. No false inferences as to its nature and appearance should be drawn

eager desire for acquisition, and "he bagged my wind," implying a no less eager desire for revenge. This latter sort of bagging is often due to boxing.



ROD. A simple object, productive sometimes of fish, more frequently of mendacity. It is not generally known that if all the tall stories told by the users of rods were placed one on the top of the other they would reach from the earth to the moon. Hence the word "lunatic" is often applied to those who fish from punts, and drink cold whiskey and water. Some rods are spared, others are split, but the former variety only spoils a child, whereas the latter often kills a fish. Rods, like good jokes, have a point, and, like practical jokers, have a butt; but if you give your butt to trout or salmon, the fish, a morose, cold-blooded creature, is rarely pleased.



WHEEL. A dual noun, since a man who speaks of his wheel always means his bicycle. Was once called "safety," on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, but has now given rise to a new heading, "Bicycle Fatalities," in the newspapers. Generally fed on oil, punctures and spanners, always breaks down ten miles from anywhere, causes more hard language than golf, and breaks more bones than football. After and before certain hours, wheels become like acrostics and have lights. Yet the absence of a light causes a wheel to be immediately seen by a policeman, whereupon a magistrate generally says, "ten shillings and costs." Every man's wheel is better and cheaper than every other man's.



THE COMING CENTURY.

SCENE—*Lord's Cricket Ground. Enter a Member of the Marylebone Club.*

Commissionaire. Pardon me, Sir, but why are you wearing flannels?

Member. Because I am going in.

Commissionaire. In, Sir? Where?

Member. Why, for an innings at cricket.

Commissionaire. I thought you had made a mistake, Sir. They don't play cricket here.

Member. Not play cricket! Why, have they built over the ground?

Commissionaire. Oh, no, Sir. They have only extended the space claimed for refreshments at the end of the last century.

Member. What do you mean? Cricket abolished, and only refreshments? Is the place a hotel?

Commissionaire. No, Sir, a restaurant.



THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

DEAD FOR A DUCAT.

by the back-flight of cocks and hens, and, though he is not a cricketer, often indulges in a good long drive, shouts "over" with much persistency, and is sometimes, but not always, missed.

GUN. Is sometimes masculine and sometimes neuter. The feminine variety, though not entirely obsolete, is unfavourably regarded by the best authorities. A dangerous gun may be inoffensive to fur and feather, but is a source of constant apprehension to his neighbours, who can be heard remarking after such a gun has shot, that he ought himself to be shot. When this gun's gun goes off, the rest of the party would like, so imitative is human nature, to do the same. You can choke a gun to make it kill, and cast it off in order to use it better, but if it jams constantly, you never preserve it.

HUNTSMAN. A being who is honoured both in his leather breeches and in his

from the common phrase "the Field a Monkey." The Field never contains a favourite; hence the expression, "a fair field and no favour." A good fellow may be a shocking field, and, therefore, a poor all-round cricketer. On the other hand, a good field will stop cuts, and at the same time, paradoxically enough, may reap eternal fame.

BAG. A metaphorical expression to which birds are brought by keepers, beaters and guns. It is a curious fact, hitherto insufficiently noticed by mathematicians, that if you add together the individual exploits of a party of guns, they invariably exceed the actual total of the bag. Bags, like drinks, may be mixed, but the result in the case of bags is generally agreeable, probably owing to its association with cold lead and not with hot coppers. The verb active, "to bag," is employed irregularly by the young, e.g., "bags I," implying an



Extract from a Private Letter. "OUR BAG ON THE FIRST WAS BARELY UP TO THE AVERAGE, ALTHOUGH THE MATER, MILLY, AND SELF WERE OUT TO HELP THE MEN. WE HUNTED IN COUPLES AND THREES, AS IT IS A BIT DULL TRAMPING ALONG ALONE. AND AS THE MATER GENERALLY FOZZLES HER SHOTS, I DID MOST OF HER WORK TOO. BY THE WAY, HOW ABSURDLY NERVOUS MEN ARE 'GUNNING.'"



"WEEDS."



HARD LINES.

Starter (to brave featherweight who is struggling with adversity). "NOW THEN, SNOOKS, NONE OF YOUR TRICKS HERE!"



SHAKSPEARE'S SHOW.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

① AT THE FIRST SHOT
MR BUGGLE'S FIRST STAG
LAY PRONE



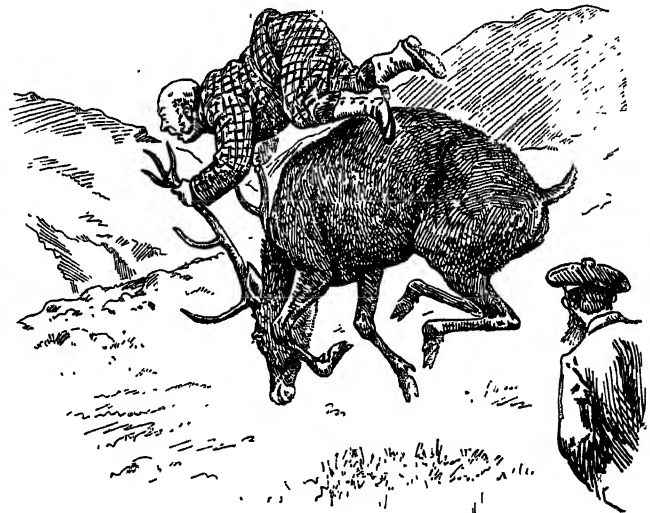
② ELATED WITH SUCCESS
MR B. RUSHED UP
AND SEATED HIMSELF
ASTRIDE
HIS VICTIM



③ BUT ALAS
IT WAS ONLY
SLIGHTLY STUNNED.
AND PROMPTLY
ROSE TO THE
OCCASION



④ SO DID MR B.



⑤ THE LAW OF GRAVITY
PROVED TOO STRONG
WHEN A LUCKY SHOT
FROM THE KEEPER



⑥ PLACED MATTERS UPON
A SATISFACTORY FOOTING
ONCE MORE



THE
JANUARY 1899

MR. BUGGLE'S FIRST STAG.

October



THE PROBLEM OF THE PRESENT.

(A Sketch at the Auxiliary Co-operative Naval, Military, and Civilian Stores.)

IN THE VESTIBULE.

Everybody (to everybody else, with an air of surprise which might be uncomplimen-

of course it's an immense convenience having everything under one roof. . . . Are you a member? No, I use my sister-in-law's number, and they don't seem to mind. Are you? No, and I always find that, so long as you pay for everything as you get it, they never bother you about numbers and things. . . . Oh! they're very obliging, I will say that. Etc., etc.

IN THE FANCY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

A Perplexed Lady (to her Companion, plaintively). If I could only see something here that would do for Aunt Joanna—but no matter what I get her, she's sure to find something amiss with it! (To a Youthful Assistant.) I want a present suitable for an elderly lady—something a little uncommon, you know, and not too expensive.

Aunt J.'s N. (to her Companion). Poor Maria sent Aunt a manicure-case last Christmas, and she's never forgiven her! (To Assistant.) No, I'm afraid that wouldn't quite—it ought to be some article for the table.

Y. A. Here's a little novelty that's having a great run this season, madam—an electro-plated porcupine. The quills, as you perceive, are all toothpicks.

Aunt J.'s N. Oh! I couldn't possibly. Haven't you got something with a little more—well, sentiment about it?

Y. A. I see, madam. How would something in the nature of a napkin-ring answer the purpose? I have them in real tortoiseshell—with any two initials in silver.

Aunt J.'s N. She has any number of napkin-rings.

Y. A. (appearing impressed by this proof of opulence). Has she indeed, madam? Then, perhaps an Art table-gong in hammered copper with drum-stick complete—most useful and elegant gift for an elderly lady—we are selling a great many of them.

Aunt J.'s N. I gave her a gong on her last birthday, but she never uses it.

Y. A. (amazed at such apathy). Really, madam? (At the end of his resources.) I'm afraid I hardly know what to suggest—unless (desperately) the lady would appreciate a gum-bottle?

Aunt J.'s N. (with a mournful prescience). No, I'm sure she wouldn't care for a gum-bottle. Do you know, I think we'll just have another look through the other departments, and then, if we don't—

[The conclusion dies away into an apologetic mumble as she moves on with her Companion.]

IN THE TOYS AND GAMES DEPARTMENT.

Particular Lady. I—a—want some sort of game for two small boys about eight or nine.

Assistant. For juveniles of that age I can strongly recommend the game of "Ascot." You wind the little horses along on a reel at the end of a string, and the one which gets in first is the—ah—winner.

P. L. (severely). I should be sorry, indeed, to give any boys a game that encourages a taste for the turf.

A. Of course it—ah—might have that tendency. Here is a highly amusing game called—ah—"Tiddledywinks."

P. L. (icily). Tiddledy—I beg your pardon?

A. (with dignity). Tiddledy-winks, madam.

P. L. And pray how do you—a-tiddledy-wink?

A. It is—ah—not one of my recreations, madam, but you will find full instructions supplied with each set, and I understand that they are so simple that the merest child can easily become—ah—proficient.

P. L. And go tiddledy-winking all over the place? A most undesirable accomplishment in my opinion.

A. Pardon me—I think, madam, you are misled by the associations of the title, which may, perhaps—ah—verge on vulgarity, but the game itself is perfectly free from objection, and popular with the most select and refined circles.

P. L. (firmly). The name is quite sufficient. What is this game—"Bulls and Bears"—like?

A. That, madam, is the latest thing out. You play it with cards and counters representing various stocks and shares. Capital game for the nursery.

P. L. Well, I don't generally approve of cards for children, but this doesn't seem so frivolous as most. It is on the Kindergarten principle, I presume?



THE FIRST OF OCTOBER.

THE OLD-TIME SPORTSMAN.

tary if it meant anything). What? You buying presents, too!

General Chatter. Such a business to find something to suit everybody! You can't give them the same thing two years running, can you? Simple enough. If I want something for a man, I get him a pen-wiper, and if it's a woman, a pin-cushion. They're always welcome, my dear, and they're things one can't have too many of. . . . No, indeed. What a good idea! I must remember that. . . . I've been here the entire day, and haven't nearly finished my presents yet—so much to see before deciding. . . . Quite hopeless waiting for the lift. . . . I've been up and down those dreadful stairs till I can hardly stand—but

Youthful Assistant. Certainly, madam. Have you seen the new *matinée* bag, containing pair of opera-glasses, small ivory hand-glass and powder-puff? Most acceptable present for any lady.

Aunt Joanna's Niece. Not for a lady who has never set foot in a theatre in her life, and never will.

Y. A. (with presence of mind). We could put you in a Prayer Book and "Hymns Ancient and Modern" instead of the opera-glasses if you prefer it.

Aunt J.'s N. That wouldn't do either—the lady is a strict Nonconformist.

Y. A. (rising to the occasion). In that case, madam, you might have it fitted with a pair of folding curling-tongs and patent heater, which will work out a little cheaper.



A PREHISTORIC "PUNCH" DINNER.

THE WEEKLY DISCUSSION OF THE CARTOON WAS FULL OF INCIDENT AND PLEASURABLE EXCITEMENT.

November



A. (at sea). I—ah—believe it is on the Kindlegarter principle, madam.

P. L. (pleased). One's always safe with their things. I'll take that game, please.

[She does.]

D. (relieved). I never thought of that—it might be only "Animal Grab" or "Beggars my Neighbour," mightn't it?

T. Of course. But mind this—if I let you get that, don't you go and blab about it in the nursery, else all the kids will go giving her devils and skeletons doing things!

D. Oh! no, I won't. And with yours and mine, she'll have just the right number, won't she?

Aunt J.'s N. (more perplexed than ever). If I gave her a copying-press, the chances are she wouldn't know what it was for. No, I don't see anything here.

[She presses on forlornly.]



THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER.

"YOICKS, OVER!"

IN THE STATIONERY DEPARTMENT.

Dolly (to Tommy). What are you getting for Granny?

Tommy. A paper-weight. Such a ripper! [He exhibits a miniature billiard-table, at which a scarlet demon in a state of Nature is playing a friendly match with a skeleton as lightly attired.]

D. (enviously). Oh, Tommy! You might let me give her that!

T. I like that. When it's my choice. But I tell you what. (Magnanimously.) There's another with a red devil and a skeleton playing cards together. You can give Granny that, if you like.

D. (dubiously). But aren't they gambling, Tommy? Granny mightn't like that.

T. They needn't be playing for money, need they, stupid?

IN THE FINE ART DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. Bodgers (to her friend Mrs. Porter). I should rather like to send my sister-in-law something in the artistic way—but I don't know. Caroline has so much taste!

Mrs. Porter. You don't say so! I'd no idea of it.

Mrs. B. Why, she's aspinalled everything in her drawing-room shrimp-pink herself, my dear, and painted all the panels of the door with parrots out of her own head.

Mrs. P. Parrots! Well, I should never have supposed she had so much in her!

Mrs. B. Oh! she's no favourite of mine, my dear—as you know—but I'm bound to say she makes George a very good wife.

Mrs. Hobson (to Mrs. Dobson). A terracotta figger would be a neat present for

him, if I could come across one at all reasonable—and respectable, of course.

Mrs. Dobson (with the wisdom of experience). You can't get respectable statuary, not reasonable.

Mrs. H. Oh! I don't know. When Mrs. Perkins was at Scarborough this Summer, she bought a byutiful figger—lo-o-vely it was—nearly three-quarters of a yard high, and a little damaged, such a job as she had to get a box to fit it, too. That was at an auction in the Arcade.

Mrs. D. Ah! well, I don't know what you may do at Scarborough—but I've not seen many statutes that I should care to send as a Christmas present.

Aunt J.'s N. (pensively, to her Companion). That pink cat with the green glass eyes and the blue pattern on it is rather sweet—but it's not true enough to Nature to please Aunt Joanna. She never did care for bric-à-brac.

IN THE JEWELLERY DEPARTMENT.

Matron (to her husband). Do you know, John, I really think we ought to give some little souvenir to Mademoiselle this Christmas. She was so good-natured about taking Bertie with his French last holidays, and she got him on so well, too.

John. Certainly, Louisa. I quite agree. Think one of these little pearl brooches would do, eh?

Louisa. Do? Why, anybody might wear one! This is perfectly charming. If I could only afford it—but I'm much too poor just now.

J. Oh! that's all right. We'll have that, then. [He pays for it.]

L. Thanks ever so much—it's awfully good of you, John—quite the prettiest brooch I've got!

J. (blankly). But I say, I thought you wanted something for Mademoiselle!

L. Oh! nothing so expensive as that—when she's leaving us so soon, too! It would be simply throwing away your money, and I'm sure she would be the last to expect—One of those dear little glass lockets with a lucky shamrock inside would be ample under the circumstances!

J. Why, hang it! they're only two and fivepence halfpenny!

L. There's a larger size at three and fourpence, but, personally, I think the smaller are quite as nice, and, after all, the mere value of the gift is such a trifle—it's the spirit in which it's given, John! By the way, have you got half-a-crown? I can't get at my own purse comfortably.

Stranger (breathlessly, to Assistant). I say, has my wife been in here?

Assistant. I really couldn't inform you, Sir. Unless you could give me some description of the lady—?

S. Description? Number ninety-nine thousand and ninety-two, Sir. That's my wife!

Aunt J.'s N. (dolefully, as she drifts through). It's not the slightest use sending her a trinket, when she never wears any jewellery but jet!

OUTSIDE—LATER.

Aunt J.'s N. (rejoining her Companion, with subdued triumph). Well, I saw something—just at the last moment, One of those American patent things—a lemon-squeezer, walnut-cracker and potato-peeler all in one. But whether it's what she'll care for—

Companion (with perfunctory optimism). Oh! I'm sure she'll love it!

Aunt J.'s N. My dear, there's no saying—it may take her fancy or it may not. All the same, I wish now I'd thought of getting them to put a robin on it.



A LARGE ORDER.

Voice (from the other side of the Hedge). "IS THAT YOU, THOMSON?" *Thomson.* "YESSIR."
Voice. "THEN LOOK SHARP AND JUMP OVER HERE WITH THAT SECOND HORSE!"



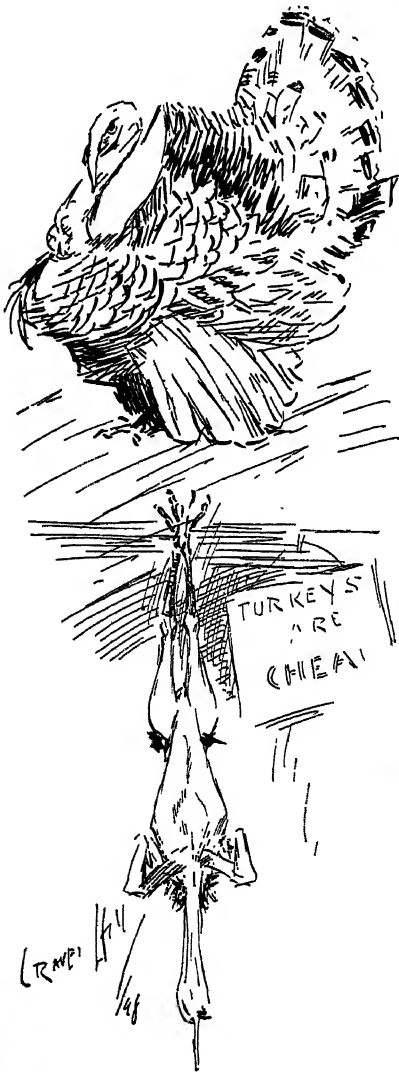
"SIR WILLIAM ASKED ME FOR THIS DANCE." "DID HE, THOUGH. AND WHAT DID YOU SAY?" "I SAID I WAS ENGAGED TO YOU, OF COURSE."
 "AH, THAT'S AWFULLY SWEET OF YOU. I HAVE BEEN WANTING FOR A LONG TIME TO ASK YOU IF I MIGHT TELL PEOPLE THAT!"



Mr. Punch. "HOW DO, OLD CHAP? BACK AGAIN TO MAKE US MISERABLE, EH?"
Old Fog. "OH! YES, MY GOOD FRIEND MR. PUNCH; BUT I DON'T SEEM TO MAKE YOU DISMAL."
Mr. Punch. "NO FEAR, OLD FELLOW. I ACT AS YOUR ANTIDOTE!"



THE SUBLIME AND



THE LUDICROUS.



Effie (at her first pantomime). "OH, MUMMY, THERE ARE FAIRIES, AFTER ALL. I AM SO GLAD!"

THE COMING CENTURY.

SCENE—*The Thames Embankment. Enter an Intelligent Foreigner.*

Intelligent Foreigner. Is this building the School Board?

Bystander. All these buildings belong to the School Board.

I. F. Indeed. And is the rate a high one?

Bystander. Not so high as it was once. Now, it's only nineteen and sixpence in the pound.

I. F. And where are the schools?

Bystander. Oh, there are no schools.

I. F. No schools! Why not?

Bystander. They would be superfluous. Nowadays, everybody's educated.

THE COMING CENTURY.

SCENE—*Office of a Publisher. Enter a Genius.*

Genius. I want to see the manager of the book department.

Boy. Oh, there isn't one, Sir.

Genius. Well, who looks after the pictures?

Boy. That's done by machinery, Sir.

Genius. Isn't there a clerk who can examine patents?

Boy. Quite unnecessary, Sir. Everything that *can* be invented has been invented.

Genius. Well, I want to leave a novel, a picture, and an idea.

Boy. You must be rather old-fashioned, Sir. All sorts of work is done, nowadays, by mental photography.



JONES HAS BEEN SO UNWISE AS TO GIVE A SANDWICH TO ONE OF THE HOUNDS!



HODGSON

Little Podgson (to Friend, who in a fit of exasperation has peppered his riotous dog). "HERE! CONFOUND YOU, YOU IDIOT! I GAVE FIVE POUNDS FOR THAT DOG!"

Friend. "ALL RIGHT, OLD CHAP, ALL RIGHT! WORTH MORE, NOW. LEAD MINE ON PROPERTY!"



FORBOLD.
+ Oct 98.

Farmer Bates. "BUT YOU DIDN'T FIND THAT BIG COCOA-NUT IN FOUR STOCKING, BOBBIE?"

Bobbie. "NO, SIR. MA LENT ME ONE OF HERS!"



A REAL TREAT.

Young Mother. "OH, ALFRED, DO SEE WHAT A LOVELY CHRISTMAS PRESENT MAMMA HAS SENT US JUST IN TIME FOR YOUR HOLIDAY. NOW YOU WON'T HAVE ANY DIFFICULTY IN TAKING THEM OUT TOGETHER WHILE I AND JANE GET THE DINNER READY!"



Bernard Partridge fec.

Linkman Time: “

M^{RS.} 1898'S CARRIAGE !”



THE NEW "PROVINCIAL TOUR."

["A new revival of the Thespian cart is said to be in contemplation, in the form of a travelling 'theatre-car,' to be attached to trains making long journeys, to the end that passengers may beguile their time by witnessing dramatic performances."—*World*.]

EXCELLENT idea, this. Have to travel west to-day; shall certainly patronise the "theatre-car"; much more amusing than reading magazines. Have secured seat well in the front; curtain not yet risen. Band behind the scenes is playing an overture, selections, I think, from *The Bohemian Girl* or *Lohengrin*. Can't be quite sure which, as our wretched engine is emitting a series of prolonged screeches. Glance at programme. *Foiled! or, Beauty and the Bacillus*. Evidently a melodrama. Ah! the curtain is going up. Settle myself comfortably in my seat by the window, and prepare to be thrilled.

Act I.—Getting on swimmingly. Young lady, evidently the heroine, in drawing-room scene, arranging flowers. Enter a maid with a letter, which the heroine reads aloud. Rather annoying, a luggage-train passed us just then, and I couldn't catch the most important sentence. However, dare say it won't matter. Enter a young man, apparently a doctor, who is attending her father. Begins to make love to the heroine, and means business, too. In about three minutes comes to a proposal. Will she accept him? Evidently uncertain. "REGINALD," she says, in a voice trembling with emotion, "I have listened to you patiently. And, as you wish, you shall have your answer, here and now. That answer, REGINALD, is—" *Crash!* Really most vexatious! Just at this exciting moment we plunge into a tunnel. Can neither see the stage nor hear a word of the dialogue. Ah! that was a pistol, surely! Is she shooting him, or is he—? But perhaps it was only a fog-signal, after all. Emerge into daylight at last. To my astonishment, two elderly ladies now occupy the stage. "And so," says one of them, evidently finishing a story, "I have confided the secret to you, knowing that you will never reveal it." "Wretched woman!" cries the other, violently, "Do you not know that I am—" "Change here for Slumpington," shout the porters as we pull up with a jerk, and the curtain comes down with a run.

On again. Act II.—A garden scene. Heroine alone. "LEONORA!"

cries a voice from behind, and another young man rushes on impetuously. Unluckily, just jolting over points at this moment, and he is thrown headlong against the back-cloth, which collapses. Quick curtain. Begin again. Evidently this is the hero, but can't make out whether the lady accepted that other fellow in the tunnel. More whistling from the engine. Very hard to catch what they are saying. Heroine disappeared just now while we rattled through a station. The doctor comes on again. Quarrels violently with hero; can't quite make out why. "You are powerless!" cries the hero. "Not so," returns the other, with a cruel smile. "I have a weapon that you dream not of, and that is—" "Pon my word, this is too provoking! We have suddenly stopped at a station. Newspaper-boys and others clamour outside the window. Motion them away impatiently, and try to keep my attention fixed on the stage. "Your threats are vain. I tell you that two years ago, when—" ("Tit-Bits! *Daily Graphic!* *Christmas Number!*") "Scoundrel, I will unmask your villainy, and proclaim to the world that—" ("Any sandwiches, Sir? Buns? Oranges?") "Well, then, do your worst. I defy—" ("Tickets, please!") "No atom of remorse, no spark of pity—" ("Kindly show your ticket, Sir. Can't keep the train waiting all day!") Fumble for ticket. By the time I've found it, the curtain falls. Most thoughtless of the company not to arrange things better.

Act III.—Interior of a Court of Justice. Somebody being tried; haven't any idea who it is, or what is the charge. Lots of new characters give evidence. Apparently a case of murder. Then somebody was shot while we were in that tunnel! But who? Judge about to sum up; now I shall understand. Hullo! What? Why, yes, it's my station, and I must get out. Melodrama in the train an excellent idea, but somehow, I don't think I shall patronise the "theatre-car" on my return journey!

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THAT!"—Two capital portraits of Sir HENRY HAWKINS appear in last week's *Black and White*, one representing him in multi as he would be attired after leaving the Courts, and the other in "tuft" as he was when arrayed in all his judicial glory from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. For legend a quotation from a once popular song would have been apt—"O what a difference in the morning!"



A PROPOSAL.

'Arry 'Olborn (to Sally Strand). "DARLING! LET US BE UNITED."
 Sally (blushing). "THIS IS SO SUDDEN! ASK PA—PA—PARLIAMENT!"

POINTS FOR PANTOMIME PRODUCERS.

(To be adopted in the coming Century, or sooner.)

REMEMBER that dinner is not over before 8.30, and commence the show at 9.

See that there are a couple of low comedians to see what can be done for raising a laugh.

Let the scenery be magnificent, with electric light.

Let the ballet have a chance, and cater for the fittest of fifty.

Recollect that Yuletide amusements are no longer for boys and girls, but children of an older growth.

Take care of your Stalls, and your Pit and Gallery will look after themselves.

Bear in mind that the modern young person of fifteen could startle her grandmother.

Let the entertainment close at eleven, so that the pleased spectators may have time to sup at a restaurant.

Recall the proverb, you may take a child to the Pantomime, but it's his Grandfather who will really enjoy it.

Finally, be up-to-date in your decorations, and by universal consent ignore that good old-fashioned bore—the Merry Christmas Clown.

RESOLUTIONS RESISTED.

(By a Duffer.)

To give up drink I will not swear,
But do not be afraid,
The ribbon blue I always wear,
My drink is lemonade.

To smoke a single cigarette
I will not take an oath,
Because I've never smoked one yet,
To do so I am loath.

To go to bed at ten o'clock
I never did design,
I trust my sentiments don't shock,
For I retire at nine.

And I shall never make a vow
To rise at seven sharp,
I've always risen until now
At six, so do not carp.

I'll not resolve to tell no lies,
I am a guileless youth,
And even when it's most unwise,
I always speak the truth.

I will not swear to swear no more,
Don't disappointed be,
For I do swear I never swore
At those who swore at me.



Mr. Grumble. "I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT MOUNT VESUVIUS IS IN ERUPTION."

Mrs. G. "OH, I'M SO GLAD!"

Mr. G. "THERE YOU ARE AGAIN, MARIA. NOW WHY ON EARTH SHOULD YOU BE GLAD?"

Mrs. G. "WELL, YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR IT, THAT'S ALL!"

THE NEW DESCENT OF MAN.

THE following announcement appears as a special paragraph in *Le Littoral* of Cannes.

Mr. ROBINSON est descendu hier à l'hôtel Métropole.

The news adds a fresh interest to life on the Riviera. Though Mr. ROBINSON has "descendu" at the hotel he is not likely to remain immured within its walls. He will drive about the town, probably walk through its streets. At any turn one may meet him, though, unhappily, without certainty of recognition. Still, it is something to have the prospect of entertaining ROBINSON unawares. Meanwhile we are comforted with knowledge of his descent, leaving for awhile the companionship of his co-archangels BROWN and JONES, to walk with lesser men.

AN EDITORIAL NOTE.

It is announced that after more than forty years' occupancy of the Editorial Chair of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, Mr. JAMES THACKERAY BUNCE retired with the old year. Mr. *Punch* wishes

him many happy returns of the new one. He did much to establish a paper that is an honour to British journalism. He and it have ever been the resolute impeccable advocates of what they regarded as first causes. They are of the sort that bring provincial journalism to the level of the surprised metropolis. After forty years of life's fitful fever as it beats about the chair of the Editor of a great daily newspaper, Mr. BUNCE has earned the right to rest well. May he long enjoy the opportunity.

CRUEL CANNIBALISM!

FACT! STRANGER THAN FICTION! AWFUL SLAUGHTER! DE ROUGEMONT OUTDONE! MUNCHAUSEN NOWHERE!—This Christmas Day—and that it should happen on such a festival, too!—the better the day the worse the deed—Six dozen Natives were brought down with one barrel. They were all exposed to view in shells; and while yet quivering with scarcely extinct vitality, they were eaten whole and raw by some persons, on our South-West coast, who do not term themselves cannibals. In not a few instances, the natives were deprived of their beards, which were cut off with a sharp instrument, before the bodies were eaten.



"PLEASE, AUNTIE, MAY I HAVE THE FAIRY OFF THE CHRISTMAS TREE—IF I DON'T ASK YOU FOR IT?"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

II.

Christmas Day (continued).—All go in to dinner laughing loudly at nothing in particular; but Christmas-time, so must be merry. Much tying of serviettes beneath juvenile chins. Soup served. TOPSY immediately washes her hands in it. AUGUSTA to the rescue, and mops up pool on tablecloth. "No soup for me," says MAX. "And don't you have any either, STINKER" (nice nickname this for TOMMY). "A feller can't last through a Christmas tuck-in if he has a blow-out of soup first. There's the turkey, and beef, and pudding, and mince pies, and Stilton cheese to think of." PILLINGTON sniggers sarcastically, as though to call attention to the bad way in which the General brings up his boys. General frowns at MAX, who kicks TOMMY under table. Unpleasant pause. Say hastily, "You're not drinking anything, PILLINGTON." "Oh, isn't he!" bursts in TOMMY. "Why, I've counted—" But at this moment, MAX, with the aplomb which always distinguishes him, exclaims, "Shut up, STINKER," and TOMMY subsides,

glared at by everybody. So embarrassing. PILLINGTON laughs uneasily, and declines, with severe smile, to take any more champagne. The two boys drink theirs *with water!* Ye gods! My Irroy slashed out into tumblers and drowned with water!

This gives PILLINGTON his chance of scoring off General. "Should think champagne, even when diluted freely, hardly the thing for the young folk," he says, in his best "bed-side" manner, looking at me. Why me? So unpleasant. Evidently a challenge to General, who retorts, "I don't think the quantity *my* boys take is likely to hurt them; but *your* youngster doesn't seem over bright, my dear fellow." All eyes turned upon the wretched WILLIE. WILLIE ill; no doubt of this. Lays head on table and groans. MAX laughs. So brutal. TOMMY guffaws and says, "Little beast!" So rude. Suggest sending for doctor. PILLINGTON furious. Says, freezingly, "I think even *my* poor skill equal to dealing with this." Apologise. He examines WILLIE's tongue, and then says, pompously, "The case is one of poisoning by—" But with a yell, AUGUSTA dashes up to clutch her offspring. "The

lobster patties!" she cries. "I *knew* it all along!" "I thought it was the soup. Thought I tasted something or other in the soup," growls General. "CHARLEY, with the responsibility of so many young lives at your table, I really think—" But here PILLINGTON shouts, "No, no! When I say that it is poisoning, I don't mean poisoning by—" "Then why the devil did you say so?" from General, indignantly. "Just like all these fellers, always frightening you." PILLINGTON resumes, "WILLIE has been poisoned by some foreign substance—" "That be blowed!" cries MAX. So vulgar. "The little beggar's eat one of Uncle CHARLEY's cigars before dinner, and it ain't agreed with him!"

PILLINGTON, AUGUSTA, and WILLIE promptly disappear. Dinner drags somewhat after this. "May we get up?" asks MAX. He and TOMMY rise, and war-whoops from study soon announce that they are enjoying themselves chasing my pet Persian. Suggest billiards, but find AUGUSTA's three eldest sprawling over table eating caramels. Snap-dragon to wind up. DAISY burns nose and howls. BERTHA eats too many raisins, turns pale, and says she feels just like she did "coming home from Boulogne." Is removed expeditiously. Ten o'clock. No carriage; ten-thirty, no sign of carriage; eleven-thirty, messenger saying PILLINGTON's coachman drunk. "So sorry, dear CHARLEY, you'll have to put us all up for the night. There'll be my husband and myself, the five children, and the two nurses. How lucky I didn't bring another!" And so to bed at last, the curtains drawn, head on pillow, and then—THE WAITS!!!

POSTAGE STAMP INSCRIPTIONS.

A Few More.

THE new Canadian penny stamp bears the modest motto, "We hold a Vaster Empire than has been." This suggests boundless possibilities in the way of bumptious inscriptions on stamps. Here are some crude ideas:—

For England.

We are richer than Anybody.
We are Tremendous Swells.
The Policeman outside the Mansion House is the finest in the World.
There are more Faddists in England than in any other Country.
Our Fleet can smash all the rest.
Mind your Eye!
By Jingo, if we do—!!!
Go to Jericho!
There are more Omnibuses in London than anywhere.
One of our Journals has the Largest Circulation in the World.
We have a Prime Minister who is bigger than any other.
We had a Leader of the Opposition of similar Stature.

For France.

La grande Nation.
A bas les autres Pays!
Conspuez nos Rivaux!
Paris est la Ville-lumière.
Nous avons les meilleurs Vins du Monde.
Notre Cuisine est sans égal.
Nos Gouvernements sont innombrables.

For Germany.

Unser Heer ist kolossal.
Unser Kaiser ist grossartig.
Unser Thiergarten ist wunderschön.

For the United States.

We lick Creation.

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

To the Earl of Rosebery.

MY LORD,—Among the various sorts of speculation, whether upon the Stock Exchange or in the world of thought, none is more fascinating than that which deals with the careers and the possibilities of public men. It will probably not surprise you to learn that there are in this country innumerable men engaged at present in casting your horoscope. They are from the ranks of both political parties: some of them devote blameless abilities to the service of daily or weekly journalism, some are well-known to the general public, others hide such light as they possess under the bushel of some remote association of provincial politicians; but whatever their pursuits may be, they are united by one common tie of wonder as to what will become of yourself when destiny next shuffles the cards in the game of Liberal Leadership.

You may ask me why I should intrude my pen into this over-penned subject. Is it fair, you will say, to add another to the small worries—the pen-pricks, as I may term them, of daily life—that beset a retired statesman whose one desire it is to shrink from public life and all its turbulence in order that, calmly reposing either at Dalmeny or at the Durdans, he may devote his ease to the composition of graceful essays on literary men? You may object, of course, that this, which I have put into your mouth, is not a fair statement of your position or your desires, but in my case I may appeal for my justification to JUVENAL, who, as you know, qualifies with an unflattering word the intention

Cum tot ubique
Vatibus occurras, peritura parcere chartæ.

With him I may say,

Semper ego auditor tantum, nunquamne reponam?

though I make no indiscreet attempt to find a modern parallel for the hoarse CODRUS who drove the Roman poet to the composition of his satires.

What then is to be your fortune? The question, difficult enough in itself, is rendered more than ordinarily difficult by the fact that little or no guidance is to be gained from a study of your own words and acts. You seem content, if I may adapt the lines,

To leave the brutal world to take its way,
And, "Patience! in another life," you say,
"The world shall be thrust down, and I up-borne."

That is, of course, so far as the world of political strife is concerned. The position for a man of a sensitive temperament—and, to be sure, you do not possess the thick skin or the brazen front that Birmingham begets in some of its celebrated citizens—the position, I say, is an intelligible one. The meanness, the jealousy, the spite, the spirit of petty intrigue, the underhand strivings, the crosses, the disappointments—these which make up a part, small or great according to circumstances, of the atmosphere in which every public man must move, foil you and depress you and wear you out. But these, too, to a strong man conscious of his vigour, are incentives that spur him to renewed effort, and you too, if indeed you are what your friends in private or in the Press declare you to be, will battle down obstacles so petty and will assert your manhood over their ruins. Agreeable, no doubt, is life at Dalmeny, pleasant it must be to play the part of the happy man delighting in his children, his books, and his swift and well-trained horses, and to issue forth only upon the most judiciously selected public or semi-public occasions to praise some successful soldier or to endear yourself to Scottish hearts by skilful eulogy of the much eulogised BURNS. Such a life is easy and delightful in its way, but can it suffice to one who has drunk delight of battle with the House of Peers, and has swayed the destinies, for however short a time, of a great people? I think not. You are still, as our statesmen go, young, and soon or late, whether you be chosen to form a Government or to lead a Party, the inexorable pressure of circumstances will force you from your retirement.

Well, my Lord, you have many advantages: you have wealth and high position, a gift of oratory which, though perhaps sometimes too carefully elaborated and too little spontaneous, is generally happy in its effect both on those who hear and those who read, and a neat trick of planting a dart between the joints of Lord SALISBURY'S harness. Even the Duke of ARGYLL, that rough-tongued Caledonian boar, has felt the arrow of your wit and has retired defeated from a contest too rashly undertaken. Moreover, you have many friends, whose devotion you have secured as much by the charm of your sympathetic manner as by your public services to the State. But on the other hand there are drawbacks. I do not speak now of the melancholy fact that you are an Earl, for I do not think, whatever Mr. LABOUCHERE may say to the contrary, that the average Liberal entertains anything but a cordial admiration for an Earl as a chief exponent of his political



SOLILOOY.

"IF I HOLD ON, I'LL LOSE MY TRAIN; IF I LET GO, I'LL FA'!
DIV ONYBODY HEAR TELL O' SIC A PREDICAMENT!"

creed. But there are others. Men who mistrust you—I grieve that they should exist—have been heard to say that you lack not merely political insight but nerve. It was you, they say, as much as the two young Emperors, who brought to nought the efforts of Christendom on behalf of the Armenians, for in that terrible crisis your courage gave way and you shrank back before the perils that your timorous imagination evoked. And in truth, without some such crisis, we have no opportunity for estimating the true quality of our public men. Many a man has for the greater part of his life fancied himself to be brave, who, when actual danger came and blows were impending, felt his heart contract and all his courage ooze away. Strength after all lies in action and not in valorous words or in the rhetorical putting down of a foot intended for the intimidation of foreign nations.

Others there are, strong and consistent Liberals, who regard with an uneasy suspicion what they term your curious devotion to the things military, and your propensity to a somewhat sentimental Jingoism. These men—they are not so few as is often supposed—hold by the ancient faith. They are not Little Englanders, for most of them would spend the last drop of their blood in defence of the Empire; but they doubt if the Empire is well served by those who swagger and bluster and shape their policy to earn the approval of Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN or of the music halls. They believe that the acquisition of an African swamp is more than counterbalanced by heavy taxation and the increase of militarism; and they desire that their leaders should apply themselves with greater earnestness to the Condition of England question.

Here, my Lord, I must end. I cannot flatter myself that I have done much to make your future clear. Perhaps it were best to leave it to speak for itself. In the meantime, I remain,

Your Lordship's faithful servant, THE VAGRANT.

"ALL FOR 'E.R.R.'"—If Sir EDWARD RUSSELL, in the *Liverpool Post*, does occasionally tell an amusing tale which has to be contradicted by somebody or other, recently by Lord ROSEBERY, then under the signature "E.R.R." he has only to print the quotation,
"To ERR is human: to forgive divine."

And won't Lord—er—er—ROSEBERY be pleased!



MUSIC-HALL INANITIES. No. I.

Miss Birdie Vandeleur ("Society's Pet"—vide her advertisements *passim*) bawls the refrain of her latest Song:—

"OW, I AM BOW ORFERLY SHY, BOYS!
I AM, AND I KENNOT TELL WY, BOYS!
SOME DY, WEN I 'M OWLDER,
PER'APS I 'LL GIT BOWLDER,
BUT NAOW I AM ORFER-LY SHY!"

DEPRECIATIONS.

II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Right Hon. J. CH-MB-RL-N (on stage at this end of Telephone).

His Honour OOM PAUL (off, at the other end).
Telephone Clerk (off, at Pretoria Exchange).

J. C. You there? (That makes the twenty-second time).

I ask Your Honour whether you are there.
I ask Your Honour whether—Yes; I'm here.

I'm Mr. Secretary CH-MB-RL-N. [speak]
No, not a New Year's Greeting. I would

On urgent business. Yes, about the Rand.
What? No, the House is up and these remarks

Unpublished save for MILNER. To the point.
Strange rumours reach me from Johannesburg

Of ribald outrage, right of speech refused
To rich but honest residents, brutalised
By Boer-constrictors rampant to the teeth,
Patrols o' the common highways, clappers
o' cuffs

On who opes mouth to call his breath his
Or being a Cape-boy cannot lightly change
His natural tegument, dusk-hued at best.
All which libertine acts are execute

By mandate,—not Your Honour's, let me hope.

Unversed in ways o' the world, and wrapt in lore

Of Holy Writ, whereof the primal text
Bids love your neighbour even as yourself
(Not better, there I am with you fast enough),

You'd hardly credit how beneath your nose,
I' the very shadow of the hat of you,
Most naughty men of Belial, called of Oom,
The sword, so named, of Gideon girt at hip,
Harry what strangers house within your gates.

(One moment while I light a fresh cigar.
You hold by pipes, I fancy? Pray, be lit.
So to our muttons. Is Your Honour there?)
Three years ago this blessed New Year's Day
A certain leech, the same whose effigy
Your *Volksstem* crew cremates to-morrow eve
With patriot pyrotechnics, this same leech
Made an excursion—raid, i' the vulgar style—

Without my privy knowledge (need I state?)
Whose utter innocence was plainly proved
Before Inquisitors—What? "The secret wires?"

No optic demonstration; mere surmise
O' the baser sort—this leech, as I remarked,
Made an excursion, unattended by
The full success his phantasy foresaw.

"A wicked trespass," say you? Be it so.
But 'twas a fault has been long time atoned,
And served Your Honour's turn this many a day,

Who month by month have drawn on that account

Something too heavily; which else had kept
A balance for you, posted now against.

'Tis held that even a worm, and I am none,
Turns ultimately, being sat upon
Past bearing; nay, the same no less applies
To camels, humped or other. Look you, friend,—

For who should proffer help if not J. C.,
The man that loves you more than you
might think?—

Take it from me, then, there's a bitter cry,
The haunting wail o' the harrowed mil-lionaire,

Auriferous oof-bird's cackle, plucked on nest
In act of laying, knocks importunate
At the Sovereign's ears, that is to say, at Mine,

Right Honourable J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N's.
Now learn a lesson you should have by heart.

Chary of menace, one who weighs his words,

I am a holy Terror, being roused!
A little more of this, and I shall come
(In spirit, let me say, not in the flesh;
That were to risk a precious life indeed,
Which gone, the State were crippled past repair;

In spirit, therefore, body an absentee);
By Delagoa Bay, conceive me come,
The flower of British chivalry at my back,
Full wistfully as who has loved you well,
And pound you even to mincemeat, much as ore

Is crushed by battery stamp-heads, you know how;

Wiping our scutcheon clean o' the record blot,
Majuba Hill. Enough! I merely drop
A genial warning. Mrs. Kruger well?
Last night I dreamed about her . . . Are you there?

I ask Your Honour whether you are there? [Pause.]

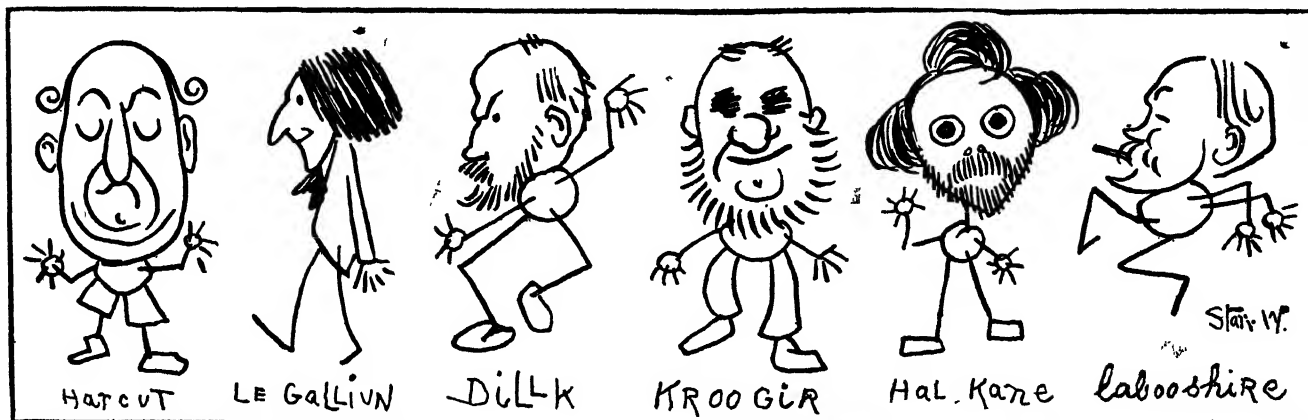
[Pause. Hears fresh voice, and resumes.]
Who are you? What? "Pretoria Exchange?"

What? Oh, His Honour gone to bed, you say?

Asked you to switch him off? Oh, very well.



A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.



"DERE MR. PUNCH,—I HAV DROORN SOME GENTELMEN FOR TWELVE NIGHT CRACKERTERS.—YORE LOVING ARTIS, ITTY NELL."

THE FAIR AND FORTY THIEVES.

MESSRS. ARTHUR STURGESS and ARTHUR COLLINS have collaborated in the authorship of the Drury Lane Pantomime, entitled *The Forty Thieves*, for which the music has been "composed, selected, arranged," and is daily and nightly conducted by JAMES M. GROVER, for no pantomime at "the Lane" could now be complete unless this particular GROVER, a most handy man, fitted it with tunes, harmonies, "melos," and all the kinds of music essential to the dancing, the singing, and the action. The original ballets are by CARLO COPPI, a name that in sound does not suggest originality, aided by JOHN D'AUBAN and son, the last mentioned being evidently a most dutiful follower in the nimble footsteps of his parents. All the costumes are specially designed and supervised by COMELLI, and are shown to the greatest possible advantage on the Comelli-est figures. The scenery, by Messrs. PERKINS, McCLEERY, HICKS, CANEY, SPONG, and BRUCE SMITH, is quite up to the Drury Lane mark in design and colour; the first two taking the cake of paint for the Exterior, and the last in the list the prize for the Interior of the Cave.

Once again the members of the *Merry-as-a-Grig-olath Aerial Troupe* fly about gracefully, but aimlessly, in the Robbers' Cave, causing some trouble in the minds of the majority of the audience, who thoroughly remember the old familiar story, as to whether these elegant astral bodies are the wives and daughters of the Forty Thieves, or are fairy forms whose gymnastics are invisible to the unclothed eye, even when stimulated by the strongest glasses. But what is a pantomime without fairies, good and bad, and here they are—"let 'em all come"—with a considerable preponderance on the side of the beneficent sprites.

Miss NELLIE STEWART is *Ganem*, and gain 'em she does with her fine presence and her most effective singing. A lively *Morgiana* is Miss AMELIA STONE, and magnificent are Misses RITA PRESSANO and LILLIE BELMORE as *Hassan* and *Cogia*, who, with the other thirty-eight "Thieves," may be calculated upon to steal away all susceptible hearts among the audience. But where does the fun come in? Why, with stolid HERBERT CAMPBELL as the Fair *Zuleika*, with Messrs. GREEN and LE BRUN evoking peals of laughter as "the Donkey," who, like the veritable "Ole Joe" of Nigger Minstrelsy, is always "a kicking up ahind and afore;" and last, but best of all, with DAN LENO, as *Abdallah*, Captain of the Forty Thieves. He is small, but immense is DAN LENO: his duel with

Ganem is a bit of real good pantomime that sets the house in a roar, and, indeed, from first to last, although the part does not offer him such opportunities as he has had in former pantomimes, he is the very life and soul of the entire entertainment. If the humorous songs, choruses, and dances are not quite up to the Drury Lane standard, yet "the Porcelain Ballet" is one of the prettiest, most graceful, most artistic effects ever seen on any stage, be it where it may; and well does it deserve the thunders of applause with which it is received by a crowded house.

We have only four queries to put to authors and management, and these are: firstly, why



MR. PUNCH AT THE PANTOMIME.

damp our enthusiasm by dropping the curtain so frequently? Secondly, why have any interval? Thirdly, why not construct the pantomime to last from 7.30 till 11, and not a minute beyond? Fourthly, why not make it worth the while of some talented individual to restore the harlequinade to its pristine fun and vigour, and let us have this from 10.15 to 11? The Managing Director, Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, has shown what can be successfully done with "Old Drury,"—and to "come after the king," AUGUSTUS DEURIOLANUS, was no easy task,—now let him just consider these four queries before he gives us his next Drury-Lanian Annual. In the meantime *Mr. Punch* and the public are thoroughly content with the present first-rate show.

LITERA SCRIPTA MANET.

British Authors for the Million.

THE MODERN NOVEL.

EACH reader no doubt, who was born to Astonish the world with his pen,
Must wish to write books that are worn to
A shred by the thumbing of men.
I assure you, the thing is quite easy,
Or so I am constantly told—
Your hero must never be breezy,
Your heroine's eyes must be bold.

If you want to accomplish a novel,
A masterpiece destined to be,
Then study your types in a hovel,
Imagining more than you see.
Most carefully sort and examine
The yield of a scavenger's cart;
Should that be too clean, you may cram in
The dust-bin at home—it is Art!

You must analyse every sensation
Which decadent love-making gives,
And affect an effete penetration
In knowing the world, as it lives.
With philosophy sprinkle your pages,
Far-fetched and hysterical stuff,
And extract from the vista of ages
The impossible, sordid, and rough.

Upset every kind of relation,
Which custom has sanctioned and law;
In building your wondrous narration
Make bricks with the nastiest straw.
Let your men one and all be unable
To work with the sword or the pen;
Like the bird in HANS ANDERSEN'S fable,
Make the women cry "Let us be men."

The plot, though a trivial matter,
Make nasty and nude and antique,
And drop in irrelevant chatter,
Misquoted from Latin and Greek.
Though it give you some trouble to do it,
Find shocking new names for a spade—
And if MURDER would only taboo it,
The fame of your novel is made.

THE POLICY OF THE "OPEN DOOR."—Highly questionable. For all suffering or liable to suffer from coughs, colds, chills, and bronchial catarrh, at this or any other festive season, nothing can be more fatal than the policy of "open doors" everywhere. Keep out of draughts in a comfortable arm-chair, not too near the fire, and, in a genial frame of mind, study *Mr. Punch's Christmas Number*.

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



HENRY, 1ST BARON HAWKINS OF TRYHAM FAIRLEIGH AND SENTENSHAM:

Arms: Quarterly: 1st, In a paddock vert, under a chapeau-de-soie jauntily poised with a rake chirpy, a seasoned sportsman of bonhomie endossed turfy to the last (*Motto*: "Frustum rectissimum!");—"A little bit of *all* right!"; 2nd, An historic claimant adipose ortonée, brazen and effrontée in perjury, punctured, pilloried and exposed proper by counsel; 3rd, Under a judicial bench cosy but ennuyée and chafy in the dark, a fox-terrier proper of renown (since deceased) constant in fidelity (*Suggested Epitaph*: "Nox et foxterea nihil"); 4th, Under a sword of justice suspended in imminence by a hair proper a sinister scoundrel of criminality, chained cringeant and paly, appraised proper from the first, justly doomed and handed over damnée in charge to the jury. *Crest*: Out of a wreath of laurels vert, a veteran hawk-eyed eagle of the law, robed sanguine and wigged proper poudrée in horse-hair, collared, furred and laced, regardant in pince-nez (*Motto*: "Aquila non capit muscas!");—"Flies don't settle on him!"; *Supporters*: Dexter, a typical counsel of the common-law bar guttée de larmes, robed silk, fairly prostrate in bereavement, and wielding with laudable vigour an heraldic mouchoir; Sinister, an old bailey, gorged proper with causes célèbres lurid and transpontine to the full, collared freely in advance for preference.

A VANISHED ISLAND.

(Extracts from the *Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.*; Fourth.)

Gulf of Lyons, Saturday afternoon.—Before we left London, the Member for Sark, who is a special authority on Channel Islands, talked a good deal about a group in the Mediterranean.

"Minorca and Majorca are all very well," he said. "But stop till you see their neighbouring isle, Majolica."

Off the islands just now; can see the long serrated edge of Majorca, the softer outline of Minorca; but where is Majolica? The keenest outlook, the most searching quest finds no trace of it. SARK seriously troubled. Evidently island has been grabbed, or, to use more diplomatic language, been annexed. But what Power has stolen a march in the night on its unsuspecting neighbours? SARK suspects Bohemia, burning with desire to extend her sea-coast and obtain in the Mediterranean a coaling-station for her fleet. Thus is the greed of the Great Powers in the far East iniquitously contagious.

Jump at opportunity to read new work by author of *Mona Maclean*, which am glad, but not surprised, to see in its thirteenth edition. Fancy *Windyhaugh*, Dr. MARGARET TODD's book just out, won't go so far. It has some of the touches of character and description that made its predecessor pleasant. Mr. Darsie in particular is delightful: but the heroine, *Wilhelmina Galbraith*, grows a little wearisome in her wrestlings with the truth, and her determination towards self-sacrifice. After all, Dr. TODD suffers chiefly by comparison with herself. Putting *Mona Maclean* aside, *Windyhaugh* would make its mark.

Sunday.—Since the *Caledonia*, the *India*, and the *Egypt* were added to the P. and O. fleet, the *Peninsular*, in her time the crack ship, has fallen into the ranks of the second rate. She is nevertheless uncommonly comfortable, a splendid sea-boat. By comparison with her swell sisters, her bath accommodation is primitive. We haven't, for example, on board a spray bath, an arrangement of semi-circular pipes, in the centre of which you stand, and at turn of a tap become the

target of hundreds of jets of water, the temperature to your taste. But the spray bath has its drawbacks. Remember the trial trip of the first P. and O. steamer in which it was introduced. Quite a feature in the ship. Keen competition for its use in the early morning. Going for it once was beaten by a head by a dear friend among the directors. "Won't be long," he said, as he disappeared within bath-room.

Presently heard fearful shriek. The adventurous bather dashed out of bath-room, his skin the colour of a boiled lobster. He had inadvertently turned on the hot water tap. That an accident awkward enough for an ordinary man who, on discovering his error, could jump out of iron circle. But if, by reason of unruffled good temper, you become the kind of man *Othello* loved—are indeed so sleek that, entering a spray bath, you must need insert yourself by the aperture sideways—it will be understood that withdrawal, under whatsoever pressure, is not instantaneously accomplished.

Marseilles, Monday.—Among constitutionally idle Marseillaise the fishing industry is popular. There is about it an appearance of doing something, combined with absolute immunity from work that is alluring. To-day, in perfect Summer weather, the basin outside the dock is thronged with fisher-folk. They cluster like bees on a jutting bastion of the quay, every man armed with a colossal rod. Far apart we come upon a serious-mannered man decently attired in black, his grave countenance spectacted. It is a cloudless Summer day, but he has brought with him an umbrella of gampish proportions. He might lay it aside whilst he fishes; prefers to keep in touch with it; has accordingly cunningly inserted the handle somewhere in the neighbourhood of the small of his back, the umbrella hanging down partially hidden by his coat-tails.

This leaves him free to devote both hands and undivided attention to the manipulation of his fishing-gear. Its like was never seen on sea or land. It is a net something the shape of a stocking, fastened by the mouth to a stick as others, seeking the salmon at the river's mouth, use the landing-gaff. At the bottom of the net is a bait, and a bit of lead to cause the net to sink. How the fish are to get in, whether through the network, or in by the open mouth of the stocking, does not appear. In the limpid waters of the Mediterranean the sunken net is plainly visible. You could see the whole process of fish-catching if fish were caught. But whilst we look on breathlessly, nothing happens. Whether the wary fish respect the strange net, whether they are abashed by the spectacted countenance overhanging it, or whether they catch a glimpse of the umbrella pendant among the coat-tails, is not known. Certainly no fish are caught.

One enterprising sportsman has secured an enviable coign of vantage. He has got himself rowed out to a metal tank-like buoy moored some fifty yards from the quay. Here left till called for, he fishes with rod and line. Close by is a stout little boat just in from a coasting voyage. Captain and crew, three all told, are taking their breakfast cooked *al fresco* by the Captain's boy. It consists chiefly of macaroni fished with fingers out of a common dish. Also one stone bottle serves for all. It has a short pragmatical spout projecting from the middle of its bulging side. The Captain inserts the spout in his mouth, and holds it there whilst, with head thrown back, he gazes on the lustrous blue

sky bent over him. It is evidently a case of the round peg in the round hole. Mouth and spout seem made for each other. Strange to say, the stiff-looking, uncompromising spout fits with equal precision the mouth of the mate, and eke the boy, who in turn insert it, whilst the Captain takes the opportunity to plop three tar-dewed fingers in the dish, and with deft turn convey about a quarter of a pound of its contents to his mouth. "*Et à cent toises devant lui il vit s'élever la roche noir et ardue sur laquelle monte comme une superfétation du silex le sombre Château d'If.*"

But the good Captain is not thinking of *Monte Cristo* and his memorable captivity. Rather his mind is occupied with anxious thought whether, if the stone jug is permitted to make another round, it will be any use plugging his mouth with the spout when it again comes his way.

"CELA VA SANS DIRE."

SOME people, worthy in their way,
Some instinct wrong obeying,
Invariably elect to say

The thing that needs no saying.
They seem to hold a fond belief—
Wrong-headed, quaint and queer—
That they, in fact, *don't* say it, if
They add "*cela va sans dire*"!

Superfluous speech is want of tact,
Which cannot be defended;
Would they might learn this mighty fact,
"Least said is soonest mended."

(By Jove, the thing which I've taboored
I've done myself, I fear!
So, since I've penned a platitude,
I add, "*cela va sans dire*"!)

Who blabs the thing he should suppress
I count still worse a sinner—
A secret told ere lunch to Jess
Is public news by dinner:
She can't make out how people know,
On one point she is clear,
She has not let it "further go"—
Of course! *Cela va—sans dire!*

One thing, I know, which might be said,
Will stay unsaid for ever—
One little thing, which one fair maid
Might guess with small endeavour.
Had I as many pounds to-day
As I have pence a year,
That thing my heart might find to say—
Alas, *cela va sans dire!*



"THE MUZZLE PUZZLE."

[On Friday last the muzzling order was revoked, excepting within the Metropolitan Police area.]

Distracted Old Lady. "OH, POLICEMAN, THERE'S A DOG WITHOUT A MUZZLE FIGHTING MY MORF!"

Robert. "VERY SORRY, MA'AM, BUT I CAN'T INTERFERE. THAT SIDE OF THE STREET AIN'T IN THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

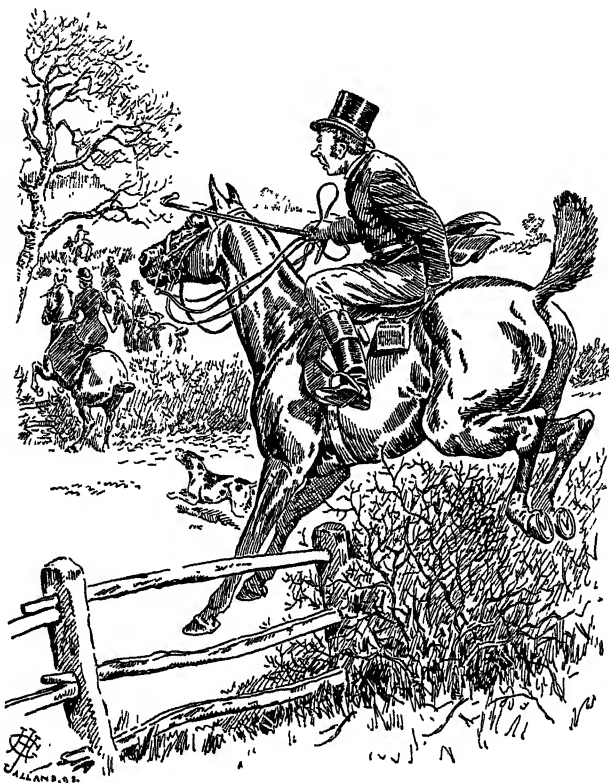
MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN is not disposed to rest upon laurels earned by the resuscitation of my Baronite's venerable friend *Who's Who* (A. AND C. BLACK). This is the third year of the new issue. It sees the volume considerably increased in bulk, whilst the price remains stationary. The added space has been utilised for the inclusion of 1,500 additional biographies. Amongst them are found particulars relating to those uncrowned kings Mr. CECIL RHODES and DON CARLOS. Nearly a score of other novel features add to the value of this indispensable book of reference.

If any one, but a few minutes before the Baron had taken up *Owd Bob* (METHUEN), by ALFRED OLIVANT, had told him that he would become deeply interested in a tale, of which the conversation is carried on in the Dalemens dialect, "twixt Trent and Tweed," and whose main theme is the praise of one "Bob, son of Battle, last of the Grey Dogs of Kenmuir," the Baron would have stoutly denied the possibility of the assertion. And further, on opening the book and coming across, "Noo, Bob! Stan' till her! Heart oop, lad! Noo, noo he's comin'! Ma wud! a despart fratch!" the Baron was actually on the point of closing the record for good an' a', when his Good Genius whispered in his ear, "*Tolle! lege!*" whereupon, much doubting, he continued the perusal, and rarely has he ever been better repaid for acting on good advice and carrying out an inspired resolution. *Owd Bob* is the story of two dogs, an exceptionally good dog and an exceptionally bad one, and the two

owners resemble their canine followers respectively. The story is admirably told; and the strange mystery of the sheep-killing *Terror*, which baffles the vigilance of Dalesmen and police alike, is as weird and as thrilling as that of the repulsively horrible White-chapel crimes. The descriptions, whether of scenery or action, are throughout strikingly graphic. There is just one line in the book which the Baron would fain have had omitted. It comes at the finish of the chapter that records the end of the Black Killer, *Red Wull*, and of his master. Perhaps in future editions this line may be expurgated.

To all those who, taking their ease in a cosy corner by the fire-side, love to follow some gallant hero and lovely heroine of romance through adventures so exciting as to cause the reader to grudge the few seconds that take his attention off his book in order to bestow it on the slowly expiring fire, the Baron strongly recommends *Across the Salt Seas* (METHUEN), by J. BLOUNDELLE BURTON, an author's name that hath in it a smack of ancient Crusading minstrelsy, and of good modern English ale. Yet would the Baron, in a tone of gentlest remonstrance, ask romance-writers, one and all, why they are, nowadays, so unnecessarily soft-hearted at the supreme moment when a detestable villain, who ought to meet his fate at the hands of the hero whom he has not only foully wronged, but whose life he has attempted, by cowardly assassination, is suddenly and unaccountably allowed to escape scot-free? True, he may be subsequently killed by some mere accident, but such ending is unsatisfactory to every one, and especially to

THE BARON DE B.-W.



OBEYING ORDERS.

"IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR MASTER TO SAY 'KEEP CLOSE TO MISS VERA, MILES'—BUT I WANT TO KNOW 'OO'S GOING TO TAKE MILES TO THE 'ORSEPITAL!'"

A BURNING INCIDENT.

[According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Madame SARAH BERNHARDT has ascended Mount Vesuvius, when she lost an eyebrow and a curl.]

WE cannot blame the Amorous Mount,
When SARAH ventured to his lair,
His fiery heart, of love the fount,
Was moved by SARAH's dainty (h)air.
With lava lips he longed to press
The goddess in his fierce embrace.
How hard he burned for one caress,
One kiss upon that Bernhardt face,
And so, unwrought by passion's whirl,
He scorched her eyebrow, stole her curl.
Then SARAH was not vexed or cross,
But showed her keen dramatic taste,
"I've suffered really no great loss,"
She cried, "these things are soon replaced!"

Credat Judæus!

Southron (reading paper). Great whisky failure in Scotland.

The MacTavish (excitedly). Whusky failure in Scotland! (After a pause.) Hoot! mon, the thing's im-pawisible. They'd distil their bluid first!

[Is comforted by the subsequent explanation.]

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S "BEST BOOKS."—Bank Books.

MOTTO AT THE POST OFFICE.—"Floreat (*Ennicker*) 'Eatona!'"

A PROTEST.

(From the *Dogs of Middlesex and Surrey*.)

"The muzzling order has been revoked in Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Hampshire and Oxfordshire."—*Daily Mail*.]

OH! MR. LONG, 'tis very wrong
Of you to treat us so;
"Each dog," they say, "will have his day,"
Then ours must come, you know.
And when indeed from muzzles freed,
We'll exercise our jaws
Upon the shanks of all the cranks
Who made the muzzling laws.

So Jolly.

Dr. Giglamps (to Mrs. G., after studying scientific journal). There will be a real treat for the children these holidays, Maria. Professor Capricornus is to lecture on the 19th at the Institution on the Polphilodoffilus in the Entities of Sulphuretted Hydrogen.

[*Intense delight of Master Euclid and Miss Zenobia Giglamps, who have heard of such things as pantomimes.*

In the Library.

Tommy. How beautifully those books is binded!

Little Dot. No, Tommy, that's wrong. You mustn't say "binded"; you should say, "are bounded."

MOTTO OF THE IMPECUNIOUS DURING THE FESTIVE SEASON.—Tip for Tap.

SOME SAFE PROPHECIES FOR 1899.

An article will be written saying that actors smoke and actresses drink tea, and the dramatic profession will rise to a man and woman to repudiate the black-hearted calumny.

The proprietorship of a newspaper will change hands with a view to the purchaser becoming a shining light in Society.

The medical profession will order ubiquitous consumption of some other ardent spirit instead of whisky.

The steering in the University Boat Race will be severely criticised by the supporters of the losing crew.

The flower of the flower of Society at Bayswater will discover that the high-level shake-hands has been discarded by the really smart for the last three years.

A number of amateur fire-engines will take part in the City show of the ninth of November without seriously compromising the safety of the metropolis.

Millions of Christmas greetings will come from the heads of the nation, and two per cent. from the hearts.

FIGURES FOR THOSE WHO NEED THEM.

A TWENTIETH of the population object to theatres, the remainder support them.

Half the people write to newspapers, the rest read them.

A tenth of the civilised globe partake of spirits in moderation, the others drink them without the self-imposed restriction.

Five-sixths of mankind admire women, the residuum know them.

Seventy-five thousand scientists have from time to time attempted the solution of the secret of perpetual motion, the German Emperor has discovered it.

Out of every ninety-two men, one, on the average, is perfectly happy, and he is a bachelor.

During Yuletide, 5,654,321 Christmas cards are posted, accompanied by two hundred and seventeen really good wishes.

The Way of the World.

Says the *Daily News*:

"Yesterday, at the churchyard, Bagshot, Surrey, there was unveiled a memorial to the girl EMILY JANE POPEJOY, in connection with whose death Mrs. NICHOLLS was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude at the Central Criminal Court in May last. It takes the form of a Sicilian marble cross, about six feet in height."

Poor POPEJOY! In life she vainly asked for bread. Dead, we give her a stone.

TO THE MATRONS OF COLUMBIA.

"The vital statistics of several districts of the United States show an increase of two per cent. in the births of males during the last two months. This some authorities attribute to the enthusiastic war feeling prevalent last April."—*Daily Paper*.]

O WOMEN of the Stripes and Stars
(Like Venus amorous of Mars),
Your warlike love prevails;
Your bosoms feel a patriot glow,
And straightway birth statistics show
An increment of males.

Hide, SCHENK, your now diminished head!
Not wherewithal is woman fed
Your problem 'tis to settle;
If they but hate their country's foes,
Nothing but males they will compose
Of their "undaunted mettle."

Then Yankee Matron, never blush
To let a patriotic flush
Replace your normal pallor;
Till far and wide throughout the land
Male fists of many a chubby hand
Shall gage their mothers' valour.

Annual run on the Yuletide Banking Company (Unlimited).

Jocosus. Well, Miserrimus, how have you spent your Christmas?

Miserrimus (gloomily). Spent my Christmas! Oh! in the usual way. Hands in my pockets all the time.

Jocosus. Probably. And you never took 'em out—except when you couldn't possibly help yourself, eh? [*Miserrimus dries up.*]

WHERE DO THE BAGPIPES COME FROM?

[According to the *Daily News*, Sir A. MACKENZIE does not believe the Bagpipe is the national instrument of Scotland.]

Are they of early English origin?



Or did they come from Ancient Assyria?



Or did the Ethiopians invent them?



Or were they obligingly "Made in Germany?"

A NICE NIGHT AT SEA.

(Extracts from the *Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.*)

Gulf of Lyons, Friday.—The casual traveller on Continental railways, especially in France, is familiar with the official attitude towards the hapless wayfarer. The leading idea is to make the journey as difficult and as uncomfortable as possible. The plan is based on treatment of parcels or baggage. The passenger is bundled about, shunted, locked up in waiting-rooms, and finally delivered in a limp state at whatever hour and whatsoever place may suit the convenience of the railway people. Discover the same spirit dominant in management and arrangements of the sea service. Steamer from Marseilles to Tunis advertised to sail to-day at noon. On taking tickets, ordered to be on board at ten o'clock. Why two hours before starting? Gentleman behind counter shrugs his shoulders, hugs his ribs with his elbows, holds out his hands with deprecatory gesture and repeats, "*A dix heures, Monsieur.*"

Gestures even more eloquent than speech. Plainly mean that unless we are alongside punctually at ten o'clock our blood, or rather our passage, will be on our own heads. Spoils a morning; might have gone about town till eleven o'clock; breakfasted at leisure; sauntered on board a few minutes before noon. However, when in Marseilles chant the "*Marseillaise.*"

Down punctually at ten; found boat in course of loading; decks full of dirt and noise, the shouting of men, the creaking of the winch, the rattling of the chains. Best thing to do is to find our cabin, stow away our baggage, and walk on the quay, always keeping our eye on the boat lest she should suddenly slip her moorings and get off to sea without us. Look out for steward. Like the Spanish fleet, steward is not yet in sight. Roaming about below, come upon an elderly lady, with a lame leg, an alarming squint, and a waist like a ship's. (Never saw a ship's waist, but fancy no mortal man could get his arm round it.) The elderly lady, who displayed signs of asthma, tells me she is the stewardess. Ask her where is our cabin. "*Voilà,*" she says. Following the direction of her glance, I make for a berth close by. Discover I had not made allowance for the squint; she is really looking in another direction. Carefully taking my bearings by this new light, I make for another passage; find it blocked up; stewardess explains that they are loading the ship—apparently through the floor of our cabin. "*Tout à l'heure,*" she says, with comprehensive wave of the hand.

Nothing to be done but leave our baggage lying about, go on deck, and watch the loading. Better not leave the ship. If the laborious Frenchmen in blouses and perspiration see our trunks, they will certainly pop them into the hold, where all kinds of miscellaneous parcels, cases and bales are being chucked without the slightest attempt at fitting in.

A quarter to twelve; only fifteen minutes now; getting hungry; had coffee and bread and butter early so as not to miss the boat. Watch a man below in the hold trying to fit in a bicycle with a four-hundredweight bale, a quarter-ton case, and a barrel of cement. Evidently piqued at resistance offered by the apparently frail, defenceless contrivance. Tries to bend the fore wheel so as

to accommodate the cask; that failing, endeavours to wind the hind wheel round the case; failing in both efforts, he just lays the bicycle loose on the top of the miscellaneous baggage and the hatch is battened down. In the dead unhappy night that followed, when the sea was on the deck, I often thought of the bicycle cavorting to and fro over the serrated ridge of the cargo.

Ten minutes to twelve; a savoury smell from the cook's galley. Suppose *déjeuner* will be served as soon as we leave the dock. Heard a good deal of superiority of French cooking aboard ship as compared with British. Some compensation after all for getting up early, swallowing cup of coffee and bread and butter, and rushing off to catch at ten o'clock a ship that sails at noon. Perhaps the cloth is laid now; better go and secure places. Find saloon. Captain and officers at breakfast, their faces illumined with the ecstacy born to a Frenchman when he finds an escargot on his plate. Evidently they are breakfasting in good time so as to take charge of the ship whilst *nous autres* succeed to the pleasures of the table. What's our hour, I wonder? Find some one who looks like a steward; ask him; says, "*Cinq heures et demie.*" A little late that for breakfast, I diffidently suggest. Explains not breakfast but dinner; first meal at 5.30 p.m. Can't we have *déjeuner* if I pay for it? I ask, ostentatiously shaking handful of coppers in trousers-pocket. No, he says, severely; that's against the *règlement.*

Steamer starts in seven minutes; noticed at dock-gates women with baskets of dubious food; dash off to buy some; clutch at a plate of sandwiches, alleged to be compacted of *jambon de York*. Get back just as gangway is drawn up. Sit on deck and munch our sandwiches. "I know that Ham," said SARK, moodily. "It came out of the Ark."

Recommitted it to the waves, giving it the bearings for Ararat. Ate the bread and wished half-past five or BLUCHER would come.

(For continuation of *Diary*, look out next week.)

STRANGE FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

MR. PUNCH has been greatly puzzled by the following cryptic paragraph which appeared in one of the evening papers lately:

"A dead donkey we know sees to the burial of field mice to serve its private ends. In hot countries that no man has ever seen, and Mr. GRANT ALLEN says that the carrion beetle rapid decay accounts for the flesh . . ."

Does a deceased donkey inter field mice, either from selfish or disinterested motives? And how can Mr. GRANT ALLEN answer for what carrion beetles may do in hot countries that no man has ever seen?

Mr. Punch gives both these conundrums up—unless the answer is that two of the lines in the paragraph have been transposed.

At the Hunt Ball.

Mr. Hardhit. Don't you think, Miss HIGHFLIER, that men look much better in pink—less like waiters?

Miss Highflier. Yes, but more like ring-masters—eh?

[HARDHIT isn't a bit offended, but seizes the opportunity.



"'COS WHY."

Lord Charley. "BLANKED IF I CAN SEE ANY 'SPHERE OF BRITISH INFLUENCE'!"

POETA NASCITUR, NON FIT.

[The *Evening News* and *London* having discovered a "Boy Poet," appeal to the public to support the incipient bard during the next two years. The head-master of the school which he adorns writes: "If he leaves school now I shall have the gravest fears as to his future. £100 is all that is needed to complete his education."]

DEAR patient Public, ever free
To scatter wealth with lavish hand,
You do not grudge your £ s. d.
For charities you understand.
But here we have a parlous case
Of intellect most superfine,
A poet boy would win a place,
And 'mid the Rudyard Kiplings shine.
Two editors have gripped his verse,
His pedagogue his praises sounds,
Let him not go from bad to worse
In need of just one hundred pounds.
The editors in cash are weak,
The pedagogic pounds are few,
They cannot keep this Rhythmic Freak
And so, B.P., they come to you.
The bounty he'll repay or owe it,
But think how grand, you'll nurse a Poet!

THE COMING BACK OF ARTHUR.

HERE we are again! at the Comedy Theatre, with Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS in his old form, and also in a variety of new ones, all of them, depend upon it, quite up to the very latest date. His wink and his nod (by the way, was there a "Land of Wink" as there was indubitably a "Land of Nod"? for if so this eccentric comedian should be King of the Winkers), his facial expression, his short, crisp, snappy way of uttering what may or may not be set down for him by Messrs. DAY AND ROSS, the adapters of *Milord Sir Smith*, and his grotesque by-play, are all inimitable. What matters the plot of a piece that has ARTHUR ROBERTS for its principal exponent? Nothing. His admiring public is satisfied if only the scenes hang together somehow, as long as their favourite has enough to do in every one of them. But besides ARTHUR ROBERTS, there is quaint Mr. ROBERT NAINBY, as *Monsieur Ligereau*, who is exceedingly funny, as is also Mr. CHARLES WIBROW as *Major McLachlan*. Miss ADA REEVE, "one of the lifes and souls" of the *dramatis personæ*, plays *Celeste*, and sings two capital songs, "*Cela va sans dire*," and "*Love me a little, Sue!*" The music by that eminent composer, with the tongue-tying name of JAKOBOWSKI, is very lively and catching, materially assisting the "go" of the piece, which will run till it drops, though there is little chance of any falling off as long as it is continually being freshened up. "A. R." is Ar-tful.

THE GOLF-BALL AND THE SWEAR.

I DROVE a golf-ball into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where
For who that sees not past his nose,
Can follow a golf-ball where it goes?
I heard a murmur in the air,
It came, I scarce could tell from where;
For who that's blind can hope to see
Where other golfers chance to be?
Not long afterwards, in the small
Of my partner's back, I found the ball;
And the swear from beginning to end,
I found again on the lips of a friend.

A VALUABLE NATURAL ASSISTANT IN AN
UPHOLSTERER'S ESTABLISHMENT. — The
"Worm" that turns.



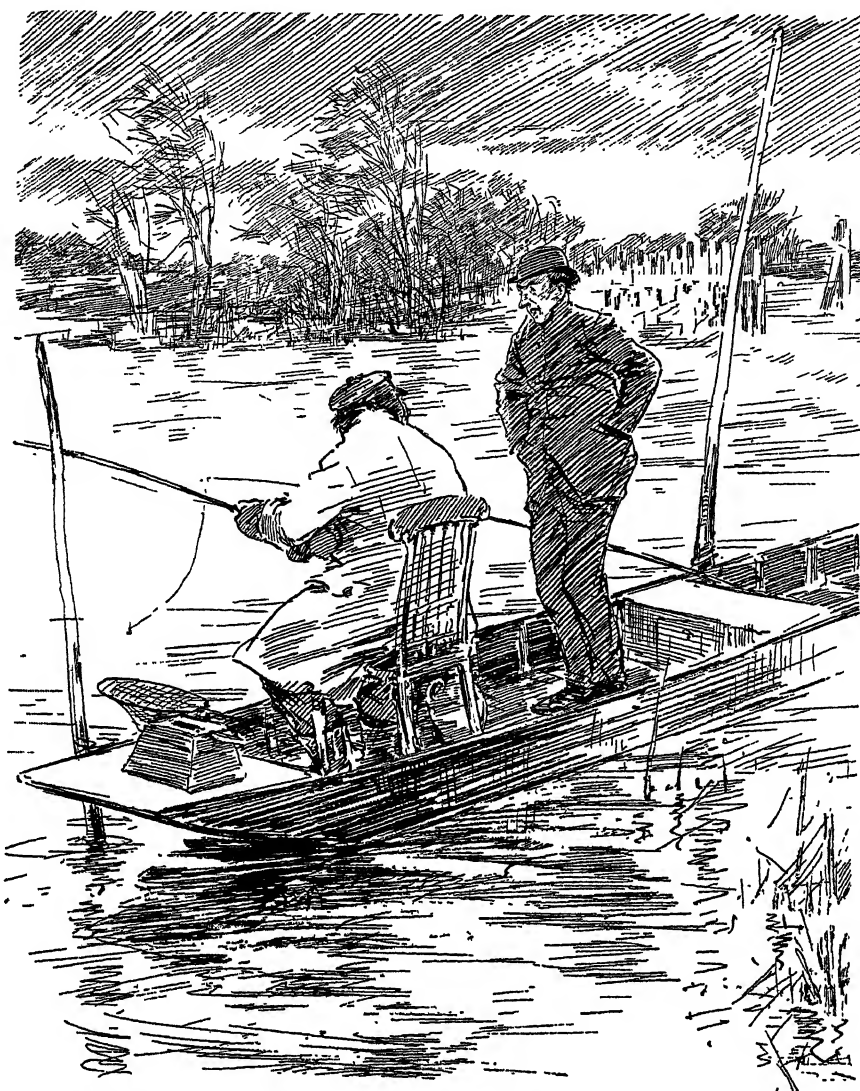
"FADER S GETTIN' BETTER. 'E'S BEGINNIN' TER SWEAR AGAIN!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. HENRY FROWDE has added the poetical works of WHITTIER to the treasure-house of the Oxford University Press. The dainty volume now issued is the first complete edition of the works of WHITTIER published on this side of the Atlantic. That statement suggests a bulky volume. Thanks to the use of the Indian paper which is the exclusive possession of the Oxford University Press, the collection, in pleasantly large type, is compressed within the limits of a handy volume. WHITTIER is perhaps best or, my Baronite suggests, worse known in this country by reason of the inclusion of many of his poems in the Congregational Hymn Book. It is curious and painful to see how the good deacons who compiled that sterling work, occasionally shocked by the overflowing charity and loving kindness of the Quaker poet, lopped his verse, improving it by variations of their own. Even in such calamitous circumstances, the sweet serenity, the exquisite turnings of WHITTIER's converse are so irresistible that the impress of the deacon's fat hand cannot altogether smudge its form. Here in this dainty edition will be found the well of WHITTIER undefiled. Those who know the poet's work will welcome it in

this new dress. Those who do not, have a rare pleasure in store, attainable by possession of the volume.

Madonna Mia, and Other Stories (GREENING & Co.), by CLEMENT SCOTT. The story which gives its title to the book has a seasonable Christmassy-Norfolky-Dumplingy flavour about it, the scene being in "Poppy Land," which, to a great extent, owes its popularity to the author of these stories. In *Poppy Land*, the junior members of the poppylation come forth to sing carols and pocket "largesse" from the lonely but liberal man who, as "barrister, writer, journalist, and dramatist,"—four single gentlemen rolled into one, making the pleasantest little quartette for a Christmas evening,—is sitting smoking by the fire, lost in admiration of a girl's face in a gold frame, whom *Lancelot Dashwood* addresses as "*Madonna Mia*" before kissing "the cold glass that covers the speaking features," after which the genial Baron hopes that he turned for consolation to the hot glass which should always, on a wintry night, be the boon companion of a fireside pipe. This is but the preface to a short story, too short because genuinely interesting, if only as prelude to a life's romance. All the stories are good; you are "Scott free" to pick 'em where you like. THE BARON DE B.-W.



"HOPE DEFERRED MAKETH THE HEART SICK."

SCENE—*The Thames, Midwinter, Wind N.E.*

Coatless Novice. "SIX HOURS, AND WE'VE CAUGHT NOTHING!"

Well-Muffled Enthusiast. "GOOD GRACIOUS! IT ISN'T THE MERE CATCHING 'EM! IT'S THE ANTICIPATION!"

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER.

PEOPLE will consider it signally undignified to sit over their dessert in paper caps of variegated colours.

It will be time to renew the champagne bins with some effervescing beverage a little less injurious to health, if rather more expensive, than the famous Château Enespagne Brand (1898) (as advertised), at three shillings a dozen.

It will be desirable to despatch Young Hopeful to school out of reach of the malicious mince-pie and the poisonous plum-pudding.

It will be advisable to cast away the dust-collecting holly and the feeble joke suggesting mistletoe.

It will be necessary to avoid the persistent rate-collector, and the now happily superfluous doctor.

Lastly, all sorts and conditions of men may congratulate themselves that Christmas merry-making is adjourned for a twelvemonth.

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

II.

At the Pantomime.—As CONSTANCE and AUGUSTA say I really *must* take the dear children to pantomime, I meekly, though most unwillingly, agree. AUGUSTA's two elder girls, MAX, TOMMY, and, I deeply regret to find, "Boots," make up party. Have not yet got over shock of Boots' illness induced by over-eating himself whilst staying here last Christmas. Uncertain whether I have not positive dislike for Boots. Wish I had not consented to his coming. Secure box at theatre. Not quite clear about title of pantomime, *Old Mother Beanstalk*, or *Cinderella*, thrice Lord Mayor of London, I fancy. Next Wednesday, *matinée*. Children to be brought to station to meet me, and catch 11.15 up.

Wednesday.—Children all at station except Boots. I get tickets; then discover that they have tickets already. Hasten back to booking-office. Too late, train just coming in. Boots still missing. Great dis-

appointment of other children. Cannot share it myself. Awful sense responsibility taking girls from their nurses, and boys from solemn old Butler. As train steams off, MAX knocks S. O. B.'s hat over his eyes. Such high spirits. Wish spiritual attitude not quite so great. Glad to have missed Boots, anyhow. MAX tries to climb into hat-rack. Remonstrate. "Oh, that's all right, Uncle CHARLEY. Now then, STINKER" (to TOMMY) "give me a back." STIN—TOMMY, I mean, oblige. MAX clambers up and gets one leg over rail, when ominous crack indicates breakage. Firmly command him to desist. Two girls evidently disgusted at their cousin's rough play. As train stops Westby, see Boots standing on platform. Wild yells from MAX and TOMMY greet him. He climbs in and gives me warm paw. Am (mercifully) gloved. Feel sure I dislike Boots. Arrive London. Get children up crowded platform and pass barrier. Boots missing. Dare not leave others to search for him. But what to do? Inform police? So public. Wire fond parents? So alarming. Beg MAX to remain in charge, at bookstall, whilst I search for Boots. D—ear Boots! MAX winks and says "Crikey!" Dislike expression "Crikey," but no time to remonstrate. Rush frantically up and down and get hot. Hate getting hot. Most worried. Espy wretched Boots beside sweetmeat machine, weeping bitterly. Say, "All right, my little man: you're not lost, you see!" "Lost be blowed!" (so vulgar) he sobs. "I've been and put my penny in the slot and the beastly thing won't give out the toffee!" Horrid child. Hastily put in coin (which I afterwards find was half-a-crown), and obtain toffee. Boots mollified. Return to bookstall. More trouble. MAX has bought four newspapers and finds no money in pocket. Pay, and drag children off to cab. Very annoying. Too many for one cab. Afraid to leave boys; so mischievous. Suggest girls go in one cab, I and boys in another. Immediately negatived by girls; "Mamma said we were not to be left a moment." Send boys on in cab. Fearful misgivings. Follow closely with girls.

WHAT HE WOULD HAVE SAID.

(From Sir A. C. Mackenzie's *Musical Notebook*, evidently mislaid at the Odd Sette's dinner.)

THE bagpipes are not a peculiarly Scotch instrument of torture. "The Piper that played before MOSES," so frequently mentioned in Irish history, was probably of Hebrew or Egyptian extraction. The Fiddle was invented by a Scotchman, who was of course "First Fiddle." This instrument, it has been asserted, was invented by some one living by the Deeside. There is, however, some ground (near the river just mentioned) for this assertion in the rebuff given to him (Sir A.) when, on his claiming Scotch nationality for the violin, a descendant of the celebrated Miller of the Dee, a relation, it is probable, of the ancient "Joe," pooh-poohed his statement by snapping his finger and thumb, and exclaiming, "Fiddle de Dee." Being an eminently fair-minded and most certainly clear-headed man (*vide* photographs) Sir ALEXANDER was unable to express a Deesided opinion. (*Cheers*.)

If there be any truth in the rumour to the effect that some new gigantic Cosmopolitan Stores are to be started in the S.-W. district, it may be described as a modern attempt at "Out-Harroding HARROD."

AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG.

I'LL sing to you a good old song,
Revised and up-to-date,
Of the brand-new English gentleman
We've read about of late.
We scoff at rank and pedigree,
The vulgar rich we slate—
And DICK and TOM and HARRY
For the future each may rate
As a brand-new English gentleman
Of the progressive type.

Now surely this is better far
Than all the old parade
Of finely-drawn distinctions,
And looking down on trade.
And better, too, than levelling
All to the lowest grade.
So "Let 'em all come," and alike
Receive the homage paid
To the brand-new English gentleman
Of the progressive type.

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

AT A MUSIC HALL.

Robinson. I thought this was the best place to come to after our little dinner. No need to arrive before nine.

Auguste. Your little dinner was excellent, my dear.

Ludwig. Yes well.

Rob. Glad you liked it. We can manage a dinner in England when the dishes are French, and the wines are French, or German. And if we take a little water, that is German also. Here are our seats.

Aug. Ah, I recall these chairs, some veritable arms-chairs, so great, so large, where one is perfectly at his ease, and where all the world can to pass without to derange those who are sitted. How call you these places?

Rob. Oh, English music-hall managers think it's more elegant not to use English, so they call these seats *fauteuils*.

Lud. As man say in the Fatherland, *loge, portierre, parquet*.

Aug. Ah ça! As at us one serve himself of the word "ticket." All that who is English is enormously "smart." We say, as in English, "a snob," and "a smart."

Rob. That's just like French-English or English-French. In that sense smart is only an adjective. A smart is the pain after a mosquito-bite.

Lud. Ach so! Or after a "pin-prick."

Rob. By Jove! Yes—quite so—these seats do give you plenty of room.

Aug. Mon Dieu! Probably—oh yes—see there that pretty woman in that lodge there. What ravishing toilet! What bust and what shoulders! *Et une petite nuque si délicieuse*—how say you that?

Rob. We've no word for it. We could only say, "Such a charming little back of the neck."

Aug. Sapristi, quelle phrase! Such a charming little break of the neck. Oh, la la!

Rob. No, no! "Back," not "break."

Aug. Charming little neck of the back. *Moi je préfère "la nuque."* Your English phrase is so long that she would suffice to indicate the neck of an ostrich.

Lud. What sing they now?

Rob. I don't know. Russian, or Spanish, or Hungarian, or something of the sort. An Englishman can hardly ever understand anything in an English music-hall, unless it's in French, which it sometimes is.

Aug. And however the English boys play a Latin piece. *Tiens!* The other day an amiable friend has given me a ticket, and I



THE SEASON'S GIFTS.

Mistress (having rung for dinner). "MARY, YOU'RE VERY LATE WITH DINNER. ISN'T IT READY?"

Mary. "IF YOU PLEASE, MUM, COOK AND ME WAS JUST SENDING OFF OUR NEW YEAR'S CARDS. WE SHA'N'T BE LONG, NOW."

am good to see the *Andria* at the College of Westminster. *Sapristi*, what pronunciation of the Latin! I have not comprehended one sole word. But it was very curious to see, and the boys played not bad. The music during the between-acts, is it that this was the music of the Romans? I believed that not.

Rob. You were right. It was the most inappropriate music, chiefly from Gaiety burlesques.

Aug. But sometimes one hears in a music hall the poetry of the poet of the Court, is it not? Ah, you say "By Appointing to the Queen," *Fournisseur de la Reine*.

Lud. Ach so! *Hoflieferant, Hofdichter*.

Rob. The verses of the Poet Laureate, you mean. Not often, thank goodness!

Aug. *Tiens!* I know the names of the four English poets of the first rank, those of whom the poems appear in your most great journal, the *Times*. There is Reverend HEADLEY and JANE OAKLEY, who write the more often, and AUSTIN and a certain KIPLING. But this last I comprehend him not often.

Rob. Nor do we, when he writes about steam engines. But Miss OAKLEY's poetry is among the advertisements, and ALFRED

AUSTIN's is not. There is that difference between them.

Aug. Ah, vraiment! As that Mr. AUSTIN must pay much more dear the printing of his poems. In the French journals an announce which has not the air of an announce costs very dear.

Lud. Why drink nobody beer here? In Germany drink man ever beer in a such theatre, and also very often eat man beef-steaks or calfflesh.

Rob. Are you hungry or thirsty?

Lud. Hungry, ah no! Not yet. And also not extraordinary thirsty. But I would very willing a pair glass beer drink.

Rob. And you?

Aug. Un bock? Eh well, I refuse him not.

Rob. Then let us go out to the bar now, and come back before the ballet.

A Chance for Barnum.

THE following advertisement is taken from the *Wolverhampton Express and Star*:

HALF-LEGGED Horse, 15½ hands; good worker; price £5.—Apply, Meat Stores.

BARNUM should at once secure this Freak, which is cheap at the price.



Sportsman (after a day's "shoot"). "JUST FANCY—JUST BY HAYWARD'S COPSE, TO-DAY, WE SAW A COUPLE OF FOXES."
Miss Jones (from Clapham). "DEAR ME! THAT WAS LUCKY! AND DID YOU SHOOT THEM BOTH?"

DEPRECIATIONS.

III.

ALFREDOCLES ON ETNA.

["Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, who has been travelling in Sicily, is enjoying the hospitality of the Duke of BRONTË at his *Castello* in the environs of Mount Etna."—*Social Bits*.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN (a poet).

TIMOLEON (a local courier).

SCENE: *Etna: the crater's edge.* Wind,
E. by N.

LEAVE me, TIMOLEON; I would be alone,
To hold communion with my thoughts
awhile.

Rest you in some convenient crevasse
Not very far, for fear of fresh eruptions
Or brigands who should know me ransom-
worth

And might be deaf to music. Let me have
Simply the sandwich-tin and cactus-figs
(*Opuntia Amyclæa*) and the flask—
His Excellency's good Marsala brand—
I would converse with these and solitude.
A rivederci!

So, alone! alone!

Apollo's votary on the crater's verge!
More sulphurous from *Ætna's* heaving hole
Exhale the strident fumes than when I stood
At Delphi once and plucked the drastic bays.

I will proceed to windward lest I choke.

[*Walks round to East side of crater.*
That's better! Let me now observe the
dawn.

[*Consults watch and waits. The sun rises.*
How punctual above the Ionian waves,
Dimpled for welcome, lo! the orient light
Impinges on my somewhat gelid nose,
And burnishes yon phanerogamous plants,
Robertsia Taraxacoides
And *Anthemis Etnensis*, hardy shrubs
That court the upper circles; kindling, too,
The conifers that crown the midway zone
(*Pinus Laricio*, to be precise),
But leaving dark athwart the lower slopes
The boon of Bacchus, with the shoreward
groves
Of oranges and lemons, fit to suck;
The latter best with soda, and a touch
Of sweetening matter. 'Tis indeed a scene
Repays the trumphy travail of ascent
Even without funicular support.
But time escapes and there is work to do
If I would play EMPEDOCLES his part.
Here where I stand, though later in the
year

After the tourist season, he resolved
His body into various elements;
Just at this moment I forget what for;
Perchance his liver was the primal cause,
Though he alleged, I think, a nobler pain.
I had the facts by heart, two nights ago,

But climbing clogs the memory. Anyhow
World-sick he must have been; and so
am I.

'Tis not enough reproach that I should be
The common butt of impious parodists,
A prey to critics who ignore me quite
Or wedge me in among the minor bards;
But, worse than all, the New Year's honour-
roll

With annual persistence leaves me out!
Not for myself—I do not greatly care
To be a belted knight, and rank with them,
Gross guinea-pigs and grocer Aldermen,
Whom kings delight to honour—not for
that;

But for Apollo's, for the Muses' sake,
I often blush to be without a title.
Must I, their darling, ultimately die
Plain ALFRED? Never! I would perish first.
Nor could I find a likelier spot than this
Nor one more apt in lethal precedent.
O *Ætna*! O volcanic vacuum!
'Neath which Typhœus lies superbly crushed
I come! Cremate me in thy seething oven!
O unappreciative World, farewell.
Steady, my bays!

[*Tightens laurel-wreath on head.*
I now propose to plunge!

But stay! Some record there should be of this,
That men may gather roughly where I am
And growing wise at length to know my
worth



SUSPENSE!

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE (*to herself*). "MON DIEU! WILL HE TURN ON ME!"

May plant a beacon on the crater's brink
Of bronze, or adamant, or local lava,
And dedicate the same with flowers of
speech,

As I myself unveiled the other day
That thing of CÆDMON'S. Ha! a precedent
Once more bequeathed me by EMPEDOCLES,
Who left, by inadvertence, it is true,
His slipper on the summit when he dived.
So let me leave behind one walking-boot,
Hob-nailed, a priceless relic, like to naught
In his (EMPEDOCLES') philosophy.

[Unlaces and removes right boot.

And now I positively mean to plunge!
But stay, again! a hideous after-thought
Holds me reluctant. If I disappear,
Whom will they wreath with laurels in my
room?

It might conceivably be Mr. W-ts-n!

And I should very much object to that.
I never liked his attitude to ABDUL;
Nor does he take my poems seriously,
Not as he takes his own. And if the crown
Declined on him, I think my toasted ghost
Would rise protesting from his fiery bed.
I cannot bear to picture it! No, no!
I must regretfully decline to plunge.

[Declines to plunge. Re-enters TIMOLEON.

Ah! Must I rouse me from my reverie?
More facile should our downward footing be;
Yet, speaking as a crow, I understand
Some twenty kilometres, point to point,
Divide me from the ducal déjeuner.
"Avante"? Certainly; but let me first
Resume my dexter boot. Ecco, I come!

DICK AT THE 'DELPHI.

THERE are features in Mr. OSCAR BARRETT's pantomime, which, apart from those of the bevy of beauties engaged to represent "The Chimes," "City Companies," and "Idle Apprentices," should render *Dick Whittington*, by Mr. HORACE LENNARD, at the Adelphi, most attractive to the pantomime-loving public.

The scenery, by Messrs. BARRETT, EMDEN, and H. B. POTTS ("Paint-Potts," of course), is artistically good, the costumes are fanciful, grotesque, and elegant. The grand transformation scene (HENRY EMDEN) of "The Triumph of Cupid," is as effectively brilliant a picture as any lover of modern pantomimic display could possibly desire. Mr. BARRETT's original music is light, tuneful, and dramatic throughout, while the popular tunes of the day are skillfully introduced with excellent effect.

Miss AMY AUGARDE is an operatic *Dick*, and Miss MARIE MONTROSE a charming *Alice*. It is a long time since a better cat has been seen than Mr. O. E. LENNON, who, not speaking but acting, shows himself a master of art in pantomime. Mr. EDWARD LEWIS, as the *Idle Apprentice*, is invaluable; while Mr. GEORGE RANSFORD and Mr. HARRY RAY, as *The Mate* and *Bo'sen*, do to perfection all the "knock-about" business which used to be associated with the Two Macs, the twenty whacks, and the fifty smacks. Mr. FRED EASTMAN is very funny as *Cicely the Cook*. Miss MILLIE LEGARDE, as *Captain Spanker*, and his sweetheart *Polly*, Miss FLORRIE HARMON, with their singing and dancing, lend material aid to the success of the ensemble.

After the transformation scene we are treated to two scenes of "old-fashioned and Grimaldian Harlequinade" in which GEORGE DANVERS and HARRY GARDNER strictly adhere to the old-fashioned traditions of *Pantaloon* and *Clown*. Mr. HARRY SOFTLY (delightful name for a *Harlequin*) strikes all the historic attitudes associated with this



OPEN TO DOUBT.

Ostler (dubiously, to 'Arry, who is trying to mount on the wrong side). "BEG PARD'N, SIR, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE QUITE ACCUSTOMED TO 'OSSES, SIR?"

mysterious character, lowers and raises his mask at the right times, and uses his magic wand gracefully and with a definite purpose. He proceeds by "bounds" but not by "leaps," as not once does he jump through a window. The *Columbine*, Miss ELSIE DE VERE, is "nice," but what can she or *Harlequin* do when all step-dancing has been exhausted in the opening? Still, Mr. BARRETT's revival of the "comic business" is a move in the right direction, and if, next Christmas, he will sacrifice two or three scenes in the "opening," and continue some real good pantomimic scenes with "all the modern improvements," he has at hand in Mr. HARRY GARDNER a first-rate specimen of the real genuine old "Joey" school as *Clown*.

MR. PUNCH SUPPORTS THE OCEAN PENNY POST IN 1851!

A CORRESPONDENT calls attention to a passage which appeared in *Mr. Punch's* pages as far back as June 7, 1851. On page 286 of his 20th Volume the Sage wrote as follows:—

"*Mr. Punch* is disposed to conclude that

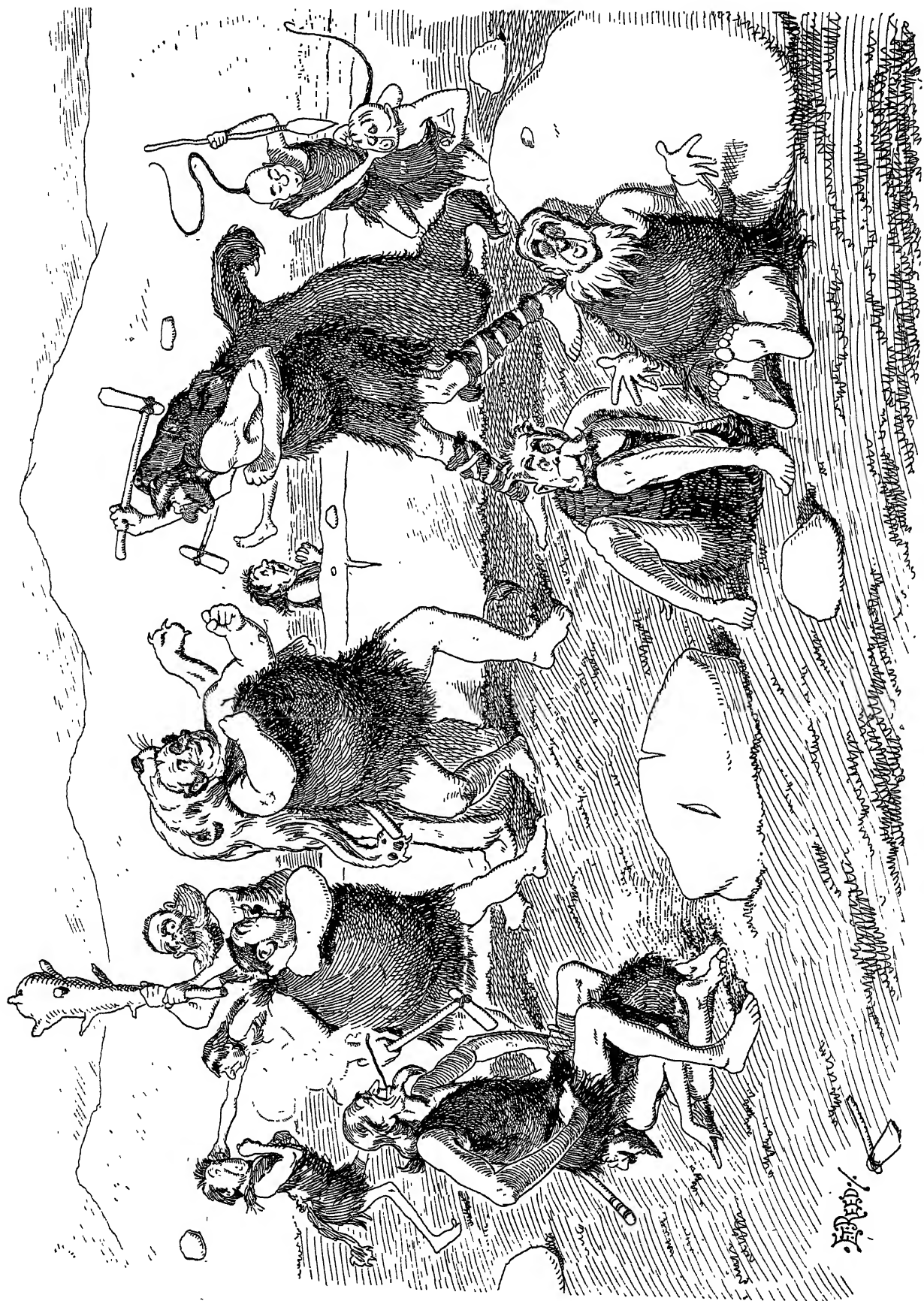
the best and cheapest intercommunication with our friends and connexions across the billows, would be the 'Ocean Penny Postage' recommended by Mr. ELIHU BURRITT, who demonstrates the feasibility of the scheme in a pamphlet whereunto *Punch* refers the Government. 'An Ocean Penny Post' we shall have sooner or later. SHAKESPEARE, who prophesied under pretence of writing plays, has foretold it in the well-known lines of *Macbeth*:—

'The Weird Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land.'

"The Sisters, represented in such amicable conjunction, are clearly Fraternity, Affection, and Business; and their description as posters of both divisions of the globe, evidently has reference to their presiding over a Universal Penny Postage.

"In conclusion, *Mr. Punch* begs to express his opinion that ROWLAND HILL, even when completely at sea, will never be out of his reckoning."

So it has taken the G. P. O. only a little more than forty-eight years to carry out a scheme declared in 1851 to be "feasible." Bravo St. Martin's le Grand! A Record!



A PREHISTORIC "PEACE CONFERENCE"!



"PLEASE, GENTLEMAN, WON'T YOU GIVE ME AN' MY BROTHERS AN' SISTERS SOMETHIN'?"

"WHY, YOU ARE SURELY NOT ALL OF ONE FAMILY?"

"YES, GENTLEMAN, WE'RE ALL TWINS!"

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

(A Study in the Supernatural.)

TIME, about 11 P.M.; on the side of the road opposite a highly respectable terrace in a Suburban district, a small crowd has collected. The gaze of all is fixed expectantly upon a certain house, the stuccoed front of which has a sinister and secretive air, with its darkened windows and fanlight gleaming black in the light of a street-lamp that flickers fitfully at every gust. There is no moon, and great clouds are racing past in the livid sky. Most of the crowd loiter with a slightly shamefaced air and a transparent affectation of having merely halted for a moment in passing, and without any particular purpose.

Mrs. Yallapp (a thin, bilious matron, to her friend Mrs. UMNEY, a stout, comfortable dame). Well, there ain't bin much to see, so far!

Mrs. Umney. We ain't bin 'ere not above 'alf an hour. I dunno what you expect, Mrs. YALLAPP, I'm sure!

Mrs. Yall. I expect to be laid up with theroomatics, standin' about on a damp pavement like I am now.

Mrs. Umn. (optimistically). You may see somethink any minnit now, there's no tellin'.

Mrs. Yall. If I'd come out in my thick soles, I wouldn't say a word. But you did bustle me to that degree I put whatever come 'andy on my feet, and there's a chill strikin' up my legs now that—

Mrs. Umn. Well, don't worry about it. Stomp your feet, Mrs. YALLAPP, muim—or else go 'ome. I'm lettin' yer.

Mrs. Yall. (in the tone of a martyr). Now I am 'ere, I may as well see it out. I'm not one to desert my friends.

Mrs. Umn. Don't you lay your death at my door then, because I can take care o' myself, I can.

A New Arrival (addressing a Reticent Spectator). Anythink the matter oppersite, Mister?

The Ret. Spec. You're as well able to see as what I am, ain't you?

The N. A. I can't see nothink goin' on. (Hopefully.) It ain't a MURDER, is it?

The Ret. Spec. (oracularly). That's as may be. You wait 'ere long enough, and you'll be as wise as me.

The N. A. Ah. That is somethink to look forward to, ain't it?

A Chatty Bystander (to him). Why, they do say as 'ow one o' them 'ouses oppersite is 'aunted like.

The N. A. 'Aunted? What by?

The Ch. By. Now you're arskin' more'n I can tell yer. But it's a ghost, anyway.

The N. A. (interested). Ghost o' anybody in partickler?

The Ch. B. There you 'ave me agin. All I know is, there's parties as 'ave seen it.

A Well-informed Person. I can tell yer all about it. No. 18, it's at, which, as you may see for yourself, ain't lived in, bein' rendered uninhabitable. And it's 'aunted by a little old man in a brown tail coat, with a skellington's 'ed on 'im.

A Better-informed P. Escuse me, you ain't got it quite right. It's a tall, thin female in grey with no 'ed at all. I 'appen to know it.

A still Better-inf. P. No, no, you're both wrong—it's nothink o' that. Jest knockin's and ringin's and blue lights, thet's all there is. I 'eard it on reliable authority.

The Well-inf. P. But look 'ere, the barman at the "Bull and 'Orns" round the corner see a skellington in a brown coat with brass buttons with his own eyes as plain as I see you, settin' on the parapit only last Toosday evenin'.

The Better-inf. P. Then there's a pair of 'em, that's all, for the lydy at the tobacker shop see the Grey Woman herself lookin' outer one o' the droring-room winders. That was a Sunday.

A Rationalist. That won't wash, yer know. 'Ow could she look out of a winder without any 'ed?

The Better-inf. P. I'm on'y tellin' it to you as I 'eard it. I ain't sayin' there mayn't be exaggerations—I don't believe it, an' I don't disbelieve it. But it stands to reason there must be somethink for it to git into the papers.

An Enlightened Person. It's illogical and ridiculous to lay it down dogmatic that there can't be no ghosts. I 'old there are ghosts, on'y that, looked at correctly from the skientific point o' view, there ain't anything soopernatural about them.

The Rationalist. If they ain't soopernatural, they ain't ghosts—and then what are they? Kin you answer me that?

The Enligh. P. Certingly I can. Ghosts, my friend, are jest simple ordinary finonemons like you and me.

The Rationalist. I ain't a ghost—nor yet I ain't a finonemon, as I'm aware of.

The En. P. (pityingly). You don't take my point. A ghost, accordin to the best modern theories, is a spirituous hemanation, or, to make it clearer to the vulgar compre'ension, a form of natural gas.



Grand Partridge for 1.

Cockney Macbeth (a trifle "fluffy" in his words) bellows out: "'ANG OUT OUR BANNERS ON THE HOUTWARD WALLS! THE CRY IS—'LET 'EM ALL COME!'"

The Rationalist. Well, there's plenty o' nateral gas about you, ole man, any way.

The En. P. That's *your* opinion. But lemme arsk you, 'Ave you read 'UXLEY? No? Well,—*I* 'ave. And *tell* you 've examined 'is arguments for yourself, and 'eard what skience 'as to say on the subjec', don't expose your ignorance by passin' an opinion.

[He withdraws with conscious triumph.]

"*Al.*" to '*Melia.* You are a gal to come out walkin' with, I don't think. Allays wantin' to stop and stare at nothink. Now, if it was a 'orse down, or a good set-to, you'd be wantin' to parss on as like as not!

'*Melia.* But *AL.*, I jest 'eard them sayin' there was a ghost over in that 'ouse there. Do less stop a bit and see it!

Al. (tolerantly). Oh, all right. We come out to enjoy ourselves. I'm on it . . . Lor! did yer see that?

'*Melia (startled).* No! Where? What did you see, *AL.*? Anythink outer the w'y?

Al. Outer the w'y! Look at that bedroom winder. Meanter say you didn't see a lydy with a green fice and no eyes in it come round the curtin and wyve a grite 'and in a white cotton glove at yer? There! there she comes agin! I dunno if yer call *that* outer the w'y!

'*Melia (giggling, but uneasy).* Don't go on so foolish. You didn't see it. Not really, *AL.*?

Al. Strite I did, though . . . There's *another* on 'em now—a sight uglier—a plyin' peep-bo beyind the chimley-pots.

Mrs. Yallapp (severely). Bewave yourself, young man, unless you want a jedgment. You won't tork so light if you *do* see the ghost, as it's about the time she 'ave been seen—and by your betters too!

Al. What does she do? Step out on the balc'ny and drop curtsies? I wish she'd 'urry up.

[A faint glimmer is seen in one of the upper windows: sensation amongst crowd.]

Crowd. That's 'er. See that? There it goes again! Now what d'ye think?

The Enl. P. It's a form of phosphorescence, that's all. Nothink contrary to the Laws o' Nature about it.

Al. (as the light disappears). Garn, it's some one trying to strike a match, that's all it is. (*The glimmer re-appears in a lower story; presently something resembling a white face and pale drapery is indistinctly seen behind a window pane.*) It—it's one of the slaveys goin' to bed, that's all.

A Bystander (in a hollow voice). No ribaldry, young man, if you please. That 'ouse, to my certin knowledge, ain't been lived in for the last nine months.

Al. (unsteadily). An' no bloomin' wonder! You ain't frightened, '*Melia*, are yer? She won't 'urt yer. 'Ere, k-ketch 'old o' me!

Mrs. Yallapp. I never thought to ha' lived to see a ghost. Of all the 'orrid gashly expressions!

Mrs. Umney. Ah, I told you if you on'y 'ad pytience—(*The fanlight over the front door becomes feebly illuminated.*) Lor, it's comin' downstairs now! (*The spectators draw back instinctively.*) I do 'ope it 'll stay indoors. . . . Look, if there ain't a four wheel keb drove up to the very door. I wouldn't be inside it for somethink—it's enough to give any 'orse a turn.

A Constable (arriving on the scene). Now then, what's all this? What are you a-blockin' up the thoroughfare for like this, hey? There ain't nothing to see.

Mrs. Yallapp. Oh, Mr. Constable, there's a keb and a lydy and gentleman and two pore children gettin' out of it!

Constable. Bin to the Pantimime, most likely. What of it, mum?

Mrs. Yallapp. Why, they're goin' into No. 13! Do go over and stop 'em—afore it's too late!

Constable. What should I stop 'em from goin' into their own 'ouse for?

Mrs. Yall. But it ain't—it's the 'Aunted 'Ouse—and—and the ghost's a-waitin' for them in the passage!

Constable (as the door of No. 13 is opened by a neat little parlour-maid in a white apron and cross-over). And a very 'andy sperrit too—just lit the gas for 'em. I wish I 'ad a ghost like that to open the door to me! 'Ere, if all you people 'ave supped full enough of 'orrors, you'd better go 'ome, 'stead o' makin' yourselves ridiculous like this!

[The crowd on reflection consider it advisable to adopt this suggestion and melt away.]

Al. (as he retires). Frightened? Not me! I was kiddin' all the time. They were a proper set o' jays, them others, eh?

Mrs. Yall. Never do I come ghost 'untin' with you no more, Mrs. UMNEY, mum, so mark my words!

Mrs. Umney. If the papers go and git the wrong address for the ghost, mum, I ain't responsible.

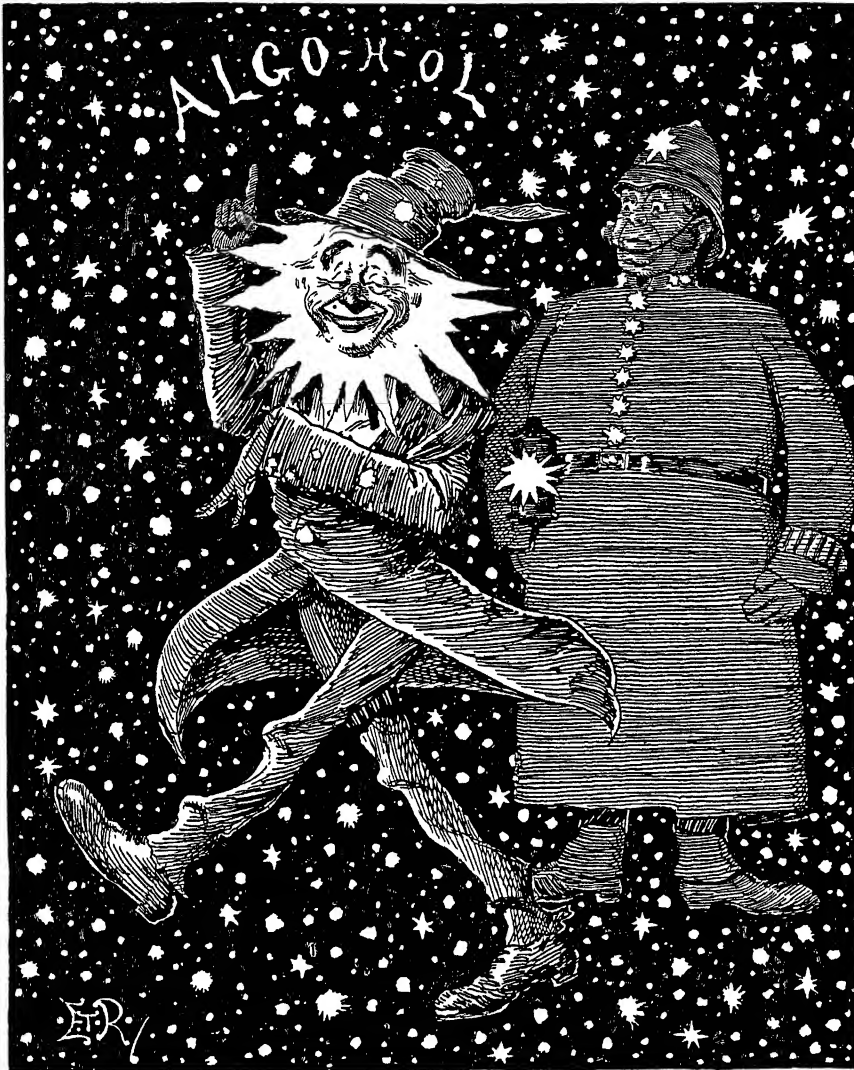
Mrs. Yall. (with concentrated scorn). Responsible? That you ain't! You and yer ghosts!

WHO'S HE?

IN the list of pensions granted during the year ended 20th June, 1898, and charged upon the Civil List, appears an entry of £225 to "Mr. WILLIAM ERNEST HANLEY in recognition of his literary merits and his inadequate means of support." £225 is a pretty large slice out of an available total of £1,200. Mr. WILLIAM ERNEST HANLEY's literary merits must be great in proportion. But who is he, and what has he written? W. E. HENLEY we know (or knew) as editor of a fractions, superior, now defunct weekly paper that adulated ARTHUR BALFOUR and saw no good in GLADSTONE. But surely Mr. HANBURY, who is responsible for the issue of the Civil Pensions List which bears his signature, cannot be so ignorant of literary affairs as to confound a "HANLEY" with the HENLEY. It greatly diminishes the value of a boon to be misnamed by name when it is tossed to you.

A UNION OF HANDS AND HEARTS.—The amalgamation of the L. C. and D. and S. E. Railway Lines promises well. The third problem of EUCLID has so far been satisfactorily solved, and "from the greater of two given straight lines,"—for both the Lines are as "straight" as possible,—is cut off a part equal to the less. Q.E.D. "Let it be granted" by "powers" "that a railway line may be drawn from any one point to any other point," and that "profits may be produced to any amount," and the results must be satisfactory. The Chairman of the Amalgamated Companies is Mr. Cosmo-politan Bonsor, M.P., who, after Box (L. C. and D.) and Cox (S. E. R.), have exclaimed, "My long-lost brother! What shall separate us? What shall tear us asunder?" will join in the triumphal trio, to the tune of *Rataplan*, "*What a plan! plan! plan!*" and "if all friends in front are pleased then Box, Cox, and Bonsor are satisfied."

A MAN WHO BEATS ABOUT THE BUSH.—An Australian.



AN ASTRONOMICAL REPROBATE.

["The star Algol behaved in a most ill-bred manner. He would advance, wink, and then retire. For years his motion and behaviour puzzled astronomers, until at last the mystery was solved by Professor VOGEL, who showed that Algol had associated with him a dark star, which was invisible, and that the latter sometimes obscured the former. Algol and his invisible playmate revolved round each other, and this accounted for the fact that Algol seemed to us to wink."]—*Sir Robert Ball's Lecture at the Royal Institution.*

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

III.

At the Pantomime (continued).—At theatre door, boys awaiting me; also irate driver, pointing to broken window of cab. Usual thing. Boys been scuffling, and Tommy pushed Boots' head through window. Cabby glares at me. Why me? Sigh, pay, pass in. Directly we enter box, rush ensues for seat nearest stage. MAX obtains it. Dislodge him in favour of eldest girl. MAX disgusted, and says, "Girls, girls, girls! it's always the girls, in this world!" Sigh, and think how true. "Blow girls, they're all rotters!" "Rotters" most objectionable expression. So coarse.

Curtain rises, "Home of Demon Doughnut;" dark stage; gnomes; goblins. MAISIE, alarmed, retires to back of box. "Silly owl!" from TOMMY. Fairy glen—more cheerful. MAISIE returns. So glad. Boots gloomy. Alleged comic scene. "WAYO BEANO," importation from music

halls, sings *risqué* song. "Charming Sisters SCREECHAR" (*vide* playbill) bawl sentimental and idiotic ditties. Children awfully bored. Kitchen scene. Comic cat whacks "heavy father" over head with rolling-pin. Huge delight of juveniles. Any form human suffering certain draw. Boots weirdly calm. Trust not effects toffee? On thorns till I see chilly smile on the freckled face. Grand procession, indicative of historical period. "That's powder in the jam, ain't it, STINKER? trying to make a feller learn his dates, and I sha'n't look," from MAX, indignantly. "When's the clown coming?" he asks. "Soon, I answer, diplomatically. "Can't we have something to eat and drink?" inquires TOMMY. Order ices, lemonade, sponge-cakes, &c. MAISIE delighted with Neapolitan ice, and eats it rapturously. Ice very hard. MAISIE digs spoon in and—! How shall I describe my anguish? Ice flies off plate and falls on lady in stalls! Lean back, feebly hoping victim may not have seen which box re-

sponsible. In vain; tremendous guffaw from TOMMY, and MAX's loud "Crikey!" betray us. Five horrible minutes elapse, and then loud knock at door. Elderly military personage enters. Children all stare. E. M. P. wants to know what I mean by "this outrage." Try soothing system. Explain pure accident. "Accidents *will* happen in best reg—" "Bosh, Sir!" replies E. M. P. So rude. "Don't trifle, Sir!" Not trifling; never trifle. Explain this. E. M. P. still rude. Demands my card, and mutters something about five pounds damage and County Court. Give card. E. M. P. leaves, scowling. Why scowl? Objectionable creature. Clown at last. Side-splitting jest, "Here we are again"; also, "How are you to-morrow?" "That's a chestnut!" from TOMMY. Great discernment this.

After about four hours' ceaseless tum-tumming of orchestra, and imbecilities of clown and pantaloons, suggest move for train. Negatived in chorus. So sad. "But the train?" "Oh, blow the train, let's see it out." See it out. Boots now weeping silently. "Never mind him, Uncle CHARLEY. He's always like that when he's enjoying himself!" says TOMMY.

Curtain at last. Delay in getting out. Wait for cab. Cram whole party into one, this time. Terrified we shall miss train. Consult watch all way to station. Arrive. "Burberry train, Sir? Gone, Sir; jest gone. Next train, Sir? Well, there ain't one to-night, not direct, but if you wait a nour and a 'arf for the Foxley slow, and change at Westby, and change agen at Silton, you'll get to Burberry a little before midnight, Sir."

A Professional Compliment.

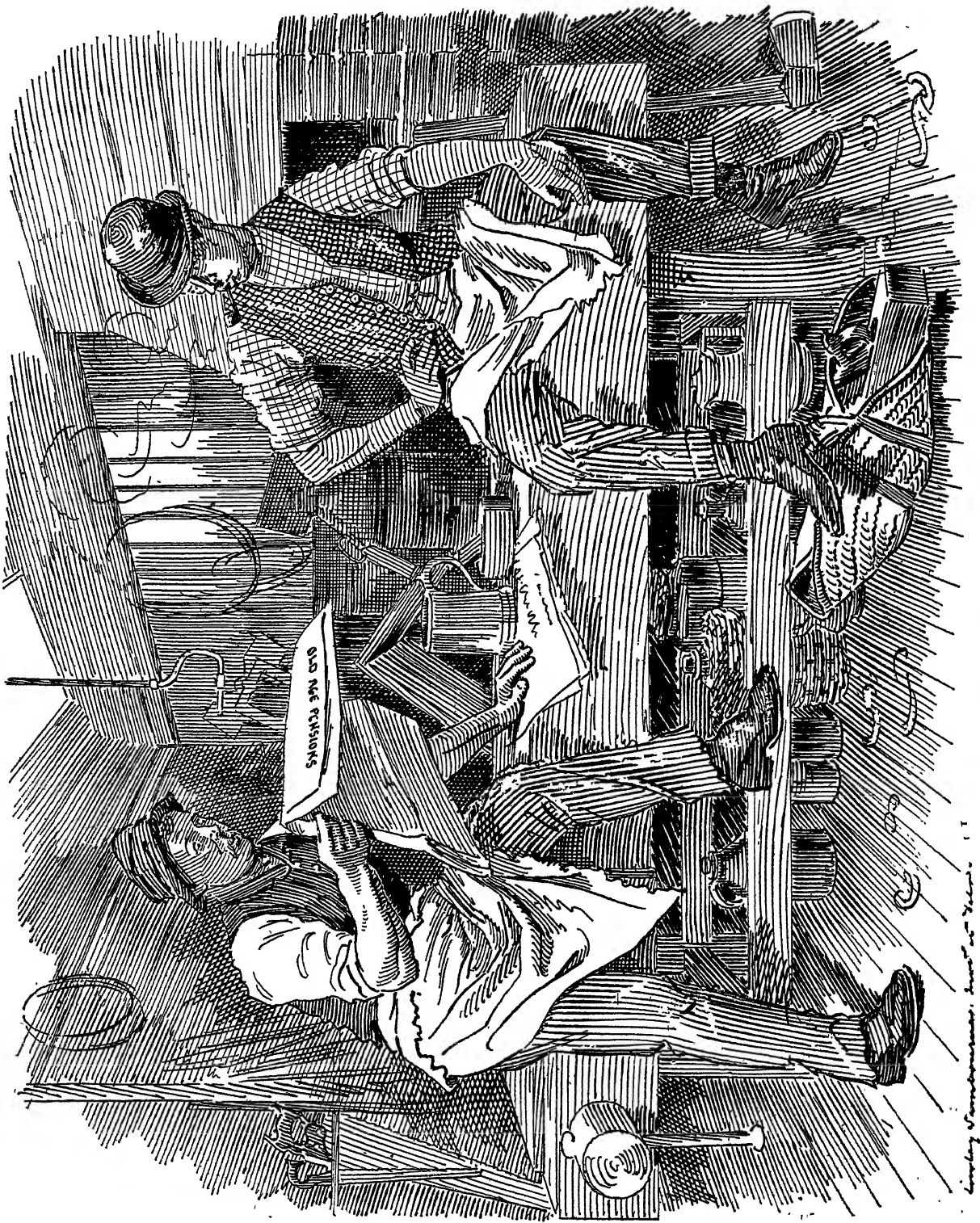
Burglar (on reading that Sir HENRY HAWKINS had been made a Peer). Hooray! 'E's been put away for the rest of his days.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—VI.

A DRAWING-ROOM CHAIR.

A simple, old-fashioned, wooden Dutch chair, after designs by the Colonial Secretary. Much stained by coffee and tobacco. A heavy, immovable piece, strengthened at one time by German supports, now withdrawn. Sustained damage (moral) in 1895, for which no compensation was paid. (From the collection of Dr. Leyds.)



A DAZZLING FUTURE.

First Young Workman. "LOOK 'ERE, BILL, AS FAR AS I CAN SIZE IT UP, IF YOU AND ME BEGIN PUTTIN' BY IMMEDIATE, AND DON'T GET LOCKED OUT, OR LAID UP, OR DIE, OR ANYTHING O' THAT! BY THE TIME WE'RE SIXTY-FIVE WE SHALL COME INTO A MATTER OF 'ARF-A-CROWN A WEEK FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES!!!"

Second Young Workman. "Oh, Lor'!"

ETIAM IN ARCADIA EGO.

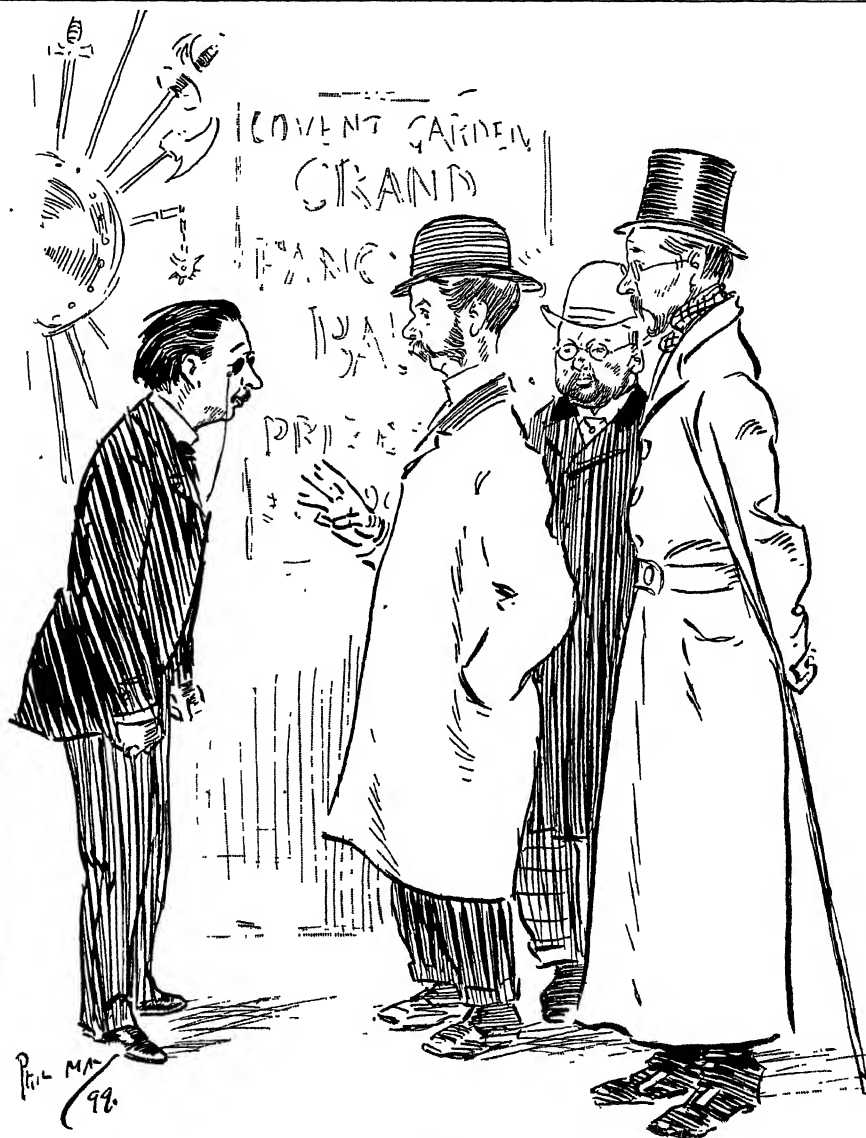
I HAVE listened to the prattle
Of a sweetly purling brook,
Where the hurdle or the wattle
Gave the thing a rustic look.
I have tasted joys Elysian,
But I freely here confess,
I prefer a *bois* Parisian
To a sylvan wilderness.
I have risen with the singing
Of the old proverbial lark,
And have heard the bells a-ringing
In the churchyard and the dark.
I have squeezed *her* hand and snored me
In the old ancestral pew—
But the idyll always bored me,
And I longed for something new.
No—let poets love to dally
Where the sun with tender ray
Gilds the dear old-fashioned alley
In the old poetic way.
But Arcadia in December
Or in May is sorrow's crown,
Since in boredom I remember
The delights of life in town.

PROBABLE CHANGE OF NAME.—A capital mirth-provoking entertainment is just now being given at St. George's Hall by the united forces of the mysterious Masked Minstrels, Miss LOTTIE VENNE and Mr. BRANDON THOMAS in *My Milliner's Bill*, and Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH in one of the very best musical sketches he has ever done, which is saying (singing and playing) a good deal. If this "Show" is to be permanent (and why not? seeing that it attracts all those who patronise the theatre and those who don't), then the proposal may be made to drop the "Saint" not the "Grossmith" and call it simply George's Hall, even though the entertainment is not h'all George's.



SOLILOQUY.

"I should like that engine. Can't afford it myself. They won't buy it for me at home—too soon after Christmas. Must go in and ask the Girl to put it aside for me till next time I have the Croup or something; then Mother'll buy it me!"



THE DUMAS CRAZE.

"LET 'EM ALL COME."

Brown (who, with his friends Jones and Robinson, is in town for a week and is "going it").
"Now, MR. COSTUMIER, WE ARE GOING TO THIS 'ERE BALL, AND WE WANT YOU TO MAKE US HUP AS THE THREE MUSKETEERS!"

A "SCHOOL" TREAT

ONCE more we go to *School* at the Globe Theatre! Once more we welcome Mr. JOHN HARE, as admirable as ever in his original part of *Beau Farintosh*, a character that ROBERTSON created out of materials provided by THACKERAY's *Major Pendennis* and DICKENS's *Cousin Feenix*. That the play comes as a novelty to those who have the advantage (in one way) over their seniors, is proved by the interest it excites, and by the hearty appreciation with which it is received. Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS plays charmingly as *Bella*, and Miss MAY HARVEY is capital as *Naomi Tighe*.

Mr. GILBERT HARE fits himself down to the ground with the part of *Krusz*, and Miss FANNY COLEMAN could not be bettered as *Mrs. Sutcliffe*. Mr. FRED KERR is excellent as *Jack Poyntz*. Miss FANNY COLEMAN, Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS (anything but a Miss

"M. T." LEWIS, as she is full of brains), and Miss MAY HARVEY, take, and divide, the home-made cake in equal portions.

Lord ATUR TEMPORIS ACTI says "there's no falling-off in the original HARE." This HARE has lasted out many a long run; has shown us all first-rate sport; and even now Old Time's harriers haven't got within measurable distance of him, for he is going as strong as ever. And so, like "Beauty," this play draws us with a single HARE,—or rather, would do so, only there are two HARES, which fact strengthens the traction power. *Prosit!*

WISHING THEM A HAPPY RETURN.—From the *Daily News* we learn that "Sir BENJAMIN BAKER and Mr. JOHN AIRD have left London for Egypt" to look after the new Nile water-works. "*Bon voyage!*" et "*Aux Reservoirs!*"



AT A CHECK.

First-flight Man (to "Arry," who has been riding in his pocket). "MY GOOD MAN, WILL YOU KINDLY NOT RIDE SO NEAR MY HORSE'S TAIL?"
'Arry (innocent). "WHY, SIR? DOES HE KICK?"

A DROP FOR PICQUART.

O JUSTICE! O my Country! Have mine ears
 Heard rightly? Have mine eyes beheld the truth?
 And did my colleague—colleague mine no more—
 Cry openly, in face of all the Court,
 "Hot grog for PICQUART"?—Anything but grog
 I could have pardoned, but not that—No! No!
 It was too brazen, it too much betrayed
 The bias of the Bench; for who shall judge
 The man for whom he once hath ordered grog,
 Mingling the fresh aroma of the lemon
 With fragrant fumes of spirit that will steal
 Subtly upon the vexéd brain, and spread
 A blessed and ineffable content
 O'er all the soul? And this they gave to PICQUART,
 This more than nectar to this less than man!
 O shame! Had BEAUREFAIRE prepared the draught
 He would have suffered but one single drop,
 One small yet most effective six-foot drop,
 That would have quenched the villain's thirst, and saved
 The honour of the army and of France.

OUR MERCANTILE MARINE.

(Dialogue suggested by the recent correspondence in the "Morning Post.")

Examiner of the Future. So it is your desire to command a merchant ship under the British flag?

Candidate. That is certainly my ambition.
Examiner. I may take it that you hold the necessary certificates?

Candidate. You may. I am perfectly qualified for the appointment.

Examiner. You are proficient in navigation and the other necessary knowledge?

Candidate. I would not have presumed to have presented myself before you had not such been the case.

Examiner. I am pleased to find that, so far as preliminaries are concerned, your answers are entirely satisfactory. Still, there is another matter upon which I must have the most explicit information. Can you speak French?

Candidate. Well, no, I cannot; but that does not matter.

Examiner. Pardon me, I am the judge. Can you converse in Italian?

Candidate. Italian! No, certainly not!

Examiner. Dear me! I am sorry to hear that! But at any rate you can make yourself understood in Swedish?

Candidate. Swedish! Don't know a couple of words of that lingo.

Examiner. Well, you have surely been grounded in Dutch?

Candidate. No. I have never learned Dutch—neither single or double.

Examiner. Well, at any rate you speak German?

Candidate. No, nor Spanish, nor Portuguese, nor Russian.

Examiner. Well, my good Sir, what language do you speak?

Candidate. Why the language of NELSON and DRAKE and FROBISHER. Surely that is good enough?

Examiner. I am afraid not. You see, you would, with your imperfect acquaintance of foreign languages, never be understood.

Candidate. Why is not English enough for a sailor on board a British ship?

Examiner. How could it be when all your men would be foreigners?

Candidate. Then it has come to this: that I am unsuitable because I only speak English?

Examiner. Quite so, because all the men under your command would belong to other nationalities. Next please.

(Curtain.)

HER MAJESTY'S "MUSKETEERS."

WHAT a delightful D'Artagnan is Mr. TREE! Hardly ever has this versatile comedian had a character which so thoroughly suited him, or, more correctly speaking, to which he so thoroughly suited himself. There is fun in it, there is humour in it, there is devilment in it, there is sentiment in it. To carry this character through is a triumph for the actor. Admirably does Mr. McLEAY play the wily Cardinal Richelieu, an historical personage most useful to novelists and to dramatists before Mr. GRUNDY.

Anne de Breuil is an eye-making, coaxing, fascinating, vilely wicked heroine, without a redeeming point, except that she is played in a Sara Bernhardt sort of way by Mrs. BROWN POTTER. Mrs. TREE is a charming "poor dear" of a Queen, whose crown is a burden to her, until it incontinentally falls off as she bows her head in an agony of tears, and wins the sympathy of her audience. The Royal sufferings should have been relieved by a skirt-dance performed by Constance, the Queen's confidante, prettily played by Miss MABEL LOVE, who, however, without a dance, is very nice in her scenes with Mr. TREE and with Mr. ALLAN, representing her stout parent.

And the Three Musketeers themselves, what of them? They

are Mr. FRANK MILLS, Mr. LOUIS CALVERT, and Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER, "all exceeding good"; but of this trio, Mr. FRANK MILLS, as *Vicomte de la Fère*, husband of the detestable *Anne de Breuil*, acquits himself with impressive dignity.

The piece is picturesquely placed on the stage and every detail is well considered; and the *ensemble* contributes to the TREMENDOUS success which it has achieved, and which for some time yet to come it is likely to enjoy.

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

TO WILLIAM MCKINLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

MY DEAR SIR,—I approach you not with the conventional, if affected, humility which is expected of those who are privileged to address the crowned big wigs of Europe, but with all the natural frankness, cordiality, and ease that I can command, for I know that, like the great majority of public men in America, you are no pompous, inflated humbug, but a straightforward, honest, and sincere man, one who, whatever else may be said of him, has drawn from the free air in which he has lived a contempt for outworn formulas, and a simplicity of thought and manner strangely at variance with the solemn posturings of ancient Courts.

You, Sir, occupy the highest and the noblest position that is open to any man. By the votes of your countrymen, freely given, you have been raised to the head of the Government of seventy-five millions of free people. You have not gained a brief spell of uneasy power by bloodshed and massacre organised for your own advancement, nor are you President because your ancestors were rich or great, or eminent for successful knavery. By your own native grit you have made your way, until at last the mass of your fellow-citizens gave you their confidence and elected you their executive chief.

But great as your responsibilities would necessarily be in any case, they have been made greater by the circumstances of the time. Those who in England have loved and admired the American people (and I may be permitted to declare myself one of them), who have gloried in the record of their early struggle for freedom, though it was wrung from the obstinacy and misfortune of England herself, who followed with sympathetic enthusiasm the course of their fight against slavery and for the Union, and have looked to them to carry high through the Centuries the banner of good Government and of civil and religious liberty, those who, even before the present links of affection and esteem were forged to bind the two English-speaking nations together, have held by America and all that the name implied, rejoice, no doubt, in this mutual good will, but are forced to pause before they commit themselves to a complete sympathy with all that is springing from America's recent victories. No intelligent man will, I think, deny that the time had come to put an end to Spanish misgovernment in Cuba. On that point we in England were Americans to a man, and while the fight lasted, and other nations looked on with cold indifference or undisguised enmity, we at any rate were with our kinsfolk heart and soul. But now we hesitate. We remember the declarations solemnly made when the war began, we still hope it may be possible to fulfil them, but we have to admit, with an experience of similar declarations made by ourselves and others, that the portents give but small warrant for our hope.

And here I may acknowledge that it would be a mere impertinence for me or for any other man to intrude English opinion into a question that exclusively concerns the American people. But I note that there are many sober, earnest, and public-spirited men in America who look with disfavour upon this new-fangled policy of Imperial expansion for the United States. They do not seem to hear as others do the voice of "manifest destiny" calling upon America to govern the Philippine Islands, and to subjugate their native inhabitants; they cannot persuade themselves that it is necessarily good to be what is called a "world-power," and thus to plunge head-first into the hot bed of international jealousies; they refuse to believe that a nation's stability and power must depend on the number of armed men that she can array, or that it is the sign of an inferior race to concern itself chiefly about its own affairs. America, they say, is great because her government is based on liberty, and because lust for glory and greed for the land of others have never been hers. There is a cant of patriotism as offensive as any other cant, and its high priests go about the world swaggering and raving and threatening to cram civilisation into backward populations at the point of the bayonet. They call upon the world to admire their humanity, and their disinterested love of progress, while their pockets bulge with concessions and the prospectuses of syndicates formed to secure a high profit for all who have skilfully mixed pelf with patriotic sentiments. From these self-seeking but ingenious hypocrites, the old world has suffered. Why should America encourage them to prey upon her vitals?



AT A MATINÉE. (AN ENTR'ACTE.)

She. "HAMLET IS A PLAY FOR ALL TIME."

He. "YES; IT WILL NEVER GIVE UP THE GHOST!"

For the solution of these problems you must be in a large measure responsible, and your position is one of no common difficulty. You have yet to show that you are a strong man, strong, that is, in the sense of impressing your own deeply-felt convictions on your fellow-countrymen, and strong, too, in the ability to set yourself to stem the current of popular opinion when you believe it is running in a wrong direction. Men who have this sort of strength are not less liable naturally to error than others, but experience shows that on the whole they actually err more rarely and with a less disastrous result than those who are content to go through life like jelly-fish, swayed hither and thither by waves and tides. With regard to you, it must be said that on this point we have as yet no guidance, for it does not of course follow that a man is strong because he is honest, skilful, or attractive in manner, or even because he has been able to frame a tariff carefully calculated to support the industries of his own country, while depressing those of rival nations. But whether you are strong or not (and one who realises America's huge power for good may be permitted to hope that you are), on the decisions that you are about to take depend your country's future, her place in the world, and at the bar of history. May you decide wisely, as I doubt not you will honestly, so that when the time comes for you to seek that retirement in which a former President is but as other men, your countrymen may honour your name and reverence your administration.

I am, Sir, yours with profound respect,

THE VAGRANT.

THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW IN JANUARY.

(Thanks to the Clerk of the Weather.)

THE OLD YEARS.

First Customer at Inn (slapping his breast and shoulders). I could have skated here along the road, and the snow's mountains high on either side of the way!

Second Customer. That's so. My poor yard-dog was frozen to death last night in his kennel. I hear that coals are two shillings a ton dearer. Two whiskies hot, Miss.

THE NEW YEAR.

First Customer (unbuttoning light suit). My cherries and strawberries are coming on famously. Hens are laying well, and the sparrows have finished building. How say you, neighbour?

Second Customer. Ditto. Peas and beans look promising, and the roses are in bud. Two shandy-gaffs, Miss, with plenty of ice!

OOF BIRDS.—Gold and silver pheasants.



QUOD ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM.

Gertrude. "BUT NOBODY EVER DIES OF A BROKEN HEART."

Evelyn. "OH, BUT THEY DO. WHY, I KNEW A MAN WHO WAS JILTED, AND HE DIED ALMOST IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS."

Gertrude. "WELL, IF HE'D LIVED HE'D HAVE GOT OVER IT."

MORTE D'HARCOURT.

A SEQUEL.

- ["It is understood that the gathering of Liberal Members which will assemble on the eve of the meeting of Parliament will offer the leadership of the party in the House of Commons to Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN . . . The choice is not ideal . . . We have to run over the roll-call of past Whig or Liberal leaders . . . in order to realise that we are dealing with an *interregnum* in the affairs of the party of progress. The prospect is naturally disturbing to many ardent souls . . . The day of half-gods is with us: we must wait till the whole gods arrive."—*Daily Chronicle*, Jan. 12.]

THEN, for the heathen waxed exceeding fat,
With none to break them, and the wasting
bore

Rooted and wallowed in the stricken land;
And overseas the insufferable Gaul
Mocked; and the people cried aloud for one,
Mad Mullah, or another, who should weld
The petty chiefs, and take the chair, and
lead,

No matter whither—they the Table
Round,

Not such as when he proved them ere he
passed,

Sir HARCOURT, but a remnant, all forlorn,
As having lost their head, though otherwise
Not wholly imbecile—Sir COP-LA-POULE,

Sir GRIS, Sir KAY LE POMPOUS, JEAN
L'HONNÊTE,

Sir BEL-CHAMP PORTE-DRAPEAU, with that
free lance,

The bold Sir LABOUCHERE DE BOOM-LE-VRAI,
And others, maiden knights, of blank device,
Nor yet admitted to the Banquet Round,
Save for dessert, on benches by the wall,—
Swarmed, being whipped thereto; and all
the doors,

Entrance and fiery egress, bolt and bar,
Were triple-guarded and the key-holes
bunged,
And on the board the ballot-boxes rang.

Then JEAN L'HONNÊTE—for he, by full
assent,

As one that loved Sir HARCOURT passing
well,

And wrote the letter; ay, and saw him off
Weeping, and had, by way of heritage,
That other's mantle (for the moment
pledged

In the adjacent cloak-room), being held
More blameless than the rest, if that might be
Sat in the chair, not the Siege Perilous,
But hard thereby,—the doleful JEAN

L'HONNÊTE
Up from his place, clearing his arduous
throat,

Got; and upon a silence so profound
That he, Sir LABOUCHERE DE BOOM-LE-VRAI,
Grim-chuckling in his corner, might have
heard

A pin-prick out in Madagascar, spake:
"Not for your votes I clamour (having
scratched),

O friends, the flower of Britain, fellow-
knights

Dubbed of an Order nobler than the Bath,
Whose glory it has been in better days
To have one leader only at a time
And worship him with reverence like a god.
Such days—for so I read my *Chronicle*,
That fount of final truth—are now no
more;

The hybrid half-and-half, the demi-god,
Is with us; yet my faith is large and fine
That in a cycle, sure as old Cathay's,
Repeated history shall bring again
The rounded shape, the complete article,
Which haply now beneath this roof, *incog.*,
Gropes dimly in the embryonic stage.
Meanwhile we needs must fill the perilous
place

Left vacant of his substance who has passed,
Yet sits, a shadowy *Banquo* at the board,
Unseen, but felt the more; must choose, I
say,

Some sub., some temporary warming-pan,
Luke-warm, for choice; and such I have in
mind,

No genius he of elemental mould,
But human in the aptitude to err;
Not perfect, nay, but on the contrary
Compound of most forgivable defects
And easy virtues; generous to a fault,
Even his own, and tempered like a lamb,
Though less superbly agile in the field;
Deep learn'd in high explosives, yet withal
Dowered with a gift for melting heathen
hearts

By moral suasion—such an one I know,



ANOTHER "PIN-PRICK"!!

LORD S-L-SB-RY. "À PROPOS OF MADAGASCAR, MADAME, AND IN VIEW OF THE APPROACHING ANNIVERSARY OF YOUR PLEDGES, PERMIT ME TO DRAW YOUR ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT I AM STILL RESPECTFULLY AWAITING THEIR FULFILMENT!"

MADAME LA FRANCE. "WHAT! MORE BULLYING!" (*Strictly to herself.*) "I MUST KEEP UP APPEARANCES!"

[*"En attendant, the mission of the new French Ambassador, M. PAUL CAMBON, 'is likely to lead to a better understanding.'"*—*Times*, Jan. 14.]

And, knowing, name Sir BEL-CHAMP
PORTE-DRAPEAU!
Clash ballot-box, flash pen, let the choice
fall!"

Whereat the knighthood, taking paper,
sang:
"Clash ballot-box, flash pen, let the choice
fall!"

Then from his waistcoat-pocket JEAN
L'HONNÊTE
Drawing the ransom-ticket swiftly moved
Toward the adjacent cloak-room, paid his
pence,
And took the mantle, mystic, ponderous,
And slung it on Sir BEL-CHAMP PORTE-
DRAPEAU.
And all the Order cried "A fit! A fit!"
But JEAN L'HONNÊTE, slow-musing, went
his ways,
And hailed a cab, and clomb therein, and sat.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

(Being a Page from the Log-book
of Zedwhyeks.)

Not being satisfied with the very fine distinction drawn in last week's *Truth* between the *numerical* and *historical* dates (I always thought the two were identical), and the same writer's definition of the year 2,000 as belonging to the two *thousandth* century (a slip which he has subsequently attributed to the effects of Christmas cheer), I determined to go to the fountain-head for enlightenment upon the subject. I accordingly paid a visit to the Professor of Calculation and Chronology at Colney Hatch. I found the *savant* engaged in argument with an attendant. He broke off, however, at my approach, and, without waiting to receive my credentials, said to me somewhat peremptorily, "Think of a number!"

"Nineteen Hundred," I replied, thinking aloud.

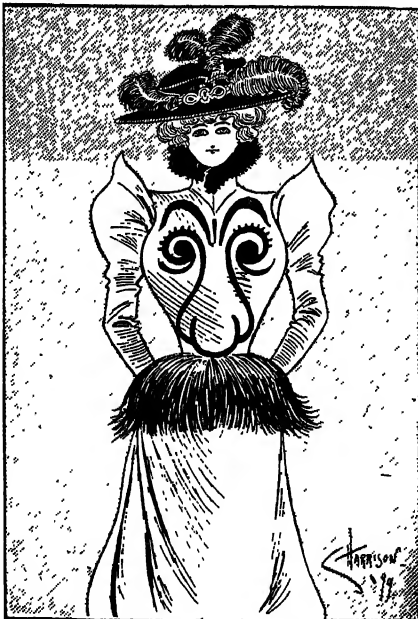
Professor DE BABBAGE at this pricked up his ears, and appeared to take a deeper interest in my case.

"Oh, you too have got it!" he cried.



She. "YES; THAT STUPID MAN WHO CAME WITH THE SMITHS TROD ON THE DUCHESS'S TRAIN, AND IT TORE RIGHT ACROSS, AND THE DEAR OLD THING NEVER SAID A WORD. WASN'T IT SWEET OF HER?"

He. "WELL, THERE WAS ONLY ONE WORD SHE COULD HAVE SAID!"



OPTICAL DELUSION

CAUSED BY THE FASHIONABLE BRAIDED
JACKET AND THE LATEST THING IN MUFFS.

"Yes, Master, I want to get an authoritative opinion—"

"Yes, I know. I am aware that the Astronomer Royal says that the next century will begin on Jan. 1, 1901—the last year of the present century being 1900, and that the present era begins with the year A.D. 1, and the year before is B.C. 1, there being no year 0. This pedantic view is not new to me. It is of course absurd."

"The more correct view, then, is—"

"That of Nature's philosopher, the man in the street, preferably a back street. He knows, as well as you or I do, that there never was a year One. Eighteen hundred and ninety-nine years ago the Sun went round the Earth, so the year wasn't counted. If it had a date, I should prefer to call it Naughty-naught. Then, later on, when our reckoning was adopted, the wise minds of the dark age started arbitrarily in such a way as to allow the second century to begin on an *even* number."

"Why was that?"

"Well, I have no positive proof, but you

can take my word it *was* so. You see, it is so much nicer and more sensible to suppose that the year *One* hundred is in the *Second* century. (The first century, by the way, can well afford to do without a year or two.) Thus 1=2, and we gain a year all round—you take my point?"

"I see, and so 19=20, and—"

"Quite right! Before we have finished nineteen hundred years, we are already in the twentieth hundred. What could be more previous? That's what we want, my boy,—*push!* We're *pushing* for the new century, and people like ourselves, with our wits about us, will get there first. As for the others," he continued, his voice rising to a scream, "those who *will* have it that 1900 is the last year of the nineteenth century—well, they ought to be in a lunatic asylum!"

At this point the attendant made a hurried communication to the professor, and the interview terminated with the pronouncement which I am glad to make known to the world that is still at large.



COLD SYMPATHY.

Friend. "HULLO, OLD MAN, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Gilded Youth. "JUST PROPOSED TO A GIRL—BEEN REFUSED. THINK I SHALL BLOW MY BRAINS OUT!"

Friend. "CONGRATULATE YOU, OLD CHAP!"

Gilded Youth. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" Friend. "DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD ANY!"

A NICE NIGHT AT SEA.

(Extracts from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.)

A LOVELY day in Marseilles; not a breath of wind stirred the blue water that laved the white cliffs on which Château d'If stands. Shall have a lovely passage. Make ourselves comfortable on deck with cushions and books. Scarcely outside the harbour when a wind sprang up from S.E. dead ahead of us. The sea rose with amazing rapidity; banks of leaden-hued clouds obscured the sunlight; then the rain swished down; saloon deck cleared; passengers congregated under shelter in the saloon; as the cranky little steamer rolled and pitched, the place emptied. When at 5.30 the dinner-bell rang, only six took their places, and all declined soup. With the darkness the storm rose. If the ship could have made up its mind either to roll or to pitch, it could have been endured. It had an agonising habit of leaping up with apparent intent to pitch, and, changing its mind, rolling over, groaning in every plank. Every third minute the nose of the ship being under water, and the stern clear out, the screw leaped full half-length in the air, sending forth blood-curdling sounds. Midway came a fearsome crash of crockery, the sound reverberating above the roar of the wind, and the thud of the water falling by tons on the deck, making the ship quiver like a spurred horse.

"I begin to understand now," said SARK, "how the walls of Jericho fell."

Much trouble with the Generalissimo. When he came aboard at Marseilles he suffused the ship with pleasing sense of the military supremacy of Great Britain. Has seen more than seventy summers, but still walks with sprightly step and head erect. The long droop of his carefully-curled iron-grey moustache is of itself suffi-

TO A NOVELIST OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

["The present pessimistic and hopeless kind of fiction, written by a lot of schoolgirls, who did not know what life was, was not going to last."—*Mr. David Christie Murray at the Article Club.*]

FAIR novelist, whose youthful pen,
Steeped in the dismal style prevailing,
To unsophisticated men
Life's dubious mysteries unveiling,
With fervid fancy's seared and scarred,
A-throb with pessimistic hurry,
The laws alike you disregard
Of DAVID and of LINDLEY MURRAY.

For us, who in the world have spent
Some scores of winters—often wasted—
While, on life's pathway as we went,
Its pleasant fruits we oft have tasted,
You, preternaturally wise,
In saddest, gloomiest effusions,
Strip off existence's disguise—
For you at least have no illusions.

Yet at the worst we fain would hope—
Though, judging thus the world unkindly,
You drag us with you as you grope
Amid its mazes madly, blindly,
And teach us everywhere to see
Horrors and miseries in plenty—
That, gentle maiden, you may be
Wiser perhaps when you are twenty.

CUTTING REMARKS.—JOHN MILNE, publisher, advertises an "*Express Series*," whereof Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS' *Rome Express* is, naturally, the first on the list now before us. But what is the use of an "*Express Series*" when the reader, becoming interested, wishing to get on at express pace, is stopped by the obstacles of uncut pages at nearly every turnover? "Cut the book *before* you read it," says Mr. SAPIENT. In what sort of temper does the exhausted paper-cutter sit down to read? There may be, and probably there are, reasons satisfactory to the publishers why some books should be cut and others uncut. But all novels intended to be rapidly read should have their pages cut before publication.

cient to excite terror in the bosom of the foe. The Generalissimo has not the word retreat in his vocabulary. He was one of the six who to-night sat at the dinner-table and deftly caught scraps of meat and vegetable as the plates flew past. But after dinner he collapsed. Thought he had retired to his berth; towards nine o'clock a faint voice from the far end of the cabin led to discovery of him prone on the floor, where he had been flung from one of the benches. We got him up, replaced him tenderly on the bench, making a sort of barricade on the offside with bolsters. A quarter of an hour later the ship gave a terrible lurch to leeward; the screw hoarsely shrieked; another batch of crockery crashed down; above the uproar, a faint voice was heard moaning, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

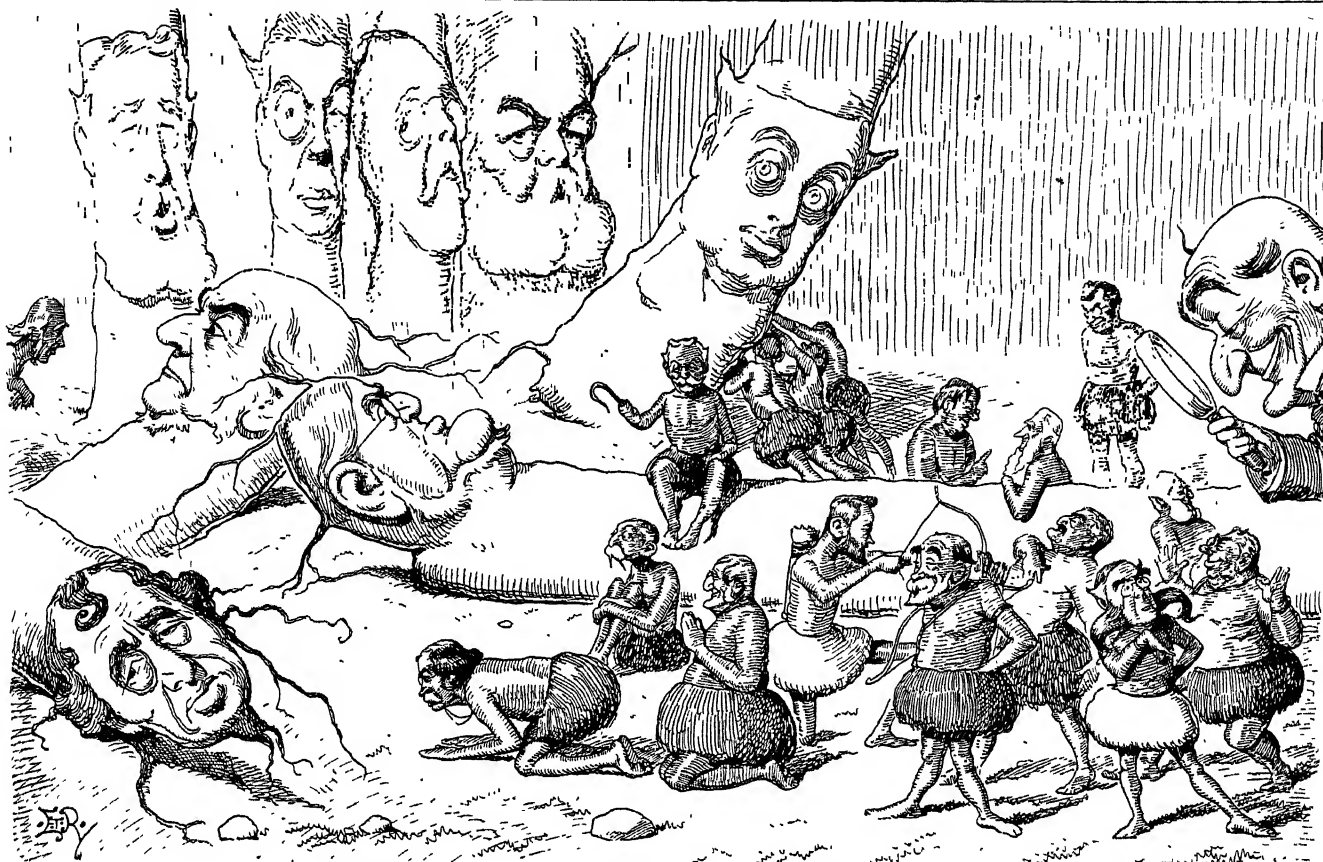
We looked at the bench where we had laid the Generalissimo, his martial cloak around him. Lo! he was not.

Guided by former experience, we found him under the table. Evidently no use propping him up. So with the cushions we made a bed on the floor, and the old warrior securely slept, soothed by the swish of the water that crossed and recrossed the cabin floor as the ship rolled to leeward or to starboard.

When the Generalissimo came aboard at Marseilles, surveying the fortifications of the harbour as if he intended storming them, his accent suggested that if not of foreign birth, he had lived long in continental Courts and camps. Odd to note how, as his physical depression grew, an Irish accent softened his speech, till at length he murmured of misery in the mellifluous brogue of County Cork.

Pretty to see the steward when the flood in the saloon got half a foot deep ladle it out with a dustpan.

Tunis, Monday, 1 A.M.—Just limped in here with deck cargo



A PEEP INTO THE "GREAT PYGMY FOREST."

"THE PYGMYS LIVE IN PERPETUAL DARKNESS. THEY ARE FAIRLY INTELLIGENT."

["The death-like stillness of the forest was continually broken by reports like thunder as these giant trees fell crashing to the ground. At night-time the reports were most startling."—Interview with Mr. Albert B. Lloyd. *The "Times," Jan. 9.*]

washed overboard, bulwarks stove in, engine broken down, an awesome list to port, galley so clean swept the cook doesn't know it, the cabins flooded, and scarce a whole bit of crockery in the pantry. Twenty-one hours late; not bad on a thirty-six-hours' voyage.

Captain comforts us with assurance that having crossed the Mediterranean man and boy for forty years, he never went through such a storm. Have been at sea a bit myself; only once, coasting in a small steamer off Japan, have I seen—or, since it was in the main pitch dark, felt—anything like it. Generalissimo turned up at dinner last night, his moustache a little dragged, but his port once more martial. His chief lament is, that going down to his berth yesterday morning, having spent Friday night in the security of the saloon floor, he found his boots full of water. This brings out chorus of heartrending experience. Every cabin flooded; boxes and portmanteaus floating about. SARK and I spent a more or less cosy night in the saloon. To us entered occasionally one of the crew ostentatiously girt with a life-belt. Few incidents so soothing on such a night. Fortunately, we did not hear till entering port how in the terror of the night two conscripts, bound for Bizerta, jumped overboard and were seen no more.

"If this is the way they usually get to Tunis," says SARK, "I hope the French will keep it all to themselves. In this particular case, there is more in the MARKISS's 'graceful concession' than meets the eye."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

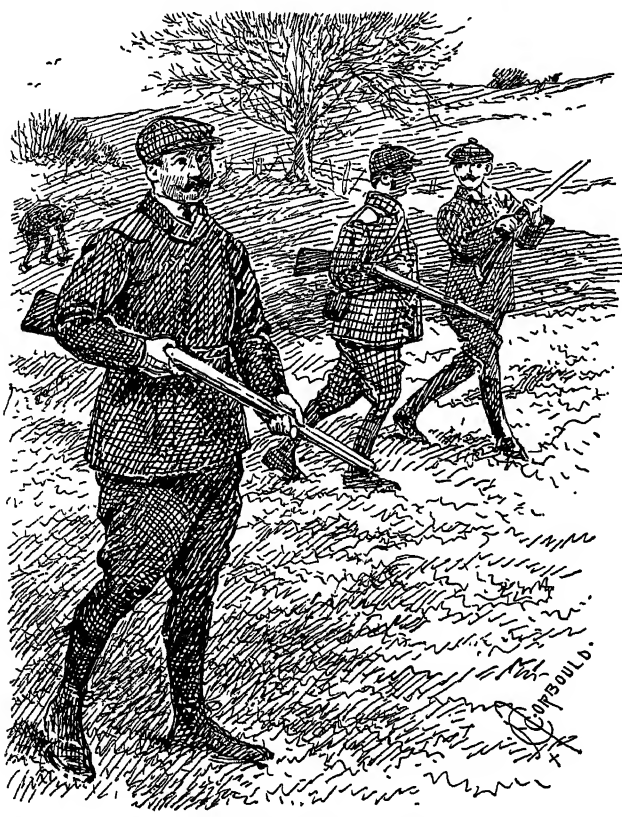
In *Love among the Lions* (DENT & Co.), Mr. T. ANSTEV, in his very best style, tells us the story of a commonplace young man placed in a most awkward predicament by the eccentric girl with whom he is desperately in love. "If it's humour you want," says the Baron to his friends, quoting, of course, from Mr. BRANDON THOMAS in the *Pantomime Rehearsal*, "just get this story of Mr. ANSTEV's, and you will be kept amused and interested for a good couple of hours by 'Shrewsbury clock,' or any other timepiece." Skip the illustrations, and form your own idea as to

the individuality of the characters. Of course, the Baron wishes that there were more stories of the same sort in the one volume, but, on reflection, this one is so uncommonly "hard to beat" that Mr. ANSTEV might have failed, as his own rival, had he introduced two or three others just to make a show. *Love among the Lions* is well worthy of the author of the inimitable *Vice Versa*.

Mrs. RICHMOND RITCHIE's Biographical edition of her father's works, which SMITH, ELDER have planned on a scale of thirteen volumes, reaches the ninth. It comprises the Christmas Books, and in addition to the letterpress contains ninety-seven full-page illustrations, one hundred and twenty-two woodcuts, and a facsimile letter. (The handwriting, by the way, in its clearness and neatness strangely resembles that of THACKERAY's old friend and sometime publisher, the head of the firm now endowing the world with this treasure trove.) The *Christmas Books* were opportunely issued before the festival. But the work is for all time. Mrs. RITCHIE continues to add to the value of the edition by copious notes and reminiscences of her father, supplemented by letters from his pen, now for the first time given to the public. The volume contains an exceptional number of the sketches that THACKERAY tossed off even with greater pleasure than he laboured at the folios of *Vanity Fair*. The collection of Christmas Books includes Mrs. Perkins's Ball, of which SMITH, ELDER have just issued a facsimile of the original edition, with its quaint coloured plates. Also there is that gem of a Christmas story, *The Rose and the Ring*.

The Green Passion (GREENING), by P. VERT, and this, as far as names go, is quite as it should be, and they are "all in a concatenation accordingly." It is a story of an *Othello* in petticoats whose lunatic jealousy poisons her married life, and makes her manly husband utterly miserable. There it ends. The mechanism of the tale will immediately recall to the memory of any regular reader of novels the original work in which chapters of private conversation with "My Dear Diary" furnished the medium through which the sentiments, feelings, designs, and doings of the Heroine, and also of the other characters, were communicated to the public.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



Gun on left of line (to his next neighbour, referring to Sportsman with a squint, who never misses). "CAN'T MAKE OUT HOW HARRIS EVER MANAGES TO HIT ANYTHING—HE SQUINTS SO DREADFULLY."
Friend. "OH, HE FIRES BOTH BARRELS AT ONCE; SO THE BIRD COMES IN FOR A CROSS FIRE."

MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATISED NOVELS.

I.—THE EGOIST.

["Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH is preparing a stage version of *The Egoist*."]

ACT I. SCENE—*The Drawing-room at Cherriton Grange, where a ball is in progress. CLARA MIDDLETON and LADY BUSSHE are sitting out.*

Lady Busshe. You are not dancing, MISS MIDDLETON. You are tired?

Clara. A little. My partner's conversation was fatiguing.

Lady B. (sympathetically). Ah, you'll find us all a little tiring in that respect. Mrs. MOUNTSTUART JENKINSON, now—you know her, of course?

Clara (wearily). I think not.

Lady B. You should. She is a liberal education, full of epigram. Such epigram! I never understand a word she says. But who was your partner?

Clara (yawning). I forget his name. Something to do with china, I think. Ah, there he is.

[Indicating Sir WILLOUGHBY PATERNE, who crosses the stage with LÆTITIA DALE on his arm.]

Lady B. Sir WILLOUGHBY PATERNE?

Clara. Willow Pattern. Of course. That is what I was trying to recall him by. I knew it had something to do with china.

Lady B. Witty minx. Sir WILLOUGHBY is one of our great lights. Mrs. MOUNTSTUART made one of her most famous sallies about him. She said "he had a leg." [Laughs with elaborate enjoyment.]

Clara (stony). Hasn't he two legs?

Lady B. You don't understand. Mrs. MOUNTSTUART said it. It is an epigram.

Clara. I thought you said her name was JENKINSON?

Lady B. MOUNTSTUART JENKINSON. We always call her MOUNTSTUART.

Clara (icily). You appear to be very remarkable people.

Lady B. Most remarkable, especially Mrs. MOUNTSTUART. Here she is. (Enter Mrs. MOUNTSTUART JENKINSON.) Mrs. MOUNTSTUART, let me introduce Miss CLARA MIDDLETON.

Mrs. M. J. Sir WILLOUGHBY's fascinating partner? Fair MIDDLETON, how are you?

Clara (astonished). MIDDLETON! Mrs. JENKINSON!

Mrs. M. J. I am called MOUNTSTUART.

Clara. And I am called Miss MIDDLETON.

Mrs. M. J. You dainty rogue in porcelain, you!

Clara (aside). *Toujours la porcelaine.* Willow Pattern again. Are these people mad or am I? I must ask Papa. [Exit.]

Mrs. M. J. (passionately). She called me Mrs. JENKINSON! Impertinent chit. But I'll punish her. She shall marry Sir WILLOUGHBY. That will break her spirit. [Exit to find Sir W.]

ACT II.—*The Drawing-room at Patterne Hall. CLARA and LÆTITIA DALE discovered.*

Lætitia. So you are really engaged to Sir WILLOUGHBY?

Clara (gloomily). Yes.

Lætitia. How extraordinary! Do tell me how it happened.

Clara. It was Mrs. MOUNTSTUART JENKINSON's fault. She let off one of her epigrams at WILLOUGHBY, and he promised either to discover what it meant or propose to me. So he proposed.

Lætitia. And you accepted? Why?

Clara. It was a choice of evils. You see, Papa is a most tiresome man to live with. He is always quoting passages from the Latin primer, and never uses words of one syllable where words of five syllables will do. Besides, he is too fond of port. So what with his port and his polysyllables and his Latin quotations, I grew so much bored I would have accepted any one, any one.

Lætitia. You mad thing! (Embraces her ardently.) But you love WILLOUGHBY?

Clara. Love him! I loathe him. He bores me to extinction. Are all men bores, LÆTITIA?

Lætitia. All men in this part of the county.

Clara. Something in the air I suppose? Well, I've made up my mind. I won't marry WILLOUGHBY. I'd rather stay with Papa, though, Heaven knows, he's tiresome enough.

Lætitia. Patterne is a nice house.

Clara. Nice! Where do you think they exhibit the wedding-presents?

Lætitia (mildly). In the drawing-room, I suppose.

Clara. In the laboratory! Think of it! Wedding-presents amid the wreck of WILLOUGHBY's unsuccessful explosions. And I loathe chemicals almost as much as I loathe my future husband.

Lætitia. Have you asked Sir WILLOUGHBY to release you from your engagement? Have you asked him plainly?

Clara (doubtfully). Well—as plainly as anybody is ever allowed to speak in this part of the county.

Lætitia. He misunderstood you, of course?

Clara. Oh, entirely. But I shall try again after lunch.

ACT III.—*The Laboratory at Patterne. TIME—Evening.*

Sir WILLOUGHBY, fumbling with his chemicals, soliloquises.

Sir W. At last I am to be allowed to speak. For two whole acts I have been forced to keep silence. Now to soliloquise. Why does CLARA fly me? I have my points. Mrs. MOUNTSTUART said I had a leg! How does that woman discover these things? But here is LÆTITIA. I must keep up my reputation for obscurity. (Enter LÆTITIA.) LÆTITIA, the fair besiege us, sweep to the assault, plead impassioned. Why, when the breach is carried, when they sweep and swim ebullient to the capture, call a halt, parley, fall back reluctant? Or, to vary the metaphor, suppose a mansion strong, firm-set, very rock. To it they strive pendulous, crepitant as dancers toe to heel advancing, swaying one foot up, t'other come down. Suppose—

Lætitia. Sir WILLOUGHBY!

Sir W. (aside). Interrupted, by Jove!

Lætitia (anxiously). Are you quite well?

Sir W. Of course. Why?

Lætitia. Those involved sentences, those tortuous expressions. Should you not see a doctor?

Sir W. Was ever man so misunderstood! I was making you an offer of marriage.

Lætitia. But you are engaged to CLARA.

Sir W. CLARA asked me to release her after lunch. It's true I refused, but what of that? LÆTITIA, you are ever faithful. You shall marry me.

Lætitia. Thank you; I'd rather not.

Sir W. LÆTITIA, you amaze me. I ask you to marry me, marry me. [He brandishes a test-tube.]

Lætitia. Do be careful. I am sure something will explode. Please put that nasty thing down.

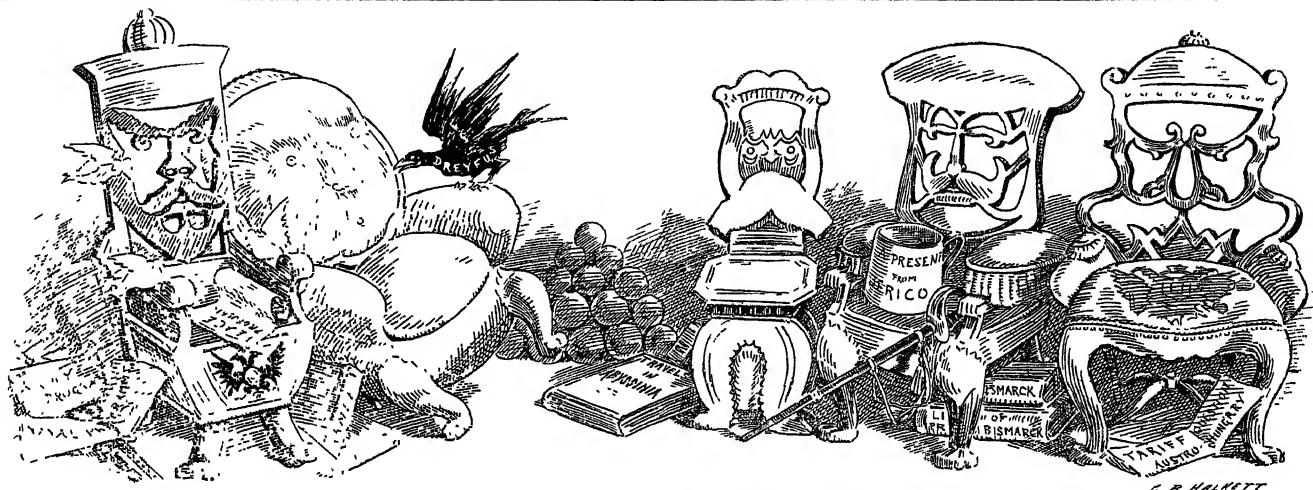
Sir W. Not unless you promise to be mine.

Lætitia. Never.

Sir W. Ah!

[In his emotion he drops the test-tube, which blows up with a loud report. Sir W. falls prone.]

Lætitia. Clumsy man! I knew he would. Thank goodness that settles him. How pleased CLARA will be. Now she will be able to marry Mr. WHITFORD. It's a poor explosion that blows nobody any good. [Exit. Curtain.]



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—VII.

SOME CONCERT-SEATS.

These seats are selected from Royal and Imperial Collections in the various capitals of Europe, and each is the chief piece of a large suite. None is valued at less than a sovereign, although the saddle-bag on the left, which is somewhat unsteady on its supports, has not yet attained a permanent value.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(An observant male condemns the pernicious practice of wearing ill-seasoned foot and body coverings.)

WHY, when the rain is falling fast,
And the roadway reeks with slush,
When the reckless hansom going past
Distributes muddy gush;
When the crossing-sweeper may not dare
His tale of woe to use,
Why do you silken stockings wear
Above brown-paper shoes?

Why do you trape in a nether skirt
Of a linen sadly soiled,
Upon which the dainty lace by dirt
Is so badly counterfoiled?
Why do you let us see these things,
The men you want to please?
Believe me, Love has need of wings
To fly from sights like these.

A butterfly 'neath a Summer sun
May make her glory plain,
But that butterfly is another one,
When her wings are drenched with rain.
She is less than the humble bumble bee,
Far below the efts and newts,
And so if you'd be what men would see,
Wear sensible skirts and boots!

Barkins (despondently). How can I manage to get victuals?
Larkins (brutally). Become a sandwich-man.

THE POLICY OF PIN-PRICKS.

(Domestic Edition.)

SENDING an apology at the last moment for not turning up at a carefully-arranged dinner-party.

Returning a call five months after date, and offering an inadequate explanation.

Making an appointment, keeping some one at home on a fine afternoon, and failing to remember it.

Sending a cheque in settlement of a small account and not taking the trouble to add a signature.

Neglecting to return books and umbrellas to those from whom they have been borrowed.

Putting a man up for a club and neglecting to keep a promise of asking a friend in common to become the seconder.

Arranging to take the family to a play, after an abnormally early meal, and turning up to dress a quarter of an hour after the time fixed for the commencement of the performance.

Speaking about age to a lady owing to forty, and about baldness to a gentleman suspected of wearing a toupee.

Telling a wife (if a husband) that her latest gown is unbecoming, and a husband (if a wife) that his latest failure was what from the first she had anticipated.

Why is it a blessing that even the most intelligent dogs cannot speak? Because they are all tail-bearers.

THE MICROBE TRIUMPHANT.

["Professors DEWAR and CROOKES have been whitewashing microbes We cannot do anything without them, and they are constantly at work all over us."—*Daily Paper.*]

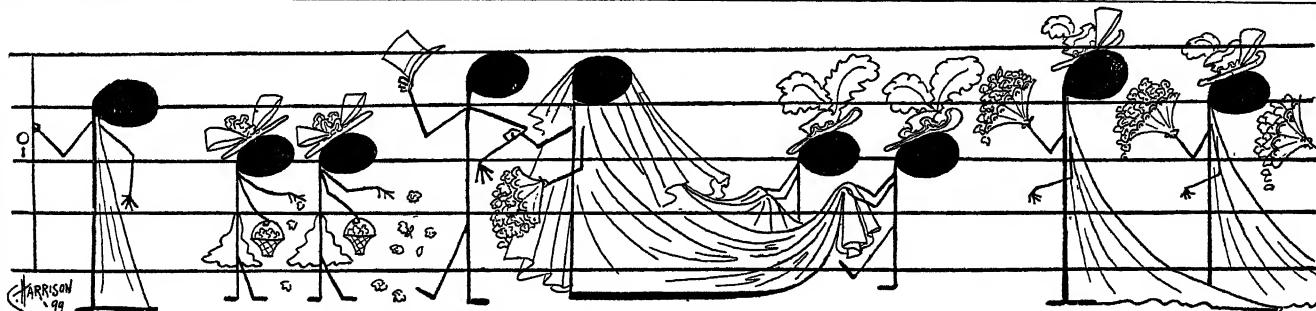
OPPRESSED, down-trodden and forlorn,
The butt of ridicule and scorn,
Long years of anguish have we borne,
And ruthless persecutions;
There is no death we have not tried:
We have been boiled, and baked, and fried,
And millions of us too have died
In chemical solutions.

But now the night that overcast
Our shadowed lives is all but past—
The day of justice dawns at last,
And they who fain would doubt us;
They who in their blind wrath attacked
Their friends, their saviours, now retract,
Admitting that, in point of fact,
They cannot do without us.

Water, they say—and who'd discuss
A truth so plain?—contains no sus-
-tenance when it is robbed of us.

No longer our detractors,
They yield us now our tardy due,
Proclaiming us the one, the true,
The all-essential, yea, the u-
-niversal benefactors!

CONCEITED BILLIARDISTS.—Men who put on "side" without having any perceptible "screw."



PART OF A REGULAR WEDDING-MARCH COMPOSED IN HONOUR OF THE MARRIAGE OF MADAME PATTI THIS WEDDINESDAY.
A LONG WAY AFTER MENDELSSOHN.



THE TSAR'S FANCY BALL.

Tsar (Master of the Ceremonies). "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, MADAME. BUT WE CAN'T ADMIT YOUR FRIEND!"
Madame La France (about to introduce her companion in disguise of "Submarine Torpedo-Boat"). "SAPRISTI! AND I DESIGNED THE DRESS MYSELF!"

(Vide Emperor of Russia's Peace Propositions, Times, January 16.)

MELLEAS AND PELISANDE.

A FRAGMENT.

. (*Attributed to Shakspeare.*)

ACT III.—SCENE—*Outside the Tower in which is PELISANDE's chamber. A light burns in her window. Time—Midnight. The moon shines brightly, except where the trees are thickest. Enter MELLERAS.*

Melleas (a pale youth with a lantern-jaw and haggard eye, wearing a pre-Raphaelite blue cloak). To be or not to be, that is the question!

In fact the question is—a serious one—
Whether it's right to love your brother's
wife.

And by adoring, end her. To love, to like,
No more. For I'm a guileless, childish
thing,

And so, I'm very sure, is PELISANDE.⁶⁸⁸
 But she and I may hardly care to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous GOLAUD,
 Who, being her husband and my brother
 too.

Sits in an upper chamber with his sword
And broods on vengeance. 'Tis an awkward
fix.

What with my father lying ill upstairs,
And friend MARCELLUS sick across the sea,
I really hardly know which way to turn.
But soft, 'tis PELISANDE.

[PELISANDE appears at her window, combing her long hair. MELLEAS retires into the shadow of the trees.]

Pelisande. Oh, lovely moon that shines so
wondrous fair,

Surely I've seen thee on the stage before.
'Twas thou didst shine on *Juliet* long ago,
When *Romeo* came a-wooing. 'Twas thy
beams

(Defly directed by the limelight man)
Shone upon *Thisbe* and on *Pyramus*.
But MELLEAS comes not, faithless MELLEAS,
Who promised to be here by half-past
twelve,
And still doth tarry.

Melleas (advancing into the limelight).
Fairest PELISANDE.

Pelisande (coyly). Ah, moon, hide thou thy
beams, cover thy face

Lest MELLEAS behold my blushing cheek.
[The moon goes behind a cloud.]

Melleas (advancing to the foot of the tower).
The moon burns dim. I cannot see
thee now ;

Thy chamber window is too high above me,
Being, as I am, below the middle height.
I cannot reach thy hand. Let down thy
hair.

Thy hair shall be a ladder to my feet
By which I climb to thee.

[PELISANDE lets down her hair.
Pelisande. You'll promise not to pull it,
won't you, dear?

Melleas (beginning to climb). I hardly think that I can promise that.

Pelisande. It will not bear you. I am sure it won't.

[Enter GOLAUD (L.). PELISANDE screams, and in the agony of her feelings leaves go her hair, which, being a wig, falls en masse to the ground, carrying MELLEAS with it. MELLEAS, still clutching the hair, sits up, looking somewhat dazed.]

Now they're looking somewhat wistful.
Golaud a robustous person with a truculent manner and an auburn wig). Now, by my halidome, what work is this! My brother and my wife at half-past one indulging thus in amorous conversation. Can this be borne? He holds my wife's hair, too, A wig that cost, at CLARKSON'S, twenty pounds.



CRITICS [FROM THE QUARTIER LATIN.]

First Student. "QUANT À MOI, JE RECONNAIS SURTOUT LA MANQUE MERVEILLEUSE D'EXPRESSION QUI DÉNOTE UN VRAI MAÎTRE !"

I can't stand that. Get up, Sir, draw your sword.

Melleas (rising, and fumbling with his sword). I say, what rot, you know. I never fence ;
You know I don't.

Goland (savagely). I'll teach you. Draw,
I say.

Melleas. I know you'll never give me time to learn.

You'll run me through, and where shall I be then?

Golaud. Come, Sirrah.
[*They fight: MELLEAS falls.*]

Pelisande (above). Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
Oh! Oh! Oh! [Screams.

Melleas. You clumsy brute, I told you this would happen.

The betting was against me from the first.
You've been and killed your guileless child.

And that's the end of *me*.

And that's the end of me.
[Falls back in a dying attitude.]

Golaud. I've killed my brother.
And now I'm going upstairs to slap my
wife:

I fancy I can make it hot for *her*.
I'll take good care her hair is not so long
In future. [*Exit (R.), carrying wig.*]

Melleas (rising cautiously and peering after GOLAUD, shaking his fist). Clumsy brute.

You thought you'd killed me;
And now you're gone to bully PELISANDE.

Hullo! he's coming back. I'm off.
[Exit rapidly. He is, however, success-

fully killed in Act V. Curtain.

NOTHING LIKE A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.—A "scholar of very first form" sends to us to say how, *à propos* of the Emperor of Russia's Peace Proposals, and in view of the increased Naval and Military preparations in every capital all over the world, he would suggest that henceforth "Eirenikon" should be written "Ironikon," and "Dis-armament" be known as "Bis-armament."



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

DON'T BUY A HORSE BECAUSE HE IS DESCRIBED AS BEING 'WELL KNOWN WITH THE — HOUNDS.' IT MIGHT BE TRUE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE best chapters of the *Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll* (FISHER UNWIN) are the two concluding ones. My Baronite regretfully recognises the reason in the fact that they contain least of the writing of STUART DODGSON COLLINGWOOD, B.A., Christ Church, Oxford, who has dutifully undertaken the task of writing the life of his uncle. There were two people connected with the creation of *Alice in Wonderland*. One was LEWIS CARROLL, the other the Rev. C. L. DODGSON. In personality they were wider apart than *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*. The Rev. Mr. DODGSON recognised this fact to the extent that he was exceedingly angry if any well-meaning admirer of LEWIS CARROLL's masterpieces mixed up the identity of the author with the majesty of the College Don. The fault of the work is that Nephew COLLINGWOOD has in his story struck the note of the somewhat stodgy Uncle DODGSON, to the obscuration of the daintier music of the inimitable LEWIS CARROLL. In chapters ten and eleven we have the author of *Alice in Wonderland* either writing himself or written about by some of his child-friends. The result indicates what might have been done with such a subject in defter hands. As it is, let us be thankful for the study presented. It is effective in its way as showing from what dry gourd of College Donship may spring delightful flowers of boldest fancy. Even when tied and bound in mortar-board and professional gown, the Rev. C. L. DODGSON occasionally lapses into bold speech. "More and more it seems to me," he writes to a young friend, "that what a person is, is of more importance in God's sight than merely what proposition he affirms or denies." That seems to lay the axe to the root of all professional preaching from pulpits whether in University or town.

Amateur Clubs and Actors (ARNOLD), by W. G. ELLIOT, Editor, and talented assistants, is to those intimately and principally concerned, an interesting work, and to many "friends in front" as amusing as interesting. Among Mr. ELLIOT's collaborators appears the name of TARVER, uniquely associated with the teaching of French and the maintenance of a "Dame's" house, at Eton. Mr. TARVER, without going back to the dark ages, might easily have acquired the not very recondite information that FRANK TALFOURD wrote his first burlesque, *Macbeth*, at Eton, which was subsequently amplified and played by "little Robson." Perhaps, too, it may be news to Mr. TARVER to be informed that at "Cockesley's" there were two performances given, both in

"pupil room," and patronised by "my tutor" and a considerable audience. On the first occasion was performed *Bombastes Furioso*, whence the youth who played *Artaxaminous* obtained the soubriquet of "His Majesty;" and on the second occasion was played a farce called *Guy Fawkes Day*, written by the aforesaid representative of *Artaxaminous*, aged sixteen, printed at Windsor, a copy of which is now in the collection of a friend of the Baron's. Mr. ELLIOT's record of theatricals at Cambridge takes up the thread of the narrative where the Founder of the Club dropped it in his *Reminiscences of the A. D. C.* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). This portion of the work is capitally done, as is also the story of "The Oxford Movement" in the dramatic direction. The "Old Stagers" of Canterbury, the "Windsor Strollers," the Guards, the Westminster Play, and Country House Amateurs, have special chapters all to themselves, which was a wise move on the part of Editor and publishers. Altogether *Amateur Clubs and Actors* is an amusing chronicle.

My Baronite chanced to open *Irish Life and Character* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) at the chapter chronicling their development in the House of Commons. He found, what he is sure is not an accurate presentation of "Irish Character," that the author, Mr. MICHAEL MACDONAGH, has been looting Mr. HENRY LUCY's Diaries of Parliament, "conveying" many of their good things, and presenting them as his own. In two cases he has not even been at the trouble to disguise the enterprise by varying the phrasing. This discovery checked desire for further reading of the volume.

In his powerful romance, entitled, *Ashes of Empire* (MACMILLAN & Co.), Mr. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS gives us, during the turbulence of the Revolution, and amid the awful crash and carnage that followed immediately upon the flight of the Empress Eugénie, and reached their climax just before the triumphant entry of the Germans into Paris, a touching story, admirably told, of true self-sacrificing love. The heroines are two sweet and gentle Bretonnes; the heroes, a couple of war correspondents, one English and the other American, young, clear-headed, manly, courageous, a very DAMON and PYTHIAS in their attachment to each other, chivalrous in their love and uncompromising in their duty. The fearful scenes of those last days of deadly famine and sanguinary riot in Paris, when, within the walls, there were mercenary traitors and foreign spies in league with the victorious foe without, are here vividly and unsparringly depicted. The complex, animal-like character of "the Mouse," a *voyou* of the lowest type from the slums of Belleville, is

drawn from the very life by a master hand. Then the booming of cannon, the rattling of musketry and of mitrailleuse cease as if by magic; to the awful storm succeeds a profound calm, and with it, after a while, come rest of body, peace of mind, and the contentment of rewarded love. At last the haven where they would be is reached; there is in store a bright future for the principal personages of this brilliantly-written story, in whose fate the reader, while tracking their uncertain footsteps through the gruesome scenes of this second Reign of Terror, has become intensely, nay, breathlessly, interested. Emphatically is *Ashes of Empire* recommended by
THE BARON DE B.-W.

MY LORD AND MY LADY.

LONG ere this date, when the comedy is nearing its three hundredth performance, all theatre-goers, certainly all Avenue Theatre-goers, of London will have made the acquaintance of Mr. CARTON'S *Lord and Lady Algy*, a play that will bear seeing twice. Regretting, as we do on the occasion of our visit, the sudden indisposition of Miss COMPTON, we cannot but congratulate Miss BARTLETT on her excellent rendering, presumably at short notice, of the part of *Lady Algy*, a most telling rôle, that stands out by the great opportunities given it, not so much for acting, but for always coming in at the right moment and quietly carrying off the palm after others have been bearing the burden of the action.

Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY'S impersonation of *Lord Algy* would carry through triumphantly a less interesting play than this. His quiet method is perfect. *Ars est celare artem* is Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY'S motto. His rendering of the tipsily-fuddled scene in Act II. is artistically restrained. The author, Mr. CARTON, must be an uncommonly bold man to have raided the *School for Scandal* and coolly appropriated SHERIDAN'S Discovery-of-Lady-Teazle scene, only without the screen, in his third act. Well, it is not the first adaptation of the masterpiece, and it will not be the last. But each attempt, and we remember a notable one at the St. James's, only shows how unapproachable is the original.

Mr. HENRY KEMBLE is exactly what the *Duke of Droneborough* would have been were he a real living personage. Mr. ERIC LEWIS is capital as a boiled down *Joseph Surface*. One of the very best played parts in the piece is Mr. HENRY FORD'S jockey, *Mawley Jemmett*, who has a single situation worth pages of dialogue. Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT is as amusing as ever in the Ball Scene, and Miss DAISY CAMPBELL does all that can be done for the weak character of Mrs. *Brabazon Tudway*, whose husband, *Brabazon Tudway*, is, with due emphasis and discretion, impersonated by Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS. A most entertaining and capably-acted modern play which may yet live to see another fifty, or possibly another hundred, nights.

LORD GR-MTH-RPE'S COMMENTARIES.

[Note.—Mr. Punch has made arrangements with the above celebrated letter writer for an occasional contribution dealing with matters of public interest. The noble Lord, however, does not wish to have his full name given, lest the editor of the *Times* should be jealous. The condition thus imposed upon him Mr. Punch has scrupulously observed.]

NO. I.—LORD G. ON THE WEATHER.

Sir,—Mr. HARRISON says, which is a remarkable thing for Mr. HARRISON to do, I never having given him any warrant to suppose it even for a moment, but of course it is all the same to men of that stamp who cannot conceive where the point (but they never have a point) comes in just as if you were to ask which no man of sense would think of doing an ordinary Archbishop to sweep up the drawing room floor with a poker but I should refuse under 27 & 28 Vic. Cap 201, Section 15 not being an Archbishop myself that I have committed myself (*memet ipsum commisit*, but it ought to be in the oblique narration which I have forgotten since I used to do it at school and not at all badly either).

Now let me ask Mr. HARRISON who in private life is I suppose a Mayor or an Alderman or a County or even Privy Councillor or something equally ridiculous though I don't wish to be in the least offensive to him not knowing him from ADAM and not wanting to a perfectly plain question and I hope they will be able to answer it for him without any more nonsense which we are all getting pretty well accustomed to during these stormy days which I enjoy more than most men of my (but I'm not as old as all that) age. I remember more than twenty years ago there was a judgment of the Court of Arches to that effect when Lord PENZANCE stated as emphatically as they could that whoever took it but of course as I said at the time nobody dreamt of taking it it couldn't be justified for a moment or even much longer which seems to me to settle that matter or bundle of matters whichever you like quite conclusively.



Philanthropic Duchess (who has taken several tickets for "Amateur Concert, to two young Ladies). "WOULD YOU LIKE THESE TICKETS? I AM NOT GOING MYSELF, AND I'M AFRAID YOU'LL BE AWFULLY BORED."

First Young Lady. "I THANK YOU SO MUCH, DUCHESS! BUT MY SISTER AND I ARE GOING THERE—TO SING!"

By this time Mr. HARRISON has probably thought I may be doing him too much honour by having argued with him as if he was but I am sure he never could be in this life at least a reasonable being got a sort of glimmering of what I'm driving at. Of course the Admiralty Pier at Dover is a case in point for when I was there last week the boat couldn't get and it wasn't for want of trying as hard as they could anywhere near it and I said at the time that nobody who wasn't blessed (?) with a kind of episcopal mind which reads rubrics upside down and crams chasubles and copes down our throats without asking us if they or we or any of us like that kind of diet would think or imagine or suppose—of course you must test these fools' arguments in that way in order to bring them to book—that sea water in a state of violent commotion could possibly make any one let alone an ordained priest of the Church of England much drier than he was before which wasn't much when you come to think of it in that way.

If Mr. HARRISON wants to write to you any more I suggest that he had better talk to me first and then I promise to tell him after he has written his letter why I don't mean to agree with him and never did though he can't see why they should or would and probably he won't write his letter after all which was certainly the best way he could do it if he takes my advice.

Yours obediently,

GR-MTH-RPE.

QUITE ANOTHER THING.

A COOLNESS has sprung up between Miss MATILDA TODGERS (who lives at Leamington) and the people at the local Stores. She ordered, in the book department, a copy of the work entitled, *The Small, Small Child*. It was duly delivered. But when Miss MATILDA'S weekly account came in she found herself debited with "A Small Male Child, 1s. 8d."

After the Pantomime.

First Little Girl. I should like to be a fairy queen. What would you like to be, Sissy?

Second Little Girl. I should like to be one of the flying fairies.

Third Little Girl. I shouldn't. I'd rather be one of the thieves.



'Liza. "WOT 'S IT FEEL LIKE, BEIN' IN LOVE, KYTIE?"
 Katie. "OW, IT'S PRIME, 'LIZA. IT'S LIKE 'AVIN' 'OT 'TREACLE RUNNIN' DAOWN YER BACK!"

DEPRECIATIONS.

IV.

AN EPISTLE OF MR. J-HN M-RL-Y.

(To his friend the Khalifa, address doubtful.)

JOHN o' Montrose, the Incorruptible,
 Styled HONEST JOHN by whoso weighs his
 worth,
 But deemed of sundry fools o' th' Jingo sort
 A Celtic Dodo; wrongly, as he holds,
 Not being as yet extinct, but knowing well
 An elephant from other flying fish
 (Prehensile trunk and heavy four-fold tread,
 Discerned o' th' naked eye, bewray the
 brute,
 Though when you come to paint him, words
 are weak)—
 Unto the Dervish Khalif, King of men,
 Sends cheers and greeting, wishing his ad-
 dress

(*Poste Errante*, Desert o' Central Africa),
 Were rather more explicitly precise;
 And hoping this may find him, him and his,
 Not as it leaves the writer,—which is sick.
 I date from Scotland, like yourself, on
 tour
 I', th' provinces. At Brechin (you have
 heard
 Of Brechin? 'Tis a braw and bonny spot,
 Yielding in point of size to Omdurman,
 But more salubrious in matter o' drains)
 Last week ahocht o' th' hustings, lips
 unlocked,
 I gave the Party beans, not such as go
 With bacon, but the other kind, the French,
 Made in Bahr-el-Ghazal, a pungent herb,—
 Such beans I gave them, being stomach-
 blown
 With naughty pride.
 For, look you, there's abroad
 A Jingo spirit jars upon these ears,

Attuned, like yours, to finer harmonies.
 'Tis this has wrought such havoc in his
 heart

Our late-lamented leader's (path o' peace),
 Built of too staunch a stuff to be beguiled
 By what of clamour moves the meaner mass
 (I waive the Mayoral Banquet's wassail-
 words,

A mere expansion of the chest, no more),
 Whereof eluding taint, even as a nun
 Veils virgin beauty, so to save her soul,
 Thus single-eyed he took his countenance
 And hid it (said I not that I could tell
 An elephant from other flying fish?)
 Unseen o' th' world, in sylvan solitude.

For me, I own I never did affect
 The military instinct; only i' dreams—
 Surfeit, alleged of salmon, letting loose
 The captious nightmare—have I seen myself
 High on a charger head th' embattled host,
 The dreadful phalanx of the foe before,
 And none to save me from my so-called
 friends

Spurring intolerably close behind.
 The thought unsexes me. 'Tis butcher's
 work;

And something overrated, let me say.
 Nay, much it irks me how these men of
 blood

(Your pardon, Khalif, who, I understand,
 Have seen some turn of fighting, fore and
 aft),

Areek to the sanguine eyes with battle-
 smoke—

Loud Lyddite-shell and hot Howitzer-hail—
 (There you are guileless, these you never
 knew

Save passively, with protest) red, I say,
 With math new-mown of breathing barley-
 swathes,

Should claim what worship courage wins for
 wage,

Doubtless their due; but theirs by right no
 less,

The teeming sons o' th' City (take a case)
 Who thread our traffic, fronting imminent
 death

By 'bus-congestion opposite the Bank,
 Ten times a day, civilian hat on head,
 And underneath it never a hair that turns,
 Nor know themselves for heroes. Pooh! I
 say.

Khalif, you find in me a fellow-soul,
 Who count the meed of battle dearly bought
 At cost of other people's precious lives.

Patriot to the passionate core of me,
 I am not blinded, no, nor LABOUCHERE,

My other self in all that makes a man,
 We are not blinded to the spectacle

Of such a carnage-plain as Omdurman's.
 Fathers of babes, bread-winners of the best,
 Protectors of th' inviolate hearth and home,
 Highly respected in the neighbourhood,

Staid married men (yourself recall i' th'
 rough

How many wives you jettisoned afield
 For lack of camels primed to go the pace)
 Domestic patterns, types of rural toil,
 Butchered to make a British holocaust!

No, no, not blinded! I can see it all;
 And 'tis a picture seres my throbbing brain!

Enough; too much! I had a thought
 to speak

Of who, being Nonconformist Ministers,
 Go not bald-headed for the gospel o' peace,
 But shy at fancy prices. Let it pass.

Farewell! Conjecture of me as a friend;
 May Allah keep your dusky skin intact!

“REM AGU TETIGISTI.”—It is not so much
 “pin-pricks” from which France suffers,
 as from “pen-pricks” with which her own
 journalists are continually prodding her.
 They are sharp-pointed steel pens, too.



DIOGENES-MORLEY.

(In search of a genuine Liberal.)

D.-M. "CAN'T SEE ONE ANYWHERE!"

[Gives it up.]



"I WONDER WHEN THAT A. B. C. GIRL IS GOING TO SERVE US? I'VE CALLED HER HALF-A-DOZEN TIMES." "PERHAPS SHE'S D. E. F."

CONFIDENCES.

(Extracted from Mr. Punch's Post-bag.)

IV.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My nurse having gone downstairs—unless I'm mistaken, a gentleman in a red coat is hanging about the back-gate—I seize the opportunity and her pen to acquaint you with the gross indignity to which of late I have been subjected. Even if you cannot assist me, at least I feel sure of your sympathy.

I am eighteen months old, *Mr. Punch*, and am—I have been told it until I am sick of the phrase—"a remarkably fine child for my age." The baby next door, who is a commonplace creature, but with whom I condescend to talk sometimes when taking perambulator-exercise, declares that precisely the same compliment is daily addressed to him. I can well believe it; judging from the specimens that invade my nursery, there is absolutely no originality about grown-ups. Why, I ask pathetically, why will they insist on jiggling me up and down in their arms—a disagreeable experience for me at all times, and especially after a full meal? And why do they think it necessary to address me in a kind of imbecile gibberish? . . . "Oopsy-opsy, oopsy-opsy, diddums-den, diddums, diddums!" Is this their idea of rational conversation? I declare, *Mr. Punch*, that, combined with the jiggling process to which I have alluded, it makes me (literally) sick.

But I am straying from my point. These rather contemptible foibles of my elders I am prepared to endure with good-humoured tolerance. But the last insult which I have been made to suffer—at the hands of my own parents, too—really goes beyond all bounds. Some months ago I was given for the first time a new brand of infants' food. It was an ordinary kind of article, sound and palatable enough, but with no special body or bouquet about it. However, I am no epicure, and consumed it without complaint: even at the time, though, I suspected that it had not cost my parents much. But how cheaply they had obtained it I only discovered a week ago.

Never can I forget that dreadful day. Having gone out in my perambulator as usual, we chanced to halt opposite a large hoarding, covered with advertisements. I was lazily contemplating them, and regretting the want of artistic taste shown in their lurid colours, when my eye was arrested by one which somehow seemed strangely familiar. I looked again—alas, there was no mistake about it—on that hoarding, Sir, was a gigantic caricature of myself! I was represented as sitting on a pink-and-green carpet, dressed in—but I had better not speak of my clothes, for there were no clothes to speak of. In one hand I was brandishing an enormous cup, and underneath was my full name, with the inscription, "Fed on INDIGO'S Infants' Invigorator!" . . . I could look no more, indeed, for a moment or two I believe I lost consciousness. For the sake of a *gratis* supply of that abominable food, my parents had betrayed me—had sent my photograph to the maker, without so much as asking my leave!

The consequence is that my life has become a burden to me, and my daily exercise a penance instead of a pleasure. Not even at home am I secure, because reproductions of this outrage lurk in the illustrated papers and magazines which are left about in the nursery—reproductions only less terrible, because they are not coloured. The baby next door and others of my acquaintance make my misfortune a theme for ribald jests. Probably there is not a blank wall in London which does not bear one or more of these horrible pictures of myself. I cannot speak with certainty, for I make a point of not looking. If you have happened to pass me when in my perambulator, you will have noticed that my eyes are closed, and may have thought me to be asleep. Now you learn the true explanation—I dare not run the risk of seeing that poster again!

I meant to say more, but I hear my nurse coming upstairs, and so must hastily conclude.

Yours in deep distress, JOHN HENRY BROWN.

SOUTHAMPTON BAR.

[It is proposed to raze Southampton Bargate on account of the increasing traffic—Sir BAYNS, of Southampton, speaks.]

What's this I hear? Southampton Bar
Is doomed to desecration?
Echo it near and wide and far!
Arouse the English nation!
Shall omnibus assert a right
Or penny tramway car?
Up! Up! ye holders of the right,
Defend Southampton Bar!

Stretching across the busy street
Colossus of the way,
It stands the old-time justice seat,
Stalwart and grim and grey.
And through its portals to and fro
There flocks the old-time crowd
Of those who still will come and go
With voice and laughter loud.

From Winchester the waggons come
From Romsey, where the stream
Commingles with the gentle hum
Of some New Forest dream.
From all our Hampshire country side,
For years and years and years,
The archway has been fully wide
For Hampshire hogs and steers.

But now they would destroy the past,
Make flat our Bridge of Sighs,
My sword leaps forth a counterblast
To modernizing lies!
I care not whom I may offend,
Nor who or what they are;
Southampton people, foe and friend,
Remember Temple Bar!

THANK GOODNESS!—An American paper says that in a Boston Lunatic Asylum there are eleven patients, each of whom believes himself to be the German Emperor. They have no means of communicating with the outer world.

QUITE THE PLACE FOR ABSCONDING DEBTORS TO BE IMPRISONED WHEN ARRESTED.—"Bolt Court."



HORRIBLE POSITION OF LITTLE BIFFIN, WHO PROPOSES A NEW ROUND GAME. BUT WHEN HE HAS TO EXPLAIN, HE FINDS HE CANNOT RECOLLECT ANYTHING AT ALL ABOUT IT!

TO DAPHNE.

[A number of well-known women state their views in the *Young Woman* on the question, "At what age should girls marry?"]

DAPHNE, dear, my promised bride,
Wherefore vex your pretty head
This new problem to decide—
When a maiden should be wed.

What though matrons staid and sage
All with one consent agree
That the marriageable age
Twenty-five at least should be?

While they frigidly explain
Younger maids should wedlock shun,
I for my part will maintain
That the age is twenty-one.

And to prove my point I need
No long arguments to state,
DAPHNE, 'tis enough to plead
You were born in 'seventy-eight.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE
(*evidently buried*).—The appropriate beverage
for Undertakers and Sextons—*Vin de Graves*.

THE SEEM-Y SIDE OF LIFE.—The Possible,
but generally the Improbable.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

SIR,—I see that somebody, who styles himself an expert, but who tells the most monstrous lies, has been writing to the papers to attack the unsurpassed scientific work of my wonderful book, *The Marvellous Land; or, The Marvellous Lander*. I need hardly say that I am the greatest mountain climber in the world. As for the drivelling idiots of the Alpine Club, they know nothing at all.

I came down the Banshee Pass, a sheer descent of four miles and a half, an absolutely vertical precipice, in twelve seconds, and, what is more, *I did it on my head*. I did not count the stoppages, but none of them lasted long. Fortunately, I landed in a crevasse filled with snow two thousand feet deep. I never use nailed boots, staffs, ropes, and such old women's contrivances. On the Banshee Peak I wore only my usual mountain dress—pyjamas and pumps. I did not feel cold, although my thermometer on the summit marked 117 degrees below zero. What is more remarkable, it fell during my descent.

As I was coming down I prepared my "Extra Special Edition of the Latest and Only Accurate Map of Central Asia from My Own Surveys." I could see it all from the summit of the Banshee Plain with my

sixpenny telescope. My thermometer and my telescope form my entire equipment of scientific instruments. Only an amateur could require more. I am not quite sure whether the Banshee was a pass, a peak, or a plain, but the trifling difference between the three is unworthy of notice.

I intended to lecture before the British Association, but M. DE ROUGE-MONT forestalled me. His scientific achievements almost bear comparison with mine.

I am always ready to give information to any scientific men who are courteous enough to believe me. Those who are not I treat with the contempt they deserve.

I have one absolutely convincing proof of the truth of my assertions. I do not refer to my sketches, worthy respectively of VELASQUEZ or TURNER, to my maps, the productions of a consummate cartographer, or to my collections, unsurpassed by those of any other scientific explorer, even HERODOTUS or MARCO POLO. I mean my clothes. Even the most prejudiced of my critics can no longer entertain any doubt when they see my pyjamas and my pumps.

F. O. R. BIDDEN LANDOR.

LITERA SCRIPTA MANET.

MARRYAT

Of all the books about the blue
To be compared are very few
With those of MARRYAT, R.N.,
Commander of a ready pen.

If ever in despair you vow
The world a bore, let *Snarley-yow*
And master make the time pass by
With legends of their infamy.

If moral tales should be preferred,
Then let your sympathies be stirred
By simple *Peter's* guileless worth,
With mysteries of love and birth.

If cosmopolitan your mind,
You cannot fail delight to find
In phantom ships which take the breeze
In any latitude you please.

And Pachas furnish many a tale
To mitigate this tearful vale,
You put your penny in the slot
And take your choice of all the lot.

AT THE "RAG."

Visitor (in the Smoking-room). My dear fellow, why do your people allow that picture over the mantel-piece to be called a portrait of NELL GWYNN when everybody knows that it is a likeness of LOUISE DE QUÉROUALLE?

Military Associate. It's just—you know—to please the naval members. They wouldn't—you know—like her to be called Duchess of PORTSMOUTH. Quite rucks up their feelings, you know!

Visitor. But didn't NELL GWYNN found Chelsea Hospital?

[*Military Associate is posed. Yet a fair portrait of NELL hangs in the same room.*]

"THE New 1st Battalion of the Chinese Regiment." Will they return to the fashion of the last century and return to pig-tails?

A NON SEQUITUR.—A broken-down 'Bus.

COLOURABLE ADVICE.—Mind the paint.

TOMMY AND JACK.

Jack. Well, messmate, what cheer?

Tommy. Can't attend to you just now—don't you see I'm on sentry go?

Jack. Yes, in heavy marching order, too. Not so pleasant as being aboard ship.

Tommy. Well, we do get fresh rations daily, and don't have to live on salt junk.

Jack. Ah! but you don't go to all parts of the world and be welcomed and respected everywhere as a British sailor.

Tommy. What's the good of that if you never get promotion?

Jack. Who wants promotion? It's good enough if you become the admiral's coxswain.

Tommy. That wouldn't suit me! Why, I am told that a field-marshal's baton is a part of every English soldier's kit.

Jack. Yes, you will get it when I take to wearing an admiral's cocked hat! Good-bye; sorry you can't come with me.

[Exit to enjoy himself, leaving TOMMY to wait for the relief.]

JINGOES.

["Although I cannot define a Jingo, I know one when I see him."—JOHN MORLEY.

"Although I subscribe to a great number of funds for promoting peace, I am in favour of supporting any society that will keep fighting going on all over the world."—SIR W. F. GATACRE.]

Who shall define a Jingo? Who, with skill Most logical, and subtle, nice distinctions Of genus, difference and species, Shall mark him from his fellows? Nay, not I!

Too well I know the dangers of that sport, Too well the wily snarers that would set Springs to catch woodcocks. But no woodcock I.

If haply, lured by their art, or goaded By their sharp taunts and jeerings, I should dare

A definition, say, of hansom cabs, I doubt not these same logic-chopping wits Would show that I had equally defined A dozen vehicles, nor had excluded The donkey-shay, wherein the coster woos His plumed mistress of a holiday. Yet, though they prove my definition faulty, Unscientific, wrong and valueless, I know a hansom from a donkey-shay, Nor do I hail a barrow when I leave The Commons of an evening. In like manner,

I know a Jingo, even as I know A hansom, with conviction absolute And certainty o' the senses. I could name. Thousands, yet one beyond all other men Most rabid, most outrageous; not unknown To military fame; yea, him I place First i' the foremost rank o' the very van Of that wild rabble of Bellona's sons, More monstrous than his brothers, shrieking louder Than his mad dam—incarnate Jingoism!

Honour to whom Honour is Due.

SIR,—Many years ago, I fancy in 1867 or '68, you published a very realistic account of shipwreck and adventure entitled *Chikkin Hazard*. In this veracious narrative the author, describing the grounding of a boat upon a beach, observed, "Two dark forms crept from beneath her keel." Of course this vessel was the prototype of the French Submarine Destroyer. So does Perfidious Gallia pretend to invention which solely belongs to your Talented Nautical Correspondent! Your obedient Servant,

I. O. P. INHER.



Boatswain (to newly-joined Cadet). "COME, MY LITTLE MAN, YOU MUSTN'T CRY ON BOARD OF ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS OF WAR. DID YOUR MOTHER CRY WHEN YOU LEFT?"

Cadet. "YES, SIR."

Boatswain. "SILLY OLD WOMAN! AND DID YOUR SISTER CRY?" Cadet. "YES, SIR."

Boatswain. "STUPID LITTLE THING! AND DID YOUR FATHER CRY?"

Cadet. "No, SIR." Boatswain. "'ARD-HEARTED OLD BEGGAR!"

JONATHAN THE COLONIST.

["Various movements are on foot to Americanise Cuba and the Philippines."—*Daily Mail*.]

THE Spaniards went to sleep, I guess,

Three hundred years ago,

And only just have awakened. Yes,

I rather think that's so.

But, stranger, wait until we fix

Them smart and up-to-date,

And you will see a show that licks

The world, I calculate.

The Matadors? Why, yes, we'll move Them to Chicago, when

I bet my bottom cent they'll prove

A1 as slaughtermen.

Pork pays as well as any show;

They'll work away like nigs,

And make their little piles, and so

Strike oil as well as pigs.

The Dons we'll fix with barrows—some

With ices, some with sweets,

And won't they just make matters hum

At corners of the streets!

If with their titles and their curls,

Their compliments and rank,

They don't do business with the girls, I guess I'm not a Yank.

Duennas?—Well, some girls go rides,

And a companion like—

We'll fix them up as Lady-guides

With bloomers and a bike!

Just let us Yankees run the show

A twelvemonth, and you bet,

We'll teach the Spaniards how to go

And lick creation yet.

AN OFFENBACHIAN SUGGESTION.—Should Colonel PIQUART and his friends wish the "refreshing beverage" incident to be for ever preserved in the history of France, let them ask of the Government to grant the gallant Colonel a change of name. The very thing for him is at hand, with a title attached to it. Among the most amusing officers of the Court of *La Grande Duchesse de Géroldstein* was "*Baron Grog*." *V'là!* "*Baron Groß*." It is the very thing. Who can better fill this rôle than Colonel PIQUART, with Général BILLOT as understudy, unless the latter preferred the part of *Général Boum!*



Piscator, Senior. "WHAT! YER WANT TO CHUCK IT UP JUS' BECAUSE WE NEVER CATCHES NOTHING. WHY, I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW YER PROPOSES TO SPEND THE REMAINDER OF YER 'OLIDAYS, EH?"

IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

In the *Times* of January 16, a despatch from the excellent "Own Correspondent" of that journal, resident in St. Petersburg, was published, giving the Tsar's peace proposals. As some of his Imperial Majesty's items are rather in the rough, perhaps they may be reconsidered. At any rate, *Mr. Punch* (who is entirely in accord with the Emperor's wish for peace) submits a few suggestions that may lead to an improvement in an exceedingly interesting document.

1. As the Powers interested are not quite ready for any violent or radical change affecting the increase or decrease of armaments, the coming into operation of any provisions regulating the same may be deferred for some reasonable time—say a thousand years. If at the end of that period there should still be cause for disagreement, a further postponement may be arranged. Of course, any one power may be at liberty to adopt the proposals at once, but Russia would, in any event, reserve her liberty of action.

2. The means of reducing a war budget fortunately presents no great difficulty. All that is necessary is a slate and sponge. The sum expended (in advance) might be written on the slate and then washed off with the sponge. This in the new War Game would be counted as one to the borrower and a loss to the lender. Russia would willingly act as a pioneer to show "how the thing could be done" by borrowing of her neighbours (France for choice), and then wiping out the score, to her personal advantage.

3. All new weapons to be interdicted, and a return to pop-guns encouraged. Inventors to be prosecuted and confined in a prison (that Russia would willingly put at their disposal), and all their plans, &c., to be taken to St. Petersburg, for safe custody, with a view to preventing them being used to the disadvantage of the human race. Powder to remain where it is. Pink powder to be prohibited because this has had disastrous effects *chez les femmes*.

4. Explosives of terrible force to be restricted. The distribution of orange-peel to be forbidden, as many accidents have occurred through carelessness on the part of the peelers. No love-letters, *billets doux*, and valentines of a sentimental character to be thrown from balloons, as these dangerous missives have been known to

cause great explosions in domestic households—when they have fallen into the hands of those for whom they were not originally intended. Crackers of all sorts (except those made in Russia for foreign consumption) to be regarded with suspicion.

5. The use of submarine torpedo-boats or plungers, and any other similar engines of destruction, to be prohibited. All sailors will be required to wear life-belts, and will not be allowed to go to sea when there is a chance of "dirty weather." Plungers (from foreign countries) will be tolerated at baccarat in St. Petersburg on certain conditions, the main of which will be ample resources, habitual ill-luck, and no knowledge of the game.

6. All the Powers to undertake not to construct vessels with rams. For the benefit of her neighbours, Russia will accept an exemption from this rule, so that she may keep abreast of modern scientific research.

7. The Geneva Convention of 1864 to apply to navies as well as armies. Great Britain to commence the self-denying ordinance as an object lesson for the other Powers. The time for the others to master the details to be left to individual personal convenience.

8. The revision of the declaration concerning the laws and customs of war, elaborated in 1874 by the conference of Brussels, to be revised and referred back for revision. When the revision (which remains unratified to this day) has been again revised, then the ratification to await revision. The date of the final ratification to follow as soon as convenient the date of these proposals coming into force.

9. The offers of employment of arbitration to be accepted in principle. Should events assume a serious aspect between England and France, then all British vessels (by order of the Emperor of Russia) should be commanded by French Admirals. The crews of the said British vessels should voluntarily put themselves into irons, and only lend a hand when requested by the French sailors in cases of emergency, such as avoiding collision with a lighthouse, &c. The French Admirals would then bring the British Fleet into a Russian port, and after the consumption of a "grog" drained in honour of the union between France and Russia, would proceed to Paris overland. During these pleasant proceedings, the *Marseillaise* and the Russian Imperial Hymn would be played alternately and incessantly.

10. To carry the above proposal (9) into effect it is necessary that there should be an understanding as to its application. It is suggested that in the event of the slightest misunderstanding occurring, all British ships, from the men-o'-war to the fishing-smack or pleasure rowing-boat, should be handed over to Russia for safe custody.

11. To avoid unnecessary cause for international offence, all words of a misleading or insulting character to be removed from the series of European dictionaries. "Rosbif," "Milord SMITH," "Froggies" (Frenchmen), "Monsoos" (any European other than a Briton), to be deemed obsolete. Russia to retain, with the consent of *Mr. Punch* (on the understanding that there is to be no tomfoolery with the columns devoted to advertisements), the privilege of "blacking out" anything she doesn't like or understand. This concession is made on the distinct understanding that it is impossible to give brains to people born without them.

12. And lastly, nothing touching the political relation of States, or the actual order of things as established by treaties, to be examined, Germany to retain Alsace and Lorraine, Russia to have all that she wishes, and France what she can get—subject to self-imposed inaction. Great Britain to agree to anything and everything on the understanding (backed up by her Army and Fleet) that all suggestions of the Tsar shall not be adopted until they have received the official sanction of His Puissant Majesty the King of Europe and the Emperor of the World, otherwise known as *Mr. Punch*.

MAD QUESTIONS.

(Possibly arranged by the Lunatic suggested by Mr. R—d K—g.)

1. WHEN WAS Australia discovered, and why were the natives called Austrians before it was inhabited?

2. Explain the composition of the Powers in special regard to the consumption of green cheese.

3. Who was JULIUS CÆSAR, and why did he eat oysters at Colchester after the battle of Hastings?

4. Why is the earth supposed to be round when the British flag flies everywhere?

5. If a herring and a half costs three-halfpence, what should be the market price of half-a-dozen crocodiles and a hippopotamus?

6. Give your reasons (in blank verse) for supporting the candidature of the Mad Mullah for the Chancellorship of the Khartoum University.

7. Why should the sands of the desert have a bearing upon the sugar industry?

8. Lastly, prove your insanity by declaring that you have never heard of Lord KITCHENER.

SOME SUGGESTED NOVELTIES IN NECKTIES FOR '99.



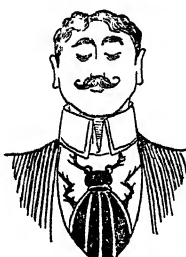
The Pineapple.



The Waterfall.



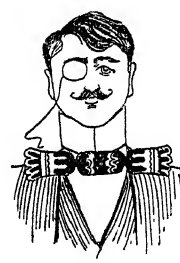
The Flash of Lightning.



The Beetle.



The Haddock.



The Cosaque.

"PATTI! PATTI!"

(To the air of "Batti! Batti!")

MADAME ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI is now Baroness CEDERSTRÖM, and we mustn't forget it. *O Fortunate Puer!* At the very first sight of the Only ADELINA, the impressionable Baron (not DE BOOK-WORMS, but CEDERSTRÖM), smitten to the heart by Cupid's dart, exclaimed, "*A l'avenir, pour moi, le mot d'ordre est 'Patti aut Mori!'*" And, added the Swedish nobleman, in excellent English, of which, as well as of several other *lingoes* (languages), he is a perfect master, "Ah! '*Patti aut Mori,*' and the *More* I think of PATTI the less I feel inclined to be satisfied with anything but 'Yes' as an answer to the one question, 'Will you be mine?'" So the Diva being asked, "What are you taking?" replied, sweetly, "I am taking pity on this noble swain, and to him will I now say, or sing, '*La ci darem la mano.*'" And didn't they go off together singing, "*Tra-la-*

la-la-la-la-la-la-la!" "Where shall *Les Noces* be?" asked the enraptured bridegroom-in-posse, when he had quite recovered his breath after his surfeit of capers. "*Les Noces?*" returned Madame, with arch humour, "*Craig-y-Noces, here?*" O joy ecstatic! O happy day! O frabjous day! And how the honoured guests must all have "chortled in their joy!" "Will you wear a train and veil, Madame?" asked the attendant lady's maid. "Will I wear a wreath of roses?" sang the incomparable soprano. "No! Train me no trains. And of what avail a veil? But," added the Queen of Song, suddenly struck by a most original idea, "after the ceremony we will give 'vails,' as *largesse*, to all my dependants" ("What price PATTI!" murmured, *sotto voce*, the grateful *soubrette*), "and we'll train up to London, *en route* for Paris" ("*Parigi! O cara!*" hummed the handmaiden), "and in the train we'll have the wedding-breakfast, for which we shall all be ready, eh?" "Quite *en train*, Madame," answered the bright-eyed damsel.

And so it was. Bee-autiful! Patties (oyster, veal and ham, &c.), Patti (de foie gras), Patties of butter, wedding "Patticake, Patti-cake, baker's man," all singing, led by Sir JÖDEL PHILLIPS,

"Make it and bake it and mark it with 'C,'
An ovenly morsel for ROLFY and me!"

Hail, ADELINA Baroness CEDERSTRÖM! Sound the trumpets! This way for the Wedding March, and no other genuine! Mark time! Now, with a flourish! *Tum tum ð tum tum tum tum, tiddley-um ti tum tum, et cætera!* Stay!—If we are not to hear the Diva at Covent Garden, surely she may be spared for just one evening, to give us "a Nicht wi' PATTI," and "*Home, Sweet Home*" included, at the Albert Hall?

MORE METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

(Suggested by Common Sense.)

RESTRICTION of waggons at the walk from 1 A.M. to 4 A.M.

Abolition of organs, brass bands, crawlers, and racing 'busses.

Rebuilding of the National Gallery, the towers of Westminster Abbey, and portions of the British and South Kensington Museums.

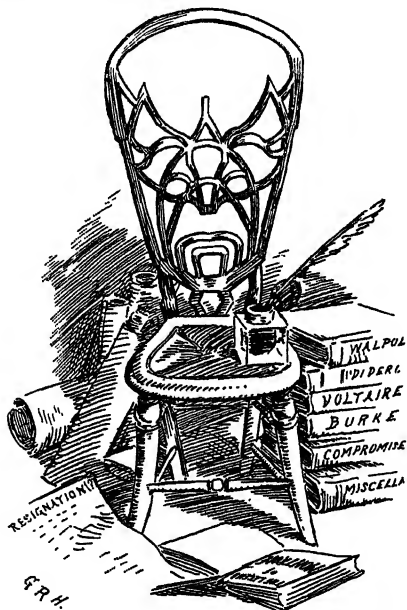
Removal of three-fourths of the gateways, and nine-tenths of the statues; and finally, better ventilation on the Underground Railway, and a really efficient service of boats on the river.

THE TREASURY UPON WHICH "MA" GENERALLY DRAWS, DESPITE RECENT ROBBERY.—Parr's Bank.

LYRICAL OUTRAGES.

I.—HYMN TO DIANA (AGED 40).

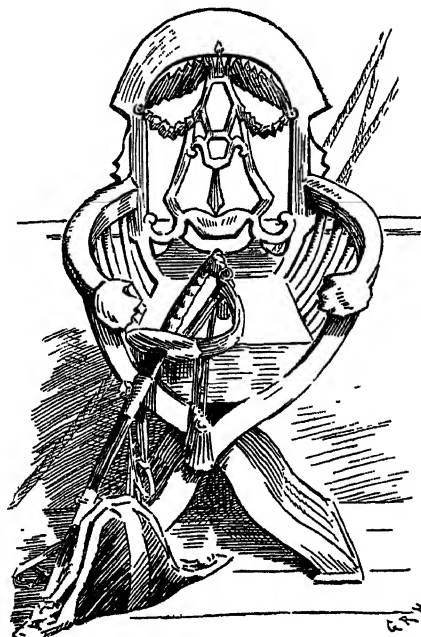
QUEEN and Huntress, chaste and fair,
When the sun is laid to sleep,
And to parties you repair,
Wholly skinned your optic keep:
Of a "kill" you have by night
Chances excellently bright!
Let no rival's envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
You, who've oft the running made,
With an offer yet may close:
Give him chances, left and right,
Chances excellently bright!
Sharpen then with all your art
All the arrows in your quiver;
You may land one in his heart—
(Or he may not care a stiver).
You've, at any rate by night,
Chances excellently bright!



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—VIII.

A BIOGRAPHER'S CHAIR.

A genuine, honest piece of the Revolutionary (French) period, founded on a compromise between an editor's chair and a Parliamentary seat. Was disposed of at Newcastle in 1895, slightly damaged, but was re-seated (in eight hours) at Montrose. Now the property of a literary gentleman of a retiring disposition, at present entirely resigned to biography.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—IX.

THE "JOKIM" DECK-CHAIR.

This very beautiful piece of furniture, of German design, is constructed upon a basis of Admiralty Boards and the best British tar, and has lately been supplied with sea-legs.

It was much sat upon by the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. Now deposited, in a condition of "splendid isolation," at the Admiralty.



"TILL FURTHER NOTICE."

Sir Peter Teazle . . . *Mr. JOHN BULL.* *Lady Teazle* . . . *Madame LA RÉPUBLIQUE.*

Sir Peter. "AND WE SHALL NOW BE THE HAPPIEST COUPLE——"

Lady T. "AND NEVER DIFFER AGAIN?"

Sir Peter. "NEVER—NEVER——"

Lady T. "NEVER—NEVER——"

Both. "NEVER DIFFER AGAIN!"

(Acting Version. For the remainder of the Dialogue, see "School for Scandal," Act III., Sc. 1.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENQUIRER.—You ask, "Is the 'Joke' new" which you have sent us about PARE'S Bank shares being, in consequence of the note robbery, "below par?" We have four large pantechnicon vans waiting outside our office to remove the MSS. on which that "Joke" is written.

SOUTH AFRICAN.—Oh, *perfectly* original, we assure you, that "little thing," you sent in about the Rt. Hon. CECIL making Rail-Rhodes, and also making the South African Rhodeseasier. What will we give you for it? You must wait till we have discovered your address. Meantime, we are gathering together a small and unassuming collection of brickbats.

TRAMPS ABROAD.

["A conference of poor-law guardians met at Southampton to discuss the Hampshire tramp. It was stated that the compulsory bath had not diminished the number of vagrants who applied for relief. On the contrary, they seemed to enjoy it."—*Globe*.]

THE tramp's abroad! In every lane,
In every village of the plain,
By every clump of yellow gorse,
By every streamlet's winding course,
Where lazy Avon loiters down
Through meadows lush to Christchurch town,
From Portsmouth, where the sun-tanned tar
Crosses, or lingers round, the bar,
To Aldershot, where soldiers bold
Die daily, so at least we're told,
In sham-fight seasons—East and West,
There is no spot so curst, so blest,
So high, so low, so dry, so damp,
But swarms with this our scourge—the tramp.

What can we do? In vain we try
Each ancient, honoured remedy;
No art do we neglect, no plan
Known to the heart of guardian,
And in our desperation, we
Prescribe the bath compulsory.
Yet what avails it? Nothing. They,
Spoilt sons of a degenerate day,
They shrink not from it—nay, delight
To plunge into the bath at night,
Cry loud for soap, and splash and scrub,
And seem to revel in the tub.

O Sybaritish Age! O day
Of self-indulgence and decay!
Their crusted sires had sooner died
Than so demean their honest pride,
But these are dainty as a queen,
And don't object to being clean.
When water scares no more, and soap
Has lost its terror, why, what hope
For us poor Guardians to damp
The ardour of our plague—the Tramp?

SOLD AT THE SALES.

(A Domestic Duologue.)

Wife. My dear, please give me half-a-crown.

Husband. What for?

Wife. To pay for the lovely things I have just brought home from Messrs. BROWN, JONES AND ROBINSON'S last sale of remnants.

Husband. Good gracious! what on earth made you get all these things? and just as we are settling the Christmas liabilities!

Wife. But, dear, they were so cheap! Look at this cage—why, it was originally marked at forty-five shillings, and I got it for eighteen and ninepence!



Pat. M.A. 79

Brown. "PITY JONES HAS LOST—HIS FIGURE!"
Robinson. "NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE!"

Husband. Why a cage? We have no bird!

Wife. But we may have one some day, and it was so cheap! And look at this lovely dinner-service, marked three guineas and I got it for twenty-seven and six! There!

Husband. But we have got four already. What can we do with the fifth?

Wife. Sure to come in useful—some day; and look at this lovely carriage-clock. Only three guineas, and it was selling before the sale at seven pounds ten and sixpence!

Husband. Come, dash it! This is too strong! Why, we had six carriage-clocks as wedding presents.

Wife. Yes, dear, but clocks wear out, like everything else.

Husband. And we have no carriage to put

it in, and never shall have if you are so extravagant!

Wife. Well, I am sorry if you are really vexed. And look here! I have bought—

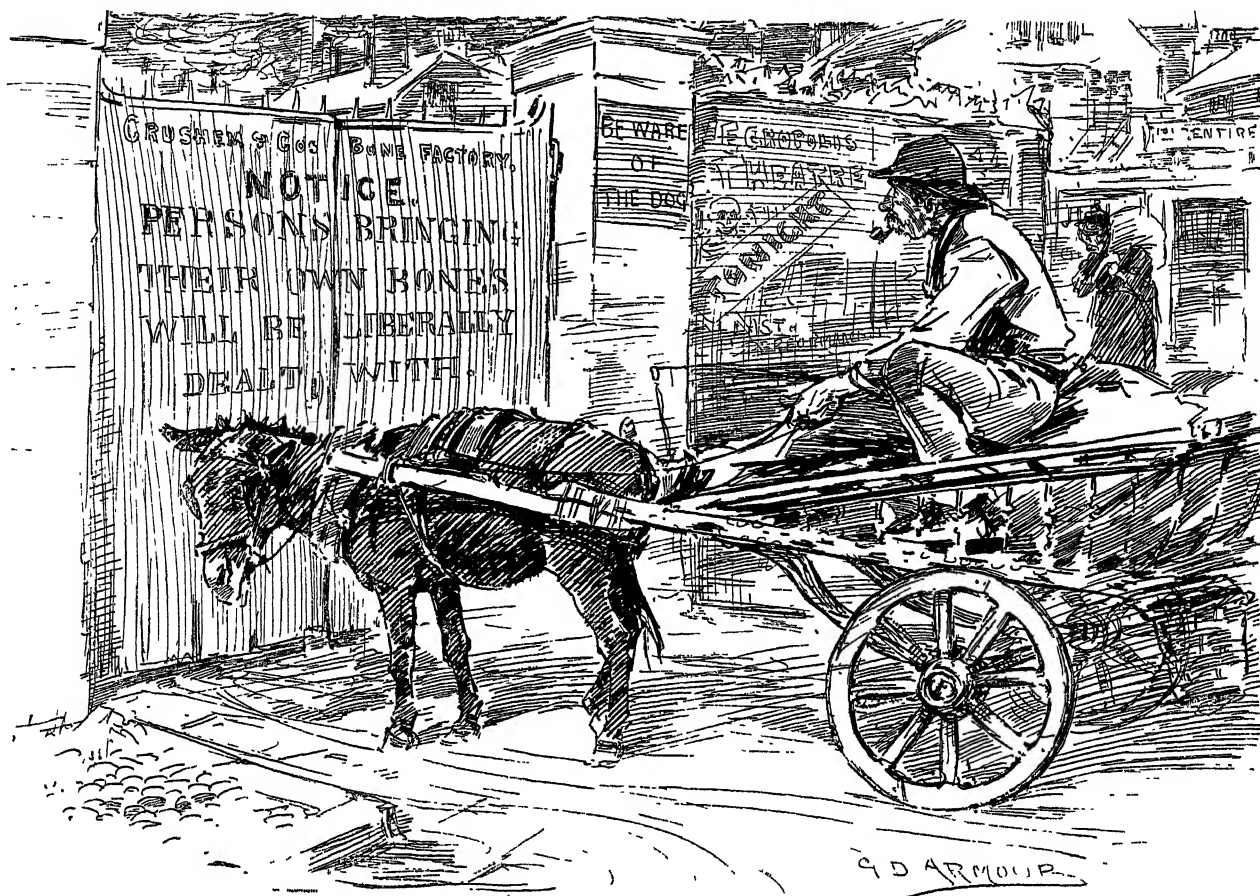
Husband (interrupting). I don't want a catalogue of your folly. What on earth took you into the shop?

Wife. Why, dear, I only wanted a reel of cotton.

Husband. And did you get it?

Wife. No, darling. I entirely forgot it. But never mind, I will go to the sale again to-morrow!

SURELY A STUPID MOVE.—The plasterers are going on strike! Of course, if they don't give in they'll be known as the sticking-plasterers.



SIGNS OF IMPROVING TRADE.

SO COURTLY.

INTERESTING plot, acting good, scenery artistically effective, and costumes perfect. Such must be the public verdict on *A Court Scandal*, [adapted from a French play, dating back some forty years ago, and called, if I remember aright, *Les Premières Armes de Richelieu*,] by Messrs. AUBREY BOUCICAULT and OSMOND SHILLINGFORD. It would be difficult to find a better representative of the youthful *Duc de Richelieu*, aged nineteen, than Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, though perhaps his young Duchess, as represented by Miss DOROTHEA BAIRD, is somewhat lacking in the artificial grace which is accepted as the special characteristic of the Court of LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH. Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS makes a stately *Duchesse de Bourgogne*, and sufficiently emphasises the note of genuine feeling which redeems this character from the charge of heartless coquetry.

If Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH, as the *Chevalier de Matignon*, would only subdue his apparently irrepressible and hopelessly convulsing laughter at nothing in particular on every occasion, so that one begins to wonder what on earth it is, in the action, the situation, or in anything that he or any one else has said, he finds so intensely amusing, his impersonation would leave nothing to be desired. In the last act, during the duel, he is excellent; so also is Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS as the *Duc*.

Mr. BRANDON THOMAS is marvellously made up and amusing as the *Baron de Bellechasse*, being ably seconded by Miss FLORENCE WOOD, some of whose scenes are genuine comedy. Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE's *Abbé de Chavanne* is, in its quiet way, a masterpiece; nothing in the play marks the epoch so distinctly as does this character of the *Abbé*, played as it is here by Mr. BEVERIDGE.

Miss ETHEL MATTHEWS, as *Cesarine de Nocé*, is a fascinating court-lady, and Miss R. LE THIÈRE portrays the proud and unprincipled mother-in-law, *Madame la Duchesse de Noailles*, in a manner that must make every married man in the audience thank his stars that he has not been induced to marry into a family of which this strong-minded autocrat is the head.

A Court (Theatre) Scandal, like any other scandal, must be talked about all over town. The play has only to arouse curiosity, in order to have its deserved success thoroughly established.

THE LOST LEADER.

(An Old English Ballad.)

EARLY one morning, just as the Court was sitting,
I heard a Junior whimpering, all in the second row:
"Oh, don't deceive me, please don't go and leave me,
How can you go and treat a poor Junior so?"

"Remember the vows that you made in consultation,
Remember your retainer, which was special, as you know.
Oh, don't deceive me, please don't go and leave me,
How can you go and treat a poor Junior so?"

"Oh, bad are the pleadings, and many are the pitfalls,
And shaky are the proofs, and the witnesses may go!
Oh, don't deceive me, please don't go and leave me,
How can you go and treat a poor Junior so?"

"Supposing that the Judge should become a little testy,
Suppose the Jury restive—what consequence might flow!
Oh, don't deceive me, please don't go and leave me,
How can you go and treat a poor Junior so?"

Thus sang a poor Junior, his sorrows a-bewailing,
Thus sang a poor Junior all in the second row:
"Oh, don't deceive me, please don't go and leave me,
Who'd ever be a Junior to be forsaken so!"

County Council Economy—a Fact.

Traveller on a South London Tram-car (to Conductor). I see that your buttons bear the letters "L. C. C.," but the monogram on your cap is L. T. C. How is that?

Conductor. Well, you see, Sir, the County Council called all our jackets in and re-buttoned them at, I believe, two bob a head; but they thought that we'd better wear the caps till they were worn out. [Have the ratepayers to thank Mr. WILLIAM BENN, or Mr. JOHN BURNS, or Mr. BAKER, the new Manager, for this splendid abnegation on the part of the L. C. C. ?]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Selah Harrison (MACMILLAN & Co.), by Mr. MACNAUGHTAN, is a remarkable book. It is an admirably and simply told story of a religious hero, a Scotchman (as his nationality ought to be, seeing it is written by one Mac and published by another—"The two MACS"), a self-sacrificing episcopalian clergyman, who in England first devotes himself to the service of heathenist hop-pickers, and then conquering his amatory passion for the young lady with whom he has fallen desperately in love, he risks his life in order to convert the savages on a cannibal island. But for his love for one woman and his marriage with another he might have been a kind of St. FRANCIS XAVIER. The story is so convincingly written as to seem less a romance than a narrative of actual facts.

Considering that Mr. HARRY QUILTER, "Barrister-at-law," is, as far as concerns black-and-white art, only an amateur, it is wonderful what an amount of careful, painstaking work he has been able to achieve in his ornamental edition of ROBERT BROWNING's *Pied Piper*, written in black letter by "MARY his wife," and printed and published apparently by Himself, HARRY QUILTER; for as far as the eagle eye of the Baron can see, there is no sign of any printer's or publisher's name and address appearing on the first or last page of the *édition de luxe*. For the Baron to criticise such a book from a professional art stand-point would be of course ungenerous. Suffice it therefore to say that some of the decorative borders, especially the one where the rats, frogs, and bats are inter-worked, are remarkable both for design and execution. The "Barrister-at-law" must have had a vast amount of spare time on his hands, when he is able to devote days, nay months, or even years, to such laborious work. The professional "Barrister-at-law" proves himself an amateur Draughtsman.

There is just issued from the Oxford Press, and my Baronite suspects that no other agency could adequately perform the delicate work, a reproduction of certain famous engravings in the University Galleries at Oxford and in the British Museum. They comprise "*Ars Moriendi*," the work of "the Master E. S." The initials E. S. appear on engravings of a date as early as 1466. All that is left of the craftsman are his work and his initials, to which last followers in the field reverentially prefix "Master." It is surmised that he was a working goldsmith. What is certain is that he was the first artist of note in the history of engraving. The precious possessions of the University and the British Museum are reproduced with absolute fidelity for the study of nineteenth century artists in black and white. Mr. LIONEL CUST prefaces the Art treasures with an interesting and erudite chapter.

Miss KATHARINE TYNAN knows Irish men and women, boys and girls, from their caubeen to their brogues, and ever succeeds in showing them at their best. *The Dear Irish Girl* (SMITH, ELDER) is well named. She proves irresistible with everybody save her aunt in London, a bogie with whom, perhaps because she is of English birth and growth, Miss TYNAN is less successful. She is more at home in Ireland, especially with the peasantry, and the household domestics. *Peter Hegarty*, the general utility man in the O'Connor household, and *Mrs. Behan*, the housekeeper, are "jools." My Baronite is not quite certain whether that is the right word to describe these household treasures. But as we have not their equal in England we naturally have no English word applicable.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

LORD GR-MTH-RPE'S COMMENTARIES.

NO. II.—LORD G. ON JINGOISM.

SIR,—Before sitting down to take me though the mere idea of course is ridiculous I never having said any such remark or thought they would which isn't quite the same thing however much it may appear so to Mr. HARRISON to task (why should he presume to take me to task? is he a sort of Egyptian? if he is I refuse for many reasons my ancestors amongst others to be a Jew bondsman to PHARAOH HARRISON) Mr. HARRISON would but I don't suppose he thinks he would not knowing any better have done better to follow the old advice to verify your (or his) references.

Now I happen to know that it was not Dr. JOWETT (of course Mr. HARRISON which is the sort of thing that class of man do when they forget it supposes it was Dr. JOWETT (I know he hasn't said so in so many words but I suppose I can see as far into a brick wall or Mr. HARRISON's mind for the matter of that as most people)) let me see where was I? these brackets are so confusing that the man who invented them must have been a public enemy, oh, yes well it wasn't Dr. JOWETT who said that but Dr. ROUTH the celebrated I never met him but they told me so President of Magdalen College Oxford. Now it has often struck me but of course this all happened long before I was born as a curious thing that the same College at Cambridge spells its



FROM "LA CÔTE D'AZUR."

Fritz the Waiter (to Lady and Gent. just arrived, and a little at sea as to the sort of a kind of a place it is). "YES, MADAME, DERE IS SUCH A LOT OF SWIFT PEOPLE HERE. MORE DAN HALF DE PEOPLES WHAT IS HERE IS SWIFT."

name Magdalene and I never knew why they added an "e" at the end of it. Is Mr. HARRISON prepared to explain it? If not hadn't he better shut up and not accuse me of being which I couldn't be if I tried ever so much during a month of Sundays which I for one don't want to spend in any of their restored cathedrals far from it and quite the reverse as ignorant as him.

Now let me come to close quarters with Mr. HARRISON but he won't let me trust him for that they never do. *Mrs. Prig* said (he can read all about it in *Martin* something or other it's a funny name but I've forgotten it for the moment with wit at the end of it which is more than any one can say of his letter) that I don't believe there's no such person and she was speaking of *Mrs. Harris* who probably was his mother if the truth were known for if she had been his grandmother his father would have been called HARRISON and the name by which they would have called him was in that case probably but we know it isn't which proves my point HARRISONSON.

If that is true why am I to be called a Jingo? Is there any rubric or if you like a judgment of a properly constituted ecclesiastical court and we all know in what way they are appointed judges in that court which makes me liable for penalties in that respect? Suppose I went up and down St. James's Street or Piccadilly with a shovel hat on my head and gaiters on my legs beating a tom-tom is there any law which says that they may take it from me and consider that I am acting "within the scope of my episcopal duties as defined in 2 & 3 Vict. cap. 502, sect. 6"? I think I know as much as they do about doing it but this isn't saying much and if I'm a Jingo then all I can say is they're a Jingo too and I hope they'll like it when they come home to roost as it always has whenever I had anything to say to it.

All I can say is I hope Mr. HARRISON is pleased for if I haven't got him fixed well on the horns of the stupidest paradox ever invented by any one my name isn't but everybody knows it is what it is.

Yours obediently,

GR-MTH-RPE.

A "PARR" TO FILL UP.—If the PARR's Bank Robbery was not for gain, was it only to obtain Bank—"Note-oriety"?



THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS WAS A GENTLEMAN.

"AND WHY DID THE DEVIL TEMPT EVE FIRST, DO YOU THINK, GODFREY?"

"OH, MUMMY, LADIES ALWAYS COME FIRST!"

DEPRECIATIONS.

V.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LIEUT. H-BS-N, of the U.S.A. Navy (on a bussing tour in Kansas).

A CANDID AMERICAN STRANGER.

Lieut. H-bs-n. Ay, you are right! There is a weariness
Attends the fancy sated to the full
Even with what of worship takes the form
Of female osculation. That is so.
'Tis true, in my achievement's early prime
I did imbibe a boisterous delight
To brush the maiden bloom of innocent
lips,

Or print in blood my private autograph
Upon the brazen cheek of oldish brides,
Mothers of fam'lies, who might have known
Better, but felt before my martial charms,
And left me, like to Gascony's cadets,
With much to answer for in married homes
Reduced to discord. 'Tis a fatal gift;
Whereof I taste the penance, being bored.
There have been times, after reception held
I' th' afternoon, a soiree yet to ensue,
And all recorded feats in this department
Made silly—five-and-twenty score on end,
Not counting duplicates—when I have
thought

My lot were lovelier had I been blown
Past recognition into regions where

No mortal female might have found my
mouth,
What time I sank the blasted *Merrimac*—
Candid American Stranger (interposing).
And wasted useful timber. 'Twas a task
Success alone had wholly justified.
You lost your barge, and left a thoroughfare
Could take a first-class squadron two abreast.
'Twere well to count these kisses for a sign
Of solace.

H-bs-n. Sir, 'tis not the bald result,
The vulgar issue, sport of circumstance,
It is the noble aim exalts a man.
And mine, I briefly reckon—my attempt,
Right there around in Santiago Bay,
Has made the merits of the Saxon race
Hum through creation, knocking sparks
therefrom.

C. A. S. Say, now; you speak of Saxons?
I am one
Has crossed the pond and know my Britain
well.

A fighting breed, Sir, each darned man of
them,

And keeps a little army goes at need
A devil of a distance, there and back.
I tell you, Sir, they have two golden rules
Good for an officer and gentleman—
For so a fine old custom links the names—
*To do a brave thing lightly, and forget
Straightway, the deed being done, how brave
it was.*

Army or Navy, 'tis a way with them
I' th' service over there. You see the type,

'Most any day o' th' week it likes you look,
Fresh come from frontier-fighting (where
they shoot

Straighter than Spaniards and are less polite)
Moving down Piccadilly or the Mall
Covered with honours somewhere out of
sight,

And undistinguishable to the eye
From who wears coat of plain civilian cut.
'Guess if a woman kissed him in the street
For joy of homage paid his lion's hide,
The same would be the object of remark!
He'd sooner storm a hundred bastioned
heights

Than face this sort of music. That is so.

H-bs-n. Stranger, you wrong me. Not as
meed of mine

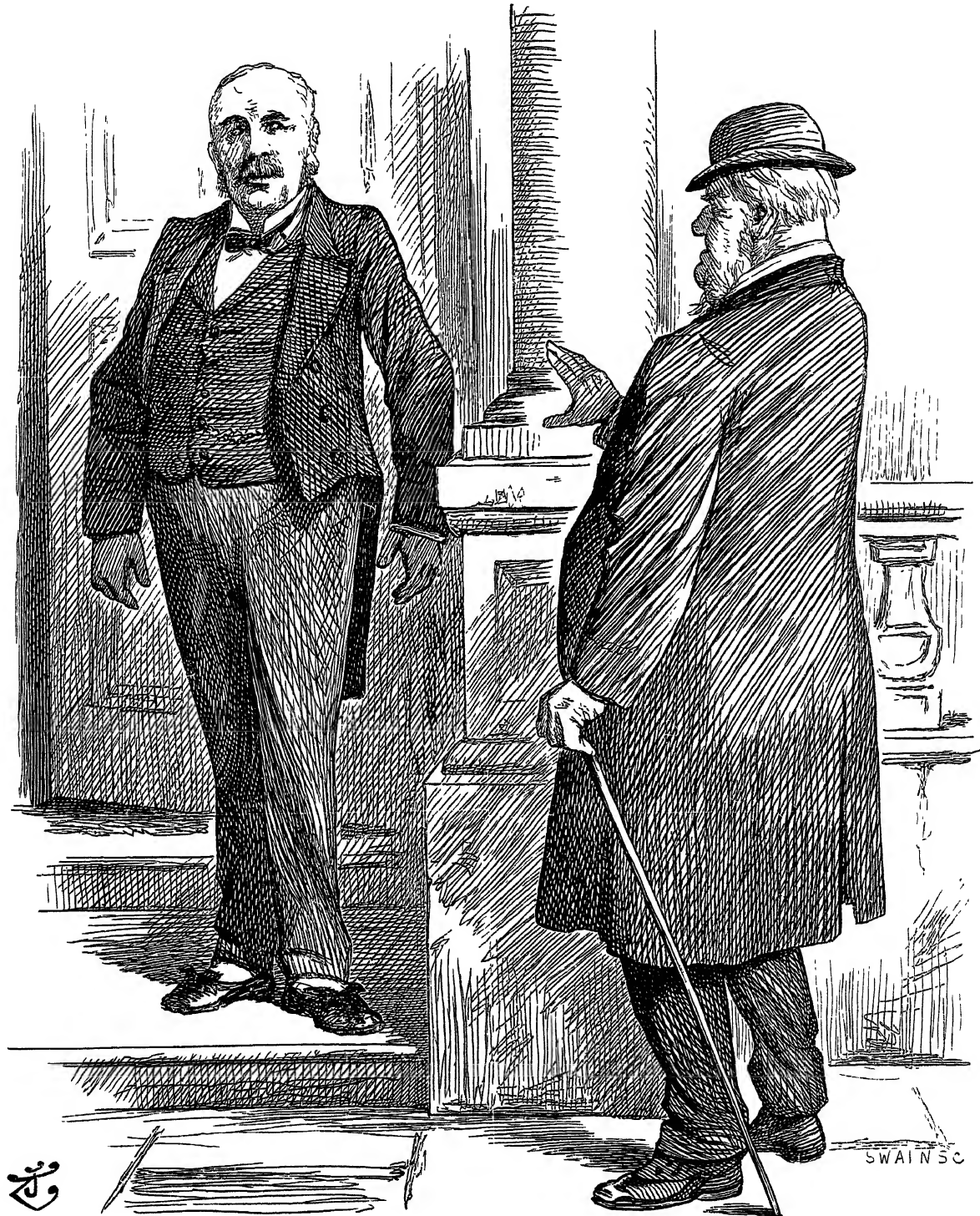
I take this profuse worship of the sex;
But as the seal of adulation set
Upon Columbia's whole-souled ideal,
Spirit o' th' Young Expansion, plumed of
Heaven,

And sower of civilization down the winds,
I am the solid object serves their end,
Who, womanlike, embrace the concrete fact
Mistrusting mere abstractions.

C. A. S. You but shift
What blame is yours upon the race at large,
Which stakes its womankind against the
world.

They're what we make them; we, so cock-
a-whoop

Wi' th' petty triumph of a one-horse war,
Forced on a feeble folk, diseased to th' bone,



THE NEW MAN.

WILLIAM HARCOURT (*who has left the situation*). "WELL, 'ENERY BANNERMAN, SO YOU 'VE TOOK THE PLACE, 'AVE YOU? I WISH YOU JOY! SHE USED TO BE A LIBERAL OLD PARTY, BUT NOW SHE'S THAT CONTRAIRY THERE'S NO LIVING WITH HER!"



"DUCK, YOU FOOL! DUCK!"

Their fighting base a thousand leagues away,
We on the home-ground, time and place our
own,
With dollars to boot—and bungled work at
that!

Yonder in Britain, where they praise your
pluck,
And keep unkindly comments to themselves,
By way of courtesy, as cousins use,
'Tis an old pastime with them, this of war,
Time out of mind traditional, taken as
A thing of course, like matutinal tub.
Home comes the warrior incidentally
bronzed:

A dinner or so, a slap on broad of back,
"Well played, old man!"—and there the
matter ends.

I calculate, Sir, if we mean to fight
'Long-side these men too humble-proud of
heart

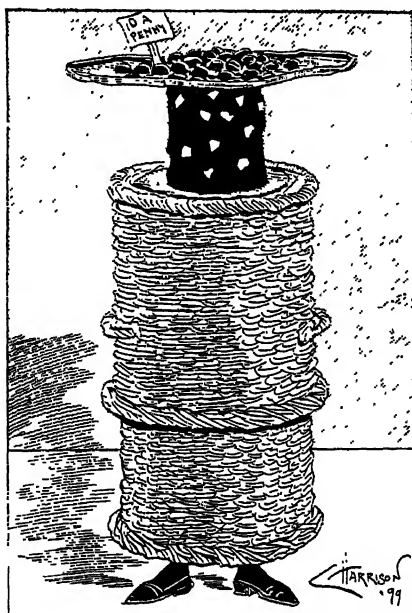
To wear their pride on the obvious sleeve of
them,
I know of some should need to mend their
manners.

[Train slows down, approaching station.

H-b-s-n (looking out of window). Behold the
deepôt. Just a furlong off

I can discern where eager ambuscades
Of women wait me under Stars and Stripes
With straining faces not to be denied.
I must go through with this. If I survive
To hear you further, I will come again,
Having acquired a thirst, and join you in
A couple of sherry cobbles. That is so.

A MEMBER of the Upper House writes,
"I see prominently advertised 'Commons
Preservation Society.' Quite unnecessary.
Surely there is more need of a Lords' Pre-
servation Society? Who will start it?"



AT THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

Gentleman (who has impersonated "Roast
Chestnuts"). "PERHAPS, AFTER ALL, I'D
BETTER HAVE COME AS SOMETHING SIMPLER,
AND ENJOYED MYSELF A BIT."

WANTED (after the shock experienced by
Parr's Banking Co. Ltd.).—More restora-
tives.

NEW SCRIP FOR AN OLD SONG.

LAWSON would promoting go,
Heigh-ho! says HOOLEY,
Whether his money would let him or no,
With a HOOLEY, BRADFORD, gammon, and
spouting,
Heigh-ho! says HOOLEY.

Let us boom and bull this new beastly tire,
Sky-high, says HOOLEY;
Old ladies, of either sex, come and acquire
Our HOOLEY-LAWSON shares and debentures,
Ha, ha! says HOOLEY.

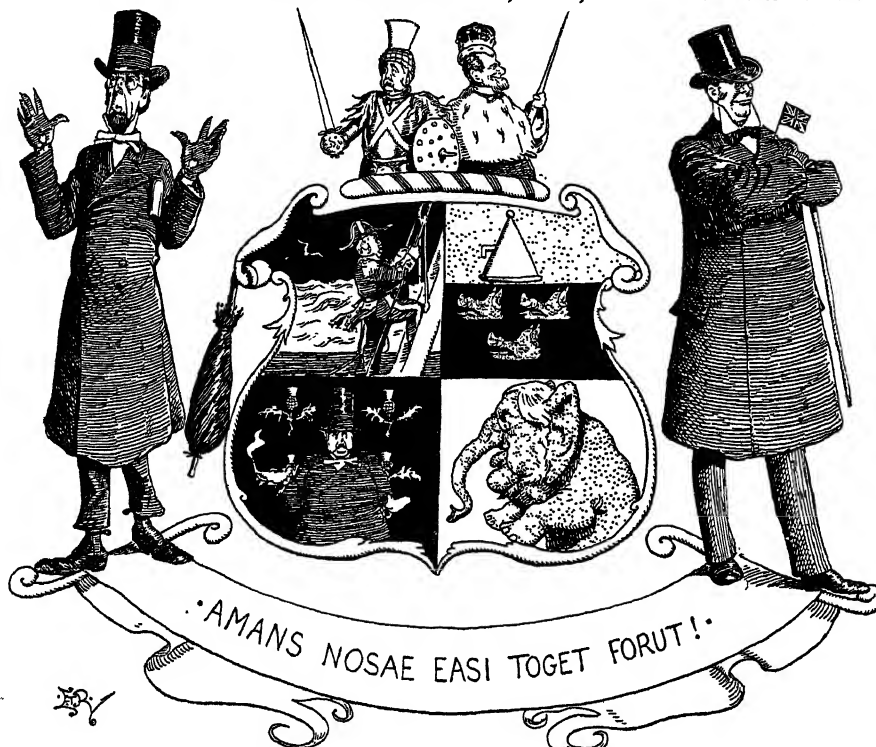
Pray, Mrs. MOUSE, will you take a share?
One more, says HOOLEY;
Yes, kind Sirs, in this safe affair,
In a HOOLEY-LAWSON Company, Limited.
Ha, ha! says HOOLEY.

But there's always a chance that some fine
day,
Heigh, wo! says HOOLEY,
A BROUGHAM, not a motor, will get in the
way
Of a HOOLEY, LAWSON, BRADFORD, and
Company.
Woe, woe! says HOOLEY.

OLD CONUNDRUM RE-SET (and, unfortu-
nately, applicable to any case of "scare" in
an overcrowded theatre, lecture-room, or con-
cert-hall).—Q. When is a door not a door?
A. When it is closed and fastened up.

MOTTO FOR A MODEL MUSIC-HALL EN-
TERTAINMENT.—"Everything by 'turns'
and nothing long."

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



ARMS FOR SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, G.C.B., M.P.:

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, On a sea of turbulence vert a jovial commodore, braided and epauletted proper in bullion, and wearing the insignia of the grand cross of the bath, mounting nimbly the bridge of a fighting-ship, drifting derelict and awash, barnacled, scuttled, riddled, and gutted; 2nd, Under a chief radiant in suavity, several heraldic partibores urgent, armed with questions perennially brandished out of season, diplomatically exorcised, muzzled, and suppressed; 3rd, On a ground semée of thistles, an elder of the auld licht lightsome, kaily canny pawky silvandy to the fu', bearing an heraldic wee-bit cruizey or Scottish lantern, findin' salvation in the langsyne proper; 4th, A rugged elephant of the new forest on the war-path, sturdy in protestantism, and fully versed in the rubric, insulated by instincts antijongonée, turned up passée by the rest. *Crest:* A Scottish knight-in-armour, reluctant in temperament, but cedant under stress of suasion, haled, elected and ensconced proper in a cul-de-sac, conjoined kimberley in opposition, portly for the nonce, but will probably gobony in harness (*Motto:* "Locus dulcis!"—"Cheerful post, eh!"). *Supporters:* Dexter, a typical antique radical of retrenchment, straitened in view (kindly lent by the British Museum), arrayed gudée gudée exeterallos to the last regardant paly in dismay the trend gory of the times; Sinister, a modern liberal of imperialism fashodée, statant sanguine on a stricken field, acquiescent in annexation, charged with a shamrock of home-rule-slipped vert and demi-erased. (*Second motto:* "Cordate si non cordite!"—"Wisely if without high explosives!")

CONFIDENCES.

(Extracted from Mr. Punch's Post-bag.)

v.

DEAR SIR,—Like many other parents, I am agitated by the problem, "What are we to do with our sons?" I have four of my own, and although the eldest is only eleven, I feel that one can't begin too soon to consider the question of their future careers. The other day I chanced upon an article in an educational magazine, written by that eminent novelist, Mr. H. G. WELLS, which seemed to shed new light upon the matter. This, according to the author of the *War of the Worlds*, is the best course to adopt: Study the tastes of your boys when young; find out what career they then fancy most, by noticing what rôle they prefer to fill in their games. Their real bent, their natural aptitude thus can be discovered, and so, when the time comes, you can place them in the various professions which they choose for themselves years before.

I have carefully carried out this plan, with the following results:—

HAROLD, aged eleven, wishes to command a pirate schooner. This profession involves, as he justly remarks, "no beastly swotting,"

no examinations have to be passed in order to qualify for it, and the income, though a little uncertain, is not to be despised—amounting to several shiploads of doubloons a year. I have ventured to point out that pirates not seldom came to a sudden and premature end. "Those were rotters," answers HAROLD, contemptuously, "they jolly well won't catch me!" So HAROLD's profession is as good as settled. I understand that already he has drawn up a list of his crew, which is to include two friends of HAROLD's own age, our curate, the gardener's boy, the local linendraper (who is to contribute the black flag by way of premium), and the cook—"cos she makes such stunnin' hardbake."

DICK, aged nine, has nearly decided to be a Salvation Army preacher—"like EDITH's brother." (EDITH, I may explain, is our housemaid, and her brother, attired in uniform, is sometimes a visitor in our kitchen.) DICK is already training for this calling; yesterday I found him vigorously haranguing an impassive row of his sister's dolls. But he hasn't quite made up his mind whether, after all, he wouldn't rather be a cannibal chief.

I have just interviewed BOB (aged eight)

with the double purpose of finding out what profession he fancies most, and of causing him to stop ringing the dinner-bell, which he has been doing with great energy for the last half-hour or so. He informs me that he is DICK WHITTINGTON listening to the chimes, and that he means to be Lord Mayor. I have tried to convince him that this by itself is hardly a sufficient profession. "I'm not going to be a profession," he replies, "I'm going to be Lord Mayor," and his solo on the dinner-bell recommences.

WALTER, aged six, announces his unalterable resolve of being a dustman. No reason for his choice is forthcoming; he only repeats it over and over again with increased conviction. "I won't be a soldier," he cries, indignantly, in reply to a timid suggestion of mine. "Soldiers is silly. I'm going to be a dustman."

So, Sir, if I act upon Mr. WELLS' advice, this difficulty is at an end, and each of my sons is provided with a profession for his later years. But then a further point remains, about which Mr. WELLS is silent, and so I turn to you for guidance.

How and where am I to have my children educated, bearing in mind their subsequent careers? Can you give me the addresses of any training colleges for Pirate Captains, Salvation Army Preachers, Cannibal Chiefs, Lord Mayors, or Dustmen?

Hoping that you will be able to assist me, I am, Sir, Yours in some perplexity,
PATERFAMILIAS.

A BALLADE OF INCURABLE MALADY.

[An article in the *Lancet* asking, "What is it to grow old?" declares that it is "arterio-sclerosis causing involution of the central neuron."]

THE maidens pass me—and I sigh
To see my poor attractions wane;
Boys that I knew scarce two feet high
Look down upon me with disdain;
And soured in temper, cross of grain,
I ask the doctors' diagnosis;
Thus they my malady explain—
It is arterio-sclerosis.

When stiffening joint and hazy eye
From sport compel me to refrain,
Of prowess in the days gone by
While still inordinately vain;
When sneering friends I entertain
With talk that daily more verbose is—
This is your work in limb and brain,
Alas! arterio-sclerosis.

I seek (but vainly!), far and nigh,
Cure for my ailment to obtain;
Myself each pleasure I deny,
From every dainty I abstain—
Do all the doctors may ordain,
Try plasters, lotions, pills, and doses,
From which all ill relief can gain—
Except arterio-sclerosis.

ENVOY.

Ah, PUNCH! you still your youth retain—
Pray tell by what metempsychosis
We may, like you, escape this bane—
The dread arterio-sclerosis.

Robbie Burns on the Parr's Bank Robbery.

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll cash 'em."

[The chiel must have managed it uncommonly cleverly to have got in "amang them." But as to cashing them—well, the biggest having been returned, the next question as to the booty is the title of BULWER LYTTON's novel, *What will he do with it?*]

MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATISED NOVELS.

II.—DR. THERNE. BY R-D-R H-GG-RD.

ACT I.—SCENE—Dr. THERNE's house at Donkeyster. The Doctor sits at a table in his consulting-room, one hand clasping a fevered brow, the other stretched forth towards a glass containing some pale golden fluid. He soliloquises.

Dr. Therne. At length the trial is over, and I am acquitted. The jury found me "Not guilty," but added a rider to the effect that I was not to do it again. So there goes my practice. No one will employ a physician who has been tried for manslaughter, and narrowly escaped conviction. Altogether, I don't see what's to become of me. (*Seizing the glass.*) But you, you are ever faithful. (*Enter, unperceived, STEPHEN STRONG.*) Friend of the oppressed, solace of the weary, I have only to quaff you and my griefs will drop from me like a garment, and I shall forget the worries of mortality.

Strong. Ah, would you! [*Raises the glass to his lips.*]

Therne (*jumping up*). Confound you! Why did you do that?

Strong. I know what you're about. You were going to commit suicide, you were. Just because you've been tried for manslaughter. That's poison, that is—(*pointing to fragments of glass*)—and you were going to drink it.

Therne. Poison, you fool! It was whisky, whisky and water.

Strong. Whisky?

Therne. Yes. And I needed it after this trial business. A day or two of that kind of thing gets on a man's nerves, I can tell you.

Strong. So it does. Bless your heart, I know. Didn't I go bail for you?

Therne. You did. But that was hardly a reason for spilling my whisky. The question is, how am I to earn my living?

Strong. Can't you go on being a doctor?

Therne. I can go on. But my patients have gone off.

Strong. Why not go into Parliament as an Anti-Vaccinationist?

Therne. But I'm a believer in vaccination—at least when there's small-pox about.

Strong. But when there isn't, you're a conscientious objector? Our position exactly. We'll get you in all right. But no more of that. (*Pointing to glass.*) No drinks between meals. The Party don't like it. You agree?

Therne. Very well. It's a bargain.

ACT II.—SCENE—Dr. THERNE's study, after dinner. The Doctor, his daughter JANE, and Dr. MERCHISON are sitting round the fire.

Merchison (*gloomily*). Four more cases at the infirmary this evening, THERNE.

Therne (*nervously*). Small-pox?

Merchison. Small-pox.

[*Nods his head.*]

Jane (*maliciously*). All conscientious objectors, Papa.

Therne (*hurriedly*). A coincidence, no doubt.

Jane. It's the fifty-eighth coincidence this week, Papa.

Therne. So many? Dear, dear.

Jane. Of course, I'm not afraid for myself. You see, I've been vaccinated.

Therne (*leaping up*). You, vaccinated! You, the daughter of Dr. THERNE of Donkeyster, the Anti-Vaccinationist M.P.!

Jane (*calmly*). Yes, this afternoon. You disapprove of vaccination, I know, but ERNEST doesn't, and, as I'm engaged to ERNEST—

Therne (*furiously*). You are not engaged to Dr. MERCHISON. I forbid you to be engaged to him. Go to bed. (*Exit JANE, with dignity.*) Dr. MERCHISON, I must ask you to cease to visit at this house. Your arguments have poisoned my daughter's mind.

Merchison. I give you my word, THERNE, I have never attempted to argue with JANE on this subject.

Therne. Your public utterances were enough. Your platform speeches have caused my daughter to disobey me, and I must decline to permit any engagement between you. Good evening.

[*Exit Dr. MERCHISON.*]

Therne (*sitting down by the table and pondering*). Fifty-eight cases of small-pox at Donkeyster in a week. Four new cases to-night. How terrible! I wish I had not made myself so prominent as an opponent of vaccination. It would look so bad to change my mind now. And yet I told STRONG I was only an Anti-Vaccinationist as long as there was no small-pox about. But then I didn't tell my constituents. I wonder if I dare— (*Opens drawer and takes out tube of lymph.*) Curiously enough I have always taken the precaution to have this in the house. I will.

[*Removes coat, turns up shirt-sleeve and proceeds to vaccinate himself. As the operation concludes, the door opens silently and JANE steals into the room.*]

Jane (*pointing to his bare arm, sternly*). Papa!

Therne. Jane!

Jane. Oh, Papa, how silly you look! [*Bursts out laughing.*]



Frame-maker (*to gifted Amateur, who is ordering Frames for a few Prints and Sketches*). "AH, I SUPPOSE YOU WANT SOMETHING CHEAP AN' ORDINARY FOR THIS?"

[N.B.—"THIS" was a cherished little Sketch by Our Amateur himself.]

ACT III.—SCENE—The same. Time, next morning. Dr. THERNE seated at his table writing letters.

Servant. Dr. MERCHISON. [*Enter MERCHISON. Exit Servant.*]

Therne (*very stiffly*). To what do I owe this pleasure?

Merchison. I've come to ask you to sanction my marriage with your daughter.

Therne. Sir!

Merchison. Pooh, my dear THERNE. Don't be pompous. It's too late. I know all about last night. Come, name the day.

Therne (*after thinking for a moment*). I will, on one condition.

Merchison. Which is?

Therne. That you let me look at your arm.

Merchison (*laughing*). But that's absurd. There's nothing the matter with my arm. It's your arm that wants looking at.

Therne. Very well. Call it a whim, only let me look at it.

Merchison. All right. [*Removes coat and rolls up shirt-sleeve.*]

Therne. Ah, as I thought. No, Sir. I refuse my consent to your marriage with my daughter.

Merchison. Very well, then. I shall tell your constituents that you, who have always posed as an Anti-Vaccinationist, vaccinated yourself last night.

Therne (*coldly*). And I shall tell my constituents—who, by the way, are mostly your patients—that you, who pose as an ardent vaccinationist, are yourself unvaccinated.

Merchison. Why not?



ABSENCE.

Mr. Brownrigg (an absent-minded old Gent.). "LET ME SEE—DOES MR. BROWNRIFF LIVE HERE?"

New Servant (not recognising her Master). "YES, SIR; BUT HE'S NOT IN AT PRESENT."

Mr. B. "OH, WELL, NEVER MIND. I'LL CALL AGAIN."

Therne. Why not! My dear Sir, you preach vaccination to others, but you won't treat yourself with your own remedy. You and I are in the same boat. I oppose vaccination for others, but undergo it myself. You are in favour of vaccination for others, but are careful to keep that poison out of your own system. I speak as an Anti-Vaccinationist. No, no, my friend. If you disgrace me with my constituents, I will ruin you with your patients. *(Chuckles amiably.)*

Merchison (dismally). You've found me out.

Therne (genially). And you've found me out, eh? Well, let's strike a bargain. You say nothing about me and I'll say nothing about you. You agree?

Merchison. I agree.

Therne. Very well. Then Donkeyster keeps its Member. And, by the way, under these circumstances I've no objection to your marrying my daughter. We scoundrels ought to have a fellow feeling for each other. *(Shaking him by the hand.)* Good morning. *(Curtain.)*

OLD CLO'!

THE following extract is from the *Daily News* report of proceedings in the Dublin Corporation:—

Mr. Lenihan. If they knocked at WILLIAM REDMOND'S clothes, they would get at some of the militiaman inside. *(Laughter and cheers.)*

Mr REDMOND said he wore no coat that was not worn by CHARLES STEWART PARNELL in his early days—*(cheers)*—by JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, or by Lord EDWARD FITZGERALD. *(Applause and a Voice: "They would not fit TOM LENIHAN.")*

The euphemism about knocking at an objectionable person's clothes is delicious. But it pales before disclosures volunteered by REDMOND Cadet as to the origin of his wardrobe. We hear occasionally of stepping into another man's shoes. But it is rare to have in daily use a coat with such a history as is here recorded.

THE EARTH'S NEW SHAPE FOR '99.

[According to Dr. J. W. GREGORY's lecture at the Royal Geographical Society, this planet is not an oblate spheroid, but flattened at the Equator as well as at the Poles, with minor distortions elsewhere. It is, in fact, more like a potato or a peg-top than the orange to which we have always been told it should be compared.]

THE poor old Earth's knocked out of shape
By modish Dr. GREGORY,
For, measured with his tailor's-tape,
She's a peg-top or an egg awry.

A common or oblate spheroid
At school we called our planet;
A potato must be now employed
For figure, when you span it.

The Equator's flattened like the Poles,
When round the Line a don tours,
And Fashion Mother Earth controls
Like ladies' sleeves and contours.

HALF-A-DOZEN "LEAGUES" UNDER THE SEA.

(Being the sequel to M. Jules Verne's famous story by a subsequent hand.)

CAPTAIN NEMO paced the cabin of the *Nautilus* in moody silence. Readers of JULES VERNE will remember that Captain NEMO was usually moody and not infrequently silent. Nor was such silence unbecoming a man of his responsibilities. As commander of the submarine vessel which (at the suggestion of the *Matin* newspaper) had been presented to France by the half-dozen Leagues of Patriots among whom Paris is at present divided, he had a truly responsible post. A proud smile, however, softened the stern lines of his lips as the *Nautilus* sped swiftly along the surface of the English Channel on her mission of destruction. "Revanche," he muttered, as he sighted Plymouth, and the crew of the *Nautilus* fell into each other's arms at the word.

But who was Captain NEMO? No one knew. That dark secret lay hidden in the dark soul of this inscrutable man. Some said that in happier days he had proudly borne the name of ESTERHAZY. Some hinted at DU PATY DE CLAM. But none ever ventured to question the mysterious unknown.

Suddenly two mighty battleships hove in sight on the weather bow, from which quarter a sound of firing had for some time been audible. They were steaming rapidly towards the *Nautilus*, and appeared to be pounding one another with considerable energy. Captain NEMO strode to the speaking-tube and shouted an order. There was a sound of battening down hatches, and slowly the submarine vessel began to sink. Summoning the crew into the cabin, Captain NEMO addressed them in a few well-chosen words. He bade them remember the great nation to which they belonged and the greatness of the blow they were about to strike. Intense excitement prevailed on board.

Presently through the green water a huge form loomed above their heads. With his own hand Captain NEMO discharged a torpedo at her. The dull sound of an explosion reached their ears. Then silence. "C'est fini," cried the Captain; "Vive la France!"

Slowly the *Nautilus* rose to the surface. The hatches were opened and Captain NEMO mounted on to the platform. Within a dozen yards of them was—the enemy's battleship!

"Mon Dieu!" cried the Captain, "we have sunk the wrong one!"

"Nous sommes trahis!" cried the crew. "A bas la navigation sous-marine! A bas NEMO!"

Captain NEMO turned on them like a lion. "Imbéciles!" he screamed. "Qu'est-ce que vous voulez? C'est un malheur, sans doute. Mais—"

At this moment a shell from the surviving battleship struck the *Nautilus*, which began to fill rapidly.

This was the last of the *Nautilus*, which sank in three minutes. If it be the object of a submarine vessel to remain under water for as long a time as possible, she must be considered a striking success. For she has never risen since.

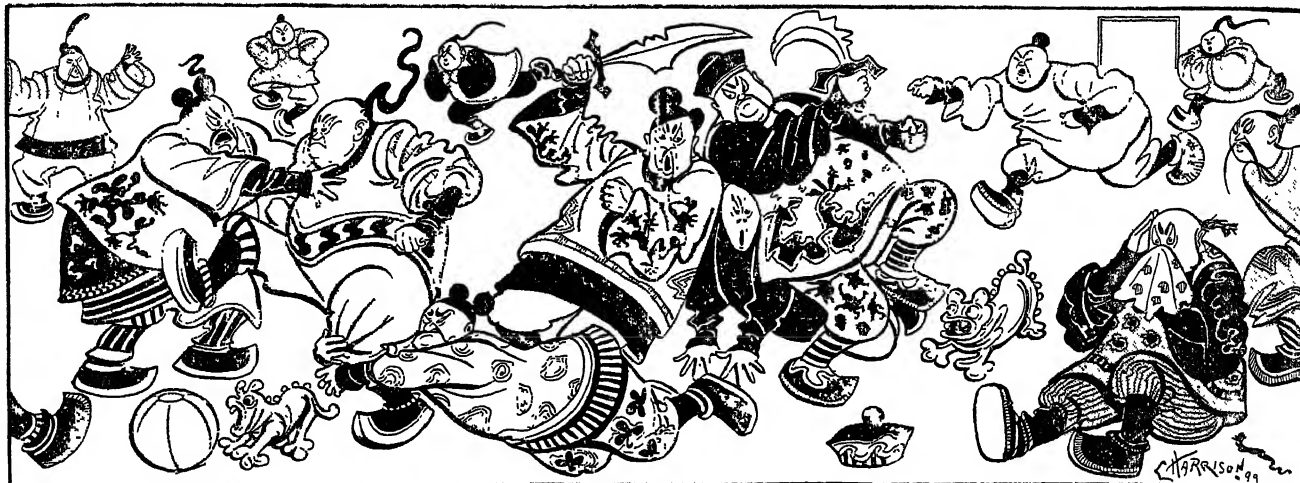
Not Strictly an Oath.

Solicitor (in the County Court, to defendant). Can't you pay the plaintiff a pound a month?

Defendant. No. I'll see him £ s. d.—d first!

[Immediate order by the Judge.]

SCOTLAND YARD COMMUNICATED WITH.—Q. When the Tsar and Mr. STEAD bring their project to a satisfactory solution, what weapons will be left to us? A. Peace-shooters, of course.

[“Chinese footballers are to visit England.”—*Echo*.]

PROPHETIC PICTURE OF THE GREAT MATCH BETWEEN THE AH PING ROVERS AND THE TING JING BOUNDERS.

WAR TO THE—BUN.

“At a meeting of the London Master Bakers’ Protection Society it was stated that the north-western district Committee of the Society had determined to commence a crusade against hot cross buns. Those articles were most indigestible, and their consumption was against the public health.”—*Daily Paper*.]

Oh, honest Master Bakers, hail!
Who an ill-gotten wealth disdain,
And your own merchandise assail,
To save us from an annual pain,
Bidding us solemnly to shun
The horrors of the Hot Cross Bun.

Now haply butchers will protest
(By your example made sincere),
“Don’t buy our beef, ‘tis not the best,
Our mutton, too, is far too dear.
Kind friends, we dare not tell a lie,
Nor grow too wealthy—pray don’t buy!”

Athirst when to the bar we go,
A modest glass of ale to crave,
The publican will answer, “No!
Your twopence you had better save.”
And then, our thirst to counteract,
Will proffer a teetotal tract.

The corset makers will proclaim
The evils that tight-lacing brings,
And the costumers cry out shame
On ladies wearing sea-gulls’ wings;
While doctors own with candid shrugs
The deleteriousness of drugs.

Yet as across the future field
Each modern QUIXOTE thus careers,
To you we’ll not forget to yield
The honour due to pioneers,
As we remember how you made
Against the bun your hot crusade.

DREADFUL FATALISM.—Never try to effect a footing on the step of an omnibus in motion, lest you be laid on your back in the road. For it has been decided (see *St. James’s Gazette*, January 31) that as a matter of Common-Sense Law (not the same as “Common Law” without the “sense”) “a passenger who contributes to his own accident cannot recover.” Poor passenger! His “Exors.” should insist, in justice, according to Common-Sense Law, on the contributory Omnibus Company paying its half-share of the joint-victim’s funeral expenses.

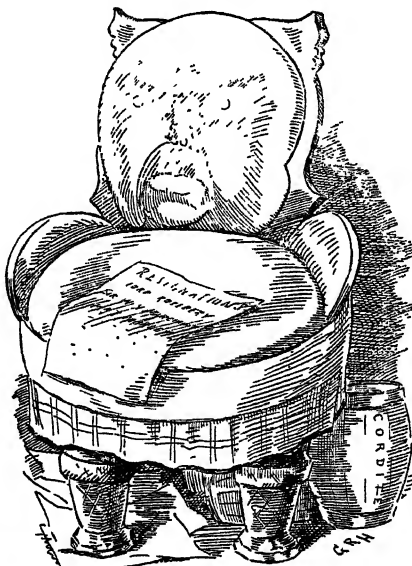
Maidenly Etiquette.

Little Chris (ætat. eight). I’ve a birthday party on Thursday, EVIE. I should like you to come.

Little Evie (ætat. nine). I should love to, dear.

Little Chris. But I couldn’t, you know, unless you asked me to tea first.

QUESTION IN EXAMINATION PAPER FOR VACANCIES IN BANKING HOUSES.—“If any one receives a cheque marked ‘Refer to drawer,’ should he at once take it to a dentist? If not, then say to what other ‘drawer’ he can refer—top-drawer, lower-drawer, secret-drawer, spring-drawer?”



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—X.

THE “STOP-GAP” OR “CAWMELL” EASY CHAIR.

A convenient and popular easy chair. Belonged in 1885 to one of the first Members of the (Home Rule) Salvation Army. Unfortunately blown up, ten years later, by cordite. Been repaired, and now brought into prominence, for temporary use only, owing to withdrawal, for various reasons, of other seats. Will stand a great deal of rough usage. Scotch fir, upholstered in “Campbell” tartan.

THE CRUISING CAB; OR, WHOA! IN LONDON.

(A New Leaf from a Traveller’s Log-book, turned over many years after “Hohenlinden,” thanks to the Police regulation of Feb. 1.)

In London, when the sun was low
Or high, the cabs would crawling go,
And at a snail’s-pace was the flow
Of traffic, blocked eternally.

But London saw another sight,
Thanks to Sir EDWARD BRADFORD’s might,
Commanding men in blue to right
The mischief with rapidity.

In far suburban yards arrayed,
Each Jehu drove his sorry jade,
To ply throughout the Strand his trade
In street-congesting rivalry.

Then shook the sky with “language” riven,
When back they straight were fearless driven,
And open space at last was given
To each pulsating artery.

But bolder yet let London grow—
We’ve other nuisances to show,
That need a prompt effective blow
To vanish with celerity.

Especially the wayward “prams,”
With gaping nurse-maid causing dams
Along the pavement where she rams
And charges one’s anatomy.

The newsboys, too, that “Winner!” yell,
The strings of sandwichmen as well,
And German bands we might expel—
They’re quite a superfluity.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave!
Policemen, high your truncheons wave!
Move on each loitering, loafing knave,
Or run them in *ex tempore*!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
’Tis now full time to clear the street!
Hence we applaud the bobbies’ feat
(No, not their feet!) with energy!

Ancestral Colour.

“‘WAS ADAM Black?’ is Professor THOMPSON’s interesting query,” writes a correspondent, and continues, “which demands a reply. I, Sir, am not a Quatuor-Millennarian, but I can swear that ADAM was BLACK (and so was CHARLES, his brother), when last seen by me at their publishing office in Soho Square.” Yours,

“VINDI TANTUMMY.”



GIVING THEM WARNING.

Electricity (to Submarine Cable and Land Telegraph). "I DON'T LIKE TO GET RID OF OLD AND VALUABLE SERVANTS, BUT I'M AFRAID I SHALL NOT BE ABLE TO KEEP EITHER OF YOU MUCH LONGER."

RUS IN URBE.

A CHORUS FROM THE BIRDS.

["Thanks to the protection afforded them by the Metropolitan Wild Birds Act, many varieties are now domiciled in St. James's and Hyde Parks which have become almost extinct in other parts of the country."—*Daily Paper*.]

Strophe of Country Birds.

WHITHER, whither can we fly?
Sea-gull, rook, and raven,
Throstle, mavis, lapwing shy,
Lark that carols in the sky,
Thus in chorus do we cry,
"Where to find a haven?"

Shady woods and valleys fair
In the noonday dreaming,
Do but hide the gin and snare,
And the sportsman ambushed there—
See his barrel gleaming!
Death is lurking in the lea,
On the moor, and by the sea;
Every thicket, every tree
Is with danger teeming.

There is left no field nor fen,
Where of old we nested,
Where a cock may court a hen
Safe and unmolested.
In the country-side we die,
Harried hither, thither—
Whither therefore can we fly?
Whither? Whither? Whither?

Antistrophe of Town Birds.

We do know of sylvan glades
That the fowler knows not;
Sunny lawns and sheltered shades,
Shallows where the heron wades,
Copses that no gun invades,
Where the sportsman goes not.

Here for our delight the rose
Twines her magic bowers;
Gorgeous rhododendron blows,
And a mingled fragrance flows
From a million flowers.
Foe no longer, even man
Plays the good Samaritan,
Comes to feed us when he can
In his leisure hours.

Ask ye where this haven lies
Sweet with musk and lily?
No, 'tis not in Paradise—
Nearer, Piccadilly.
Then no longer weep and wail,
Crying, Whither? Whither?
Seek with us this verdant vale,
Flying thither, thither!

PROPOSED ADDITIONS TO THE
PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1900.

(Submitted for Consideration.)

THE Laws of France (obsolete).
Resignation of the last member of the
Court of Cassation.
Bâtons of Marshals (no further use to
their owners).

The scales and sword of Justice rescued
from an old curiosity shop.

"The Glories of France;" comic song.

"Bluster and Bully: a Manual for the
Army;" compiled by an Old Soldier.

"Tell that to the Submarines;" the Im-
perial Rescript translated from the Russian.

"Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity;" a
guide-book to the *Ile du Diable*.

"Who dares to talk of '98;" a challenge
to *La Grande Nation* from the rest of the
European family.



First Detective (disguised as a Groom, to Bookmaker, who has been doing a little business with his Customers). "WHAT ODDS?"

Bookie (who has noticed the official boots). "TEN TO ONE BAR THREE."

Detective. "WHAT THREE DO YOU BAR?"

Bookie. "WHY, YOU TWO BLOKES AN' THE BLOOMIN' MAGISTRIT!"

"WRITE ME DOWN AN ASS!"

SIR,—Lady WIMBORNE, who, if she were not a GUEST, would be quite a host in herself, has been electrifying the readers of the *Times*, and of other papers quoting therefrom, with a tale of a donkey in church, present at some service and taking an active part in it. Her Ladyship did not describe the donkey. But why this excitement about her assertion? Assuredly there should be none. Why, Sir, I have been in courts of law, in camps, in cathedrals, in lecture-rooms of scientific institutions and of universities, and never can I remember the presence of donkeys as astonishing anybody. In fact, Sir, I think the singular fact of *only one donkey* being present might have caused somebody to draw public attention to the

fact; as, indeed, Lady WIMBORNE has done. It dawns upon me *now* that her Ladyship was astonished, or her informant was astonished, at the presence of *only one donkey* at the religious function described. Why, Sir, I have been in the midst of densely crowded political gatherings, and not only have I seen a donkey present (there were no mirrors, Sir), but have witnessed the repetition of the Balaamitish miracle! Still I survive, and am yours and Lady W.'s very sincerely,
"VICAR OF BRAY."

CONUNDRUM BY THE CHEERFUL IDIOT.—
Q. What is worse than "raining cats and dogs"? A. Hailing cabs and 'busses.

ADVICE FOR A DOCTOR.—Have patients.



Mother. "YOU ARE HAVING A JOLLY GAME! ISN'T IT GOOD OF GRANDPAPA TO PLAY WITH YOU LIKE THIS?"
 Little Girl. "WELL—BUT I'M PLAYING WITH HIM!"

LORD GR-MTH-RPE'S COMMENTARIES.

NO. III. LORD G. ON FOX-HUNTING.

SIR,—If but of course I don't who could if he had not the acumen of a microscope which I never pretended to I understand Mr. HARRISON ariht he is prepared when they have brought it off (from where I wonder) to take "only such steps as may be advisable under the circumstances."

Now I want to make my contention as clear as (no doubt they will be sorry when they see what I mean but those people are a *judez damnatur* lot so the *nocens* by which I want to indicate their pet clergyman naturally always gets off and then removes it to a different court) possible even to Mr. HARRISON's limited intelligence and before I go any further I propose to pose him with an illustration of these sort of things which he won't get out of unless which is absurd and that's where it always must fail they take a new position as he did when I told them they were a parcel of mendacious rascals or even worse (or better) according to which light you look at it so that it generally comes to the same thing or more so which is what I said from the beginning.

I remember about twenty-five years ago when the same kind of rows were (or was) going on all over the country and I myself wrote some pamphlets which I shall explain later on meeting the late Archbishop TAFT in the summer of 1880 at a garden party given by the Baroness BURDETT-COURTTS and I then asked him point-blank which was as if I had said in other words how many beans make five what he wanted me to do if such scoundrels still went on doing what they had declared they would do but had not yet done in about six months' time at the most, that being the period laid down in Lord PENZANCE's admirable judgment, if ever there was one, on a totally different question but arising as they knew perfectly well out of the same dispute; and the Archbishop at that time said nothing though what he might have said later if he had not unhappily died sooner I for one would never dream of imagining but of course there is only one thing he could have said and

that was that I ought to denounce it publicly *urbi et orbi* which is what I intend doing as long as I have breath in my body or a pen to write it with.

But suppose I meet a rector of a parish defying the deliberate judgment of the Court of Arches on a roan-coloured mare in the first week of November when they are drawing it for the first time and a fox am I to sit quietly by and merely gallop up to him with a whole set of interrogatories neatly arranged by the Bishop's chaplain for use on special occasions? Of course I am not in the position of a regular follower that being by statute (*de vulpicide*, 3 & 4 Jac. I., cap. 17, where we are forbidden to use "coulters or ploughshares save and except in the manner prescribed by His Majesty's most honourable Privy Council for that purpose lawfully assembled and not otherwise"—does Mr. HARRISON who is naturally much more of a purblind fool than I think him though after this I shall think him more so than what he was when I began to think him so want any more, if he does I can give chapter and verse for it?) but I have the same rights (*jura equestria* which about settles it for him) as any layman attending in the exercise of his rational daily exercise at the covert-side.

That being so what in the name of common sense is the use of Mr. HARRISON asking me who said rats? If I said but I refuse to pledge myself about it rats I am ready to stick to it or to the sinking ship as it soon will be if Mr. HARRISON and his fellow-buffoons have their way which rats never yet have or will do as to which I am not going to give any opinion at all in the way of a final judgment except to declare my own fixed and settled conviction that this method is the most pernicious nonsense and that is as you must agree a fairly moderate assertion after all the cant and hypocrisy to which these episcopal and other HARRISONS have though I don't deny that they are not honest or fools if that is what they are driving at accustomed us.

Yours obediently, GR-MTH-RPE.

P.S.—Next week I will smash Mr. HARRISON for good though up to now I have dealt with him and all his sycophants that being what he probably likes about it far too leniently.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden* discreetly preserves her anonymity. But the secret must have been pierced by some of the acquaintances and guests of her German home. One safeguard in the pleasing exercise of a woman's right to say what she likes of a sister is that the model for the free-handed drawing will be the last to recognise the fidelity of the portrait. Accepting that theory, we are left to full enjoyment of the scathing sketches of *Iraïs*, the young German matron, who, having been invited to pay a visit, showed no tendency towards homeward movement, and of *Minora*, the English girl of literary tendencies with her project of a book. "Just my impressions, you know, of your country. Anything that strikes me as curious or amusing I jot it down, and when I have time shall work it up into something, I daresay." The bright conversation of the house-party, and the exceedingly clever indications of character are set in the framework of the much-beloved garden and of a country bounded on one side by the Baltic. "The sudden view of the sea from the mossy, pine-coloured height; the wonderful stretch of lonely shore, with the forest to the water's edge; the coloured sails in the blue distance; the freshness, the brightness, the vastness," compose a scene marred by mosquitoes. Everything has its compensating advantage. When visitors have stayed too long, the hospitable *Elizabeth*, one fine, hot morning, proposes a picnic to the Baltic. The unsuspecting visitors joyfully assent. They have a day with the mosquitoes, and on getting back they think they will return to their own homes. These visitors are, of course, all women. My Baronite is not sure which passion is the stronger with the gentle *Elizabeth*, her love of flowers or her antipathy to her own sex. She sedulously cultivates the assumption that she herself is of German race. But no German is gifted with the particular kind of humour that sparkles over these pages, nor could any write such excellent English. In only one sentence do German associations corrupt good English. When *Elizabeth* writes, "I have been reading a *Life of Luther*, lent me by our Parson in the intervals between looking round me and being happy," she does not mean exactly what she says. The Parson did not walk round her, beaming with joy, pausing at intervals to lend her *LUTHER*. All she means is that she had been reading the book in restless moments of a busy, happy day.

"The Eyes have it!" Any one doubting the power of eyes has only to turn for ocular demonstration to the creepy-crawley, diabolical vampirey mystery, entitled "*Maquita*," which is the first of four strangely weird stories to be found in *Some Fancies of Fate* (DIEBY, LONG & Co.), by M. W. WELBORE, who the Baron, perpetrating a mediæval conceit on the author's name, hopes will "bore" for more springs in that "well" which is the source of his present supply; nor should he leave Well alone, the Baron being quite sure that, having done so well, he had better stick to it, unless he can "go one or two better." But why leave us, not dissatisfied, but unsatisfied, and asking for a satisfactory finish to every story? Of this present collection, the Baron strongly advises all who will listen to his words of wisdom to ignore the author's arrangement of his own stories, and to place the second one, "*Rejected of Men*," last, as its simple pathos will quiet the nerves after supping full of horrors.

Blackwood, always worth half-a-crown, both in respect of quantity and quality, comes out this month, not a modest magazine, but a portly volume. This present February marks the 1,000th number of *Maga*, and "the House" celebrate the event by scattering the largesse of a double number. It is full of good things of diverse interest. My Baronite turns with keen interest to Sir JOHN MOWBRAY's chat about his "Seventy Years at Westminster." The Father of the House of Commons is the only man living who could discourse on this particular theme. His reminiscences are charming, and the charm would be increased if he would only let himself go, chatting more about his personal experiences and acquaintances than of epochs of parliamentary history, record of which is accessible in books. Those who have private acquaintance with the benignant Father of the House of Commons know it is constitutional modesty that restrains his pen. It is difficult to convince him that matters pertaining strictly to himself can interest the busy world at the end of the nineteenth century. That is a mistake he will have full opportunity to correct in future instalments, for of his three-score years and ten he has re-paced only one half the track. THE BARON DE B.-W.

"WHO IS THE ENGLISH AUTHORITY ON GRAMMAR?" heads a letter from "H. A. T.," who quotes a sentence from some correspondence in "a contemporary." Mr. *Punch* caps "H. A. T." by reguoting the words of a certain well-known theatre-goer, now, alas, no longer among us, who uttered this immortal sentence, "*Me and him has took stalls*." This, for grammar, has never been beaten. If it has, who is the champion?

'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.
ON CLOTHES.

"WHY NOT EMPLOY LOCAL TALENT? SAVES HALF THE MONEY,
AND NO ONE CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE."

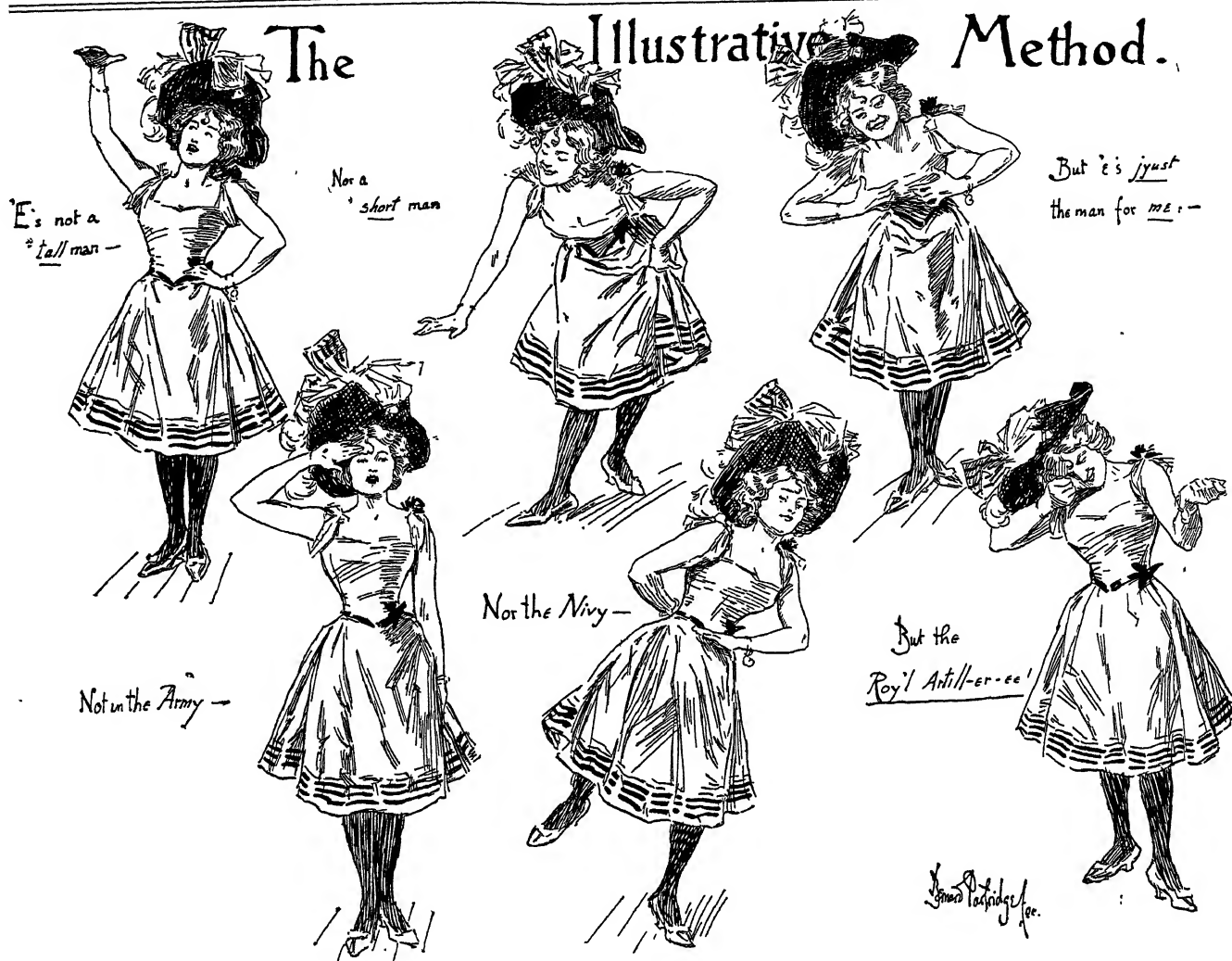
"MORE LIGHT!"—All very right and proper to stop that bewildering and uncommonly flashy method of advertising by means of lightning-like "search rays" that dart here and there and everywhere, illuminating the town with Somebody's Something for the million, startling quiet pedestrians and many nervous horses, thereby causing danger to life and limb. But while the L.C.C. is able to see this trouble without spectacles, let it put 'em on and do something (if it is within its powers) first and foremost for the general ill-lighting of most London streets, which are still in comparative darkness, or rather, darkness made visible by the feeble glimmering of weak lamps at rare intervals. In some not unfashionable quarters, down S.W. way, after the shops, whence comes the strongest light, are closed, and after the fan-lights of private houses are extinguished, it is difficult for the most sober teetotaler, with the full use of his eyes, to see his way twenty yards ahead except on the clearest night. S.W. lighting is only "better than nothing at all."

A Little Knowledge.

Daisy (who has been studying *Chrysanthemums*). MAISY, do you know what's a *Double Begonia*?

Maisy (who has been studying *the Classics*). "Double Big-onia"? Yes! Of course, it's the plural of One Big Onion.

WOULD it be disrespectful to call the originator of the Horseless Carriage Corporation a company pro motor?



MUSIC-HALL INANITIES. II.

MORTE D'HARCOURT.
III.

THE CARNIVAL OF THE DEAD INNOCENTS.

So to the vigil-feast full-dress they came.
For he, Sir PORTE-DRAPEAU, against the eve
Of that great campaign with the heathen
host—

Though not as yet elected to the lead,
But shrewdly guessing how the choice should
fall,

As one who had been sounded ere the day
To see if he were minded to consent,
And anyhow was oldest hand of all
Probed in the privy counsels of the State—
Had called a feast, and summoned thereunto
The faithful remnant; and the feast was
named

The Carnival of the Dead Innocents.
Not that the name was good in point of
rhythm,
But so Sir BOOM-LE-VRAI, who played the
Fool—

Having in mind that Epic where was told
"The Tournament of the Dead Innocence,"
Scanned also blankwise, though the original
joust

Was, strictly speaking, prior to the *Morte*—
Half earnest, half in jest, had styled the
show,
Darkly alluding to the blameless air
Worn, during suicide for conscience' sake,

By HARCOURT and his henchman, JEAN
L'HONNÊTE.

For some averred that that most doleful
knight

Himself had passed to where the talkers cease
From making vain remarks. But others
held

That he was neither innocent nor dead,
Not he, nor yet that other, not at all;
But both were lawless men, and both alive,
Yea, flourishing as doth the wicked bay-tree,
And never healthier in their whole careers,
And full of going, having run away.

But there were those that drew a line and
held

That one was innocent and he was dead,
And one was not and he was wide awake;
And meant to be a bramble in their ribs.
So they distinguished. But Sir BOOM-LE-
VRAI—

Because he loved the Truth exceeding much,
And could afford to strain it now and then,
Nor missed the keen phrase ever, false or
true—

Ignoring nice distinctions, gave them both
The benefit of the doubt, and styled the show
The Carnival of the Dead Innocents;
And laughed a little, being easily pleased.

So to the vigil-feast full-dress they came,
Uncertain whether *In Memoriam*
Or otherwise. For still a sneaking doubt,
That wrought upon the conscience, racked
them sore

With ruin of their eager appetites,
Who asked, and got no answer, each of each,
If HARCOURT's ghost was likely to be sick
From insufficiency of obsequies,
Even as the splendid spook of swift Achilles,
And come again in some unearthly shape
And cause annoyance, more than they could
bear

Comfortably: so wrought the doubt upon
them.

But some, that held by witchcraft, took and
wrapped

A homely onion in their handkerchief,
For talisman to draw the tardy tear,
What time there should be mention made
of him

As Ex-conductor.

But a few there were,
Sceptics, that, looking on the feast askance,
As something 'twixt a wedding and a wake,
Sniffed at the nuptial element therein,
Much marvelling how Sir BEL-CHAMP PORTE-
DRAPEAU,

Being a man of more than common wit,
Should wed a Widowed Party who had borne
Her late bereavement with so light a heart.
Nay, was she Widowed? Here again came in
The hideous doubt if he had really passed,
And, hot upon its heels, a burning sense
Of bigamy! 'Twas said he had arranged
To pass toward Avilion—where was that?
It might transpire to be a fancy name
For Monte Carlo or the Château d'If,



HARCOURT'S PASTORAL.

"BID ME TO LIVE, AND I WILL LIVE,
THY PROTESTANT TO BE "

ROBERT HERRICK'S "*To Anthea, who may command him anything.*"

Sultry and far; but not so far nor sultry,
No, nothing like it, as a certain place,
Not the Unmentionable, but another,
That isle, "the loneliest in a lonely sea,"
Where ENOCH ARDEN stayed; and he came
back,

And very nearly spoilt a happy home!
Such doubts they had.

But when Sir PORTE-DRAPEAU
Had eased their hearts with goodly meats
and drinks

Fizzing, that make the face of man to shine
With inward rapture, and the liberal mind
Mellows to acquiescence—then the doubts
Vanished that vexed erewhile the empty
maw,

Or were reduced by ninety-five per cent.;
While all the roseate dreams they ever had,
Wherein the tide of war had seemed to turn,
And, turning, throw the heathen upside
down

And generally break them, these same
dreams,

Viewed through an ample after-dinner glow,
Were seen as double, curiously enough.

But what was said by him, Sir PORTE-
DRAPEAU,

Or never said aloud, but thought the more,
There at the banquet—he that tells the tale,
Says he will give in what he calls his next.
But I, that know him well, know well he
won't.

TO A HARD-HEARTED EDITOR.

SUPPOSING you should wish to know
Why I am sad and dreary,
Why I seemed overwhelmed by woe,
And why I look so weary;
The best of reasons I could state
For being thus affected,
My contributions have of late
So often been rejected.

(Soft Reply from H. H. Editor.)

But now, my friend, you'll joyous be,
Chirp, smile, and be diverted!
Because, for once, as you may see,
Your lines are here inserted.

SUFFICIENT ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE
LYRIC THEATRE.—"Everybody" who is
"Anybody" is there to see *Miss Nobody*.
Increasing success. "*Fuller*" (i.e., *Loie*
Fuller) every performance.



She (on the grey). "WHAT A HOT SUMMER WE HAD LAST YEAR!"

He. "YES; BUT, IF YOU REMEMBER, THE SUMMER OF '50 WAS JUST SUCH ANOTHER."

[And that is the reason why now she never speaks as we pass by—nor even bows.

A LAUGH AT THE "CRI."

"ALLONS! Marchons!" Messrs. MALTBY and LINDO's *Soldier Boy* at the Criterion is capital fun. Not a dull moment in two hours of it. Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH has never, except in one memorable piece, been better suited, and the perplexity, jealousy, misery, corporal and mental, of *Montague Mendle* are greeted with shouts of irrepressible laughter by a cruelly unsympathetic and hilarious audience. The more wretched he becomes the greater the delight of his "friends in front." And the Mr. Jonas Toddendam of Mr. MALTBY, with the light hair and the egg-shaped cranium! Immense! His eccentricities of speech remind me of a certain lady in the *Happy Thought* series. I fancy she was *My Aunt in Round About my Garden*. But what matter? While there's life in a joke, there's hope. To see the silly old dodderer is a perpetual smile, to hear him is a laugh directly he opens his mouth. Both comedians are admirably fitted. Brimming over with "divilment" is Miss JENNIE McNULTY as the buxom Irish waiting-maid, with Mr. A. E. GEORGE as *Michael O'Docherty* for her particular "bould sojer boy." Both first-rate, and never overdoing it. Mr. WATSON is most artistic as *Colonel Roscoe* (only why pocket the table-cloth, and reduce his impersonation in this one scene to the lowest old-fashioned farce?); and Mr. ROPER SPYERS just hits off, without more exaggeration than is within the license of modern farcical comedy, the character of the susceptible *Captain Cullendar*, such "a man for the ladies," who, if he lives long enough, will make as many "propositions" as ever did old EUCLID. Than

Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS no more captivating representative of the light-hearted *Lydia Mendle* could be found. Quite up to his brother-officers is Mr. CHARLES GARTH as *Lieutenant Allison*; while the earnestness of Miss HELEN FERRERS as *Mrs. Morrison*, and the helplessness and impetuosity of Miss MARGARET HALSTAN as her pretty daughter *Geraldine*, greatly strengthen the plot where it would be at its weakest. Altogether, from 8.45 till eleven a capital entertainment. No one who loves a hearty laugh, rapid action, and whimsical situations, should on any account miss an opportunity of seeing this brisk, bustling piece, perfectly cast and acted.

A TRIFLING ADDITION.—All sorts and conditions of men are becoming a trifle weary of reading the head-line, "Mr. KENSIT enters a protest." Every lover of order, even among those who sympathise with the principles he professes, but not with his practices, would like to see the above-mentioned announcement, just for once, in this form, "Mr. KENSIT enters a protest and doesn't come out again."

A BOLD BRITISH BULL.—In the account given by the *Daily News* of the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of CHARLES THE FIRST it is stated "there was not standing room yesterday morning at the church of St. Margaret Pattens in the City at 12.15 P.M." Of course not. At that particular hour there is never standing room anywhere. But—what o'clock was it?

▲ A PLACE where "Gaol Birds" are caged should be called "A Knave-iary."



OPENING PARADE OF THE PARLIAMENTARY CIRCUS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, February 7.—Parliament met to-day for a new Session. Hope it will prove a little livelier than the last. Only those who lived through it (some have since died) know how dull it was. It is the unexpected that happens, somebody has said. It didn't with us in the Commons last year. The malevolent monotony of a massive majority lay over House as a wet blanket. Impossible even for the liveliest nature to wriggle under its dank folds.

Potentiality of wholesome irruptions in the incident of the new gathering. When Parliament prorogued, the SQUIRE of MALWOOD was Leader of the Opposition. To-day he sits apart; has voluntarily resumed the dignity of a private Member. Couldn't stand the goings on of unnamed turbulent spirits in a Party whose ancient watchword was "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform." The waving of flags, the beating of drums, the blowing of trumpets, and the clashing of arms he could not away with. So he resigned his commission, and will serve in the ranks.

The Member for Sark, who holds that the poet is also prophet, will have it that SPENSER foresaw the scene in the House to-day when in "The Teares of the Muses," he thus discoursed:

But to some gentle spirit, from whose tongue
Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldness of such base-borne men
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell.

"Pen" SPENSER wrote as the last word of the first line. But SARK isn't thinking of the SQUIRE's recess letters to the *Times* on Ritualism in the Church.

The marvel to me is that the SQUIRE, not chiefly famous for long-suffering equability of temper, should so long have remained at a thankless post. He began his political career by sacrificing an assured position at the Parliamentary Bar guerdoned with more than Ministerial salary. He closed it by gallant endeavour to keep together the querulous remnant of a routed Party. A grizzled captain finds joy in fighting against whatsoever odds, if his own following be compact and disciplined. With mutiny threatened, lukewarmness at best, the stoutest heart must grow sick, and long to be quit of the whole business. So the SQUIRE of MALWOOD has vacated the cushioned but thorn-pierced seat of the Leader, and will carry his musket in the ranks.

It is on the chance of its occasionally going off at unexpected moments in unusual directions that SARK bases his expectation of the coming Session being salted with something more of human interest than was the last.

Meanwhile PRINCE ARTHUR has laid aside his widow's weeds and smiles across the table at the bridegroom *en second noes*. "I am," he said, speaking at Edinburgh when the joyousness of Christmas was on its very eve marred by announcement of the SQUIRE of MALWOOD's resignation (By the way, it was on Christmas Eve, twelve years ago, that our ever-lamented GRANDOLPH planked down his more amazing resignation)—"I am," he said, "in a widowed position, through no fault of mine, and apparently I am not even to have any voice in the choice of a successor."

Watching the coy glances of ex-Widow BALFOUR across the table, the blush that flushes her fair cheek as she meets the



Little Tomkyns (relating adventure). "IT WAS SIMPLY WONDERFUL. AS I SANK FOR THE THIRD TIME, EVERY INCIDENT OF MY LIFE CAME BACK TO ME DISTINCTLY."

The Brute Brown. "I SAY, YOU DIDN'T HAPPEN TO REMEMBER THAT FIVER I LENT YOU LAST YEAR, DID YOU?"

glance of CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, it would seem that life is still worth living.

Business done.—CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, G.C.B., takes the place of Leader of the Opposition *vice* the Tired Warrior, whose helm is now a hive for bees.

LYRICAL OUTRAGES.

II.—A SUPPLICATION (AT A BAZAAR).

Forget not yet, inside the tent
How many folks their money meant
To keep, and yet through me have spent;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet that I began
This weary work at noon, since when
The suit the service none tell can;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet my great assays—
The buyers' irritating ways,
Their painful bargaining delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not! O, forget not this,
What toil promoting raffles is—
That many take such things amiss,
Forget not yet!

Forget not, if thou hast approved
The skill which buyers' hearts hath moved,
My tea at five I e'er have loved—
Forget not this!

EVIDENT.—One day last week an elderly lady, much interested in every very latest topic, as displayed in head-lines of newspapers, startled her companions by dropping her *Times* and exclaiming to her friends, "My dears! No wonder there are these tremendous Bank Robberies! Why there's actually a foreign State which is ruled by a 'Burglarian Ministry'! Of course there would be no difficulty in disposing of the notes abroad!" [When it was explained to her that for "Burglarian" she should have read "Bulgarian," the lady was considerably disappointed.]



"THERE GOES THE SECOND MRS. MUGGERAY!"

"GRACIOUS! WHAT ON EARTH DID HE MARRY HER FOR?"

"OH, HE SAID HE WANTED SOME ONE TO AMUSE THE CHILDREN!"

FLORENCE IN THE FUTURE.

(A very distant Future, let us hope.)

Tourist. Can you speak English?

Guide. Yes, Sir. I lived in London for many years.

Tourist. It is a very long time since I was in Florence. What is there to see in your city now?

Guide. The city has been entirely improved, Sir. There is the new Palazzo Municipale. It is superb.

Tourist. I don't think I should care for that. What else is there?

Guide. There are the new Boulevards, the Piazza Umberto and the Ponte Nuovo. They are all magnificent, and the American visitors admire them very much. So do the English visitors, but there are very few of them. It is curious, for Florence has been made quite new and handsome.

Tourist. I don't wish to see new buildings. Isn't there anything old?

Guide. Oh, yes, Sir, of course. There is the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. That is more than thirty years old.

Tourist. I remember the hideous square. But where are the old buildings? How about the Baptistery?

Guide. Oh, that was pulled down six years ago to make more room for the tramways. It was a dark, ugly old place. There is a beautiful new Battistero now, made of glass and iron, like the Crystal Palace near London, put up in place of the old Cathedral which nobody liked.

Tourist. What? You don't mean to say Giotto's Tower has gone?

Guide. There was some old *campanile*. I think it was sold to the Hawaii Territory World's Fair Syndicate.

Tourist. Anyhow, there's the Ponte Vecchio.

Guide. Oh, yes, Sir. But nobody goes to see that. It was pulled down a great many years ago, and some old-fashioned, artistic Florentines made a great fuss, so it was put up again on dry land at the end of the Cascine. The Municipality used to do that years ago. Pull down an old building, and put it up again in quite a different place, and then say it was just the same. It hardly seemed worth the trouble. Happily they did not put up a memorial to every old building, as the English did to Temple Bar.

As for the Ponte Vecchio, it was turned into a switchback railway at last, but it never paid. There is the Ponte Nuovo——

Tourist. No, thank you. But look here. There must be something. Where are the pictures?

Guide. They were taken to Rome, Sir, when the Palazzo Pitti and the Palazzo degli Uffizi were pulled down.

Tourist. How about statues? I remember old statues everywhere, and some vile modern ones.

Guide. Yes, Sir, years ago, but the old ones were all cleared away to make more room for the electric tramways. But there's a magnificent statue of Italy on the Piazza at Fiesole. The figure is two hundred feet high, made of cast iron, painted to look like marble. She holds an electric light in her hand, which you can see at night from miles away.

Tourist. But I'd rather not. How about the churches? Where is Santa Maria Novella?

Guide. Excuse me, Sir; Santa Maria Novellissima. There was an old church once, but the present one is quite new. It is made of steel, with thin stone stuck all over it, to look like a stone building, just like the Tower Bridge in London. You know, Sir, we get many artistic ideas from England. It is a very clever imitation, and much admired.

Tourist. No doubt. I'll ask you one final question. Which is the oldest building now standing in Florence?

Guide. Well, really, Sir, I'm not quite sure. I should think the gasometer on the left bank of the Arno is about as old as anything. The Stazione Centrale was very ancient, but of course the new Railway Station——

Tourist. That'll do. I arrived at that station this morning. You take me back there, and I'll leave this unhappy place for ever. I'm off to Turin. It may be a rectangular, monotonous city, but it's now the oldest town in Italy.

"It's an Ill Wind——."

Captain Crosstrees (putting down paper containing reports of recent gales). Well, there's one thing satisfactorily proved!

Lieutenant Gummale. What's that, Sir?

Captain Crosstrees. The impossibility of any foreign fleet getting into Dover Harbour.

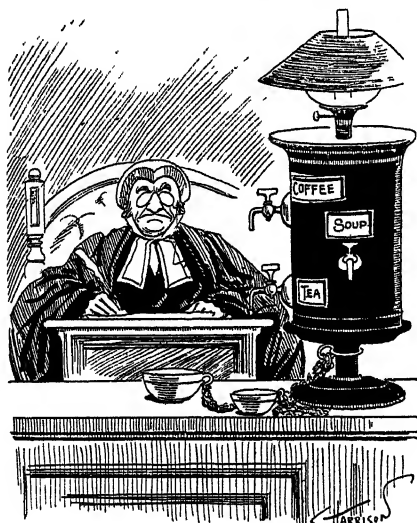


AN ENTHUSIAST.

"FOND OF DANCING, GLADYS?"

"WELL—NO. ANY ONE WHO IS REALLY FOND OF SPORT CAN'T CARE FOR THAT SORT OF THING."

Dramatic Onslaughts.

Friend. Well, how did the piece go?*Author.* Oh! it took the house by storm.*Friend.* And the critics?*Author.* Oh! they took the piece by storm. They blew up the play, bayonetted performers, and shot the author at daybreak.

["TEA IN COURT.—His Honour Judge SROTOR, following the example of Judge ADDISON, took five o'clock tea in Court yesterday afternoon."—*Westminster Gazette*, February 8.]

Suggestion for the Hot Water Lamp-post idea to be adapted for the Judge's Bench. Hot tea, coffee, and soup always ready.

A LAY OF ST. VALENTINE.

(To an Old Tune.)

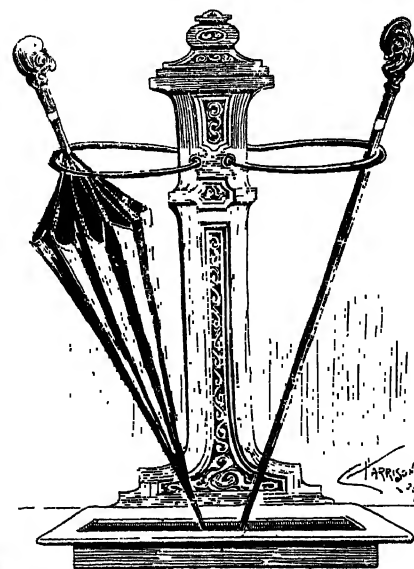
Long ago in some far country
Dwelt an eminent divine
(When and where are no great matter),
And his name was Valentine.
But the Emperor was active
In the persecuting line,
Didn't like new-fangled notions,
Took the head off Valentine.
Oh, the sadness! Oh, the sadness! Oh, the
madness, Valentine!
For you lost your head for ever—dreadful
sorry, Valentine!

Later on they canonized him,
And did thoughtfully assign,
As a feast, the day he died on
To the good St. Valentine.
'Twas the day birds choose for mating,
And in loving pairs combine;
Followed suit the youths and maidens,
Called each other "Valentine."
Oh, the gladness! Oh, the gladness! Oh,
the gladness, Valentine!
You became a "joy for ever"—very nearly
—Valentine!

Then they sent each other pictures
Laced with fretted borders fine,
Hearts and arrows, gauzy cupids,
Tokens of St. Valentine.
I received and sent some dozens
Annually in days lang syne—
Now I should be quite contented,
Might I send one Valentine!
How irrational is Fashion! Foolish Fashion,
Valentine!
Now your day is done for ever—dreadful
sorry, Valentine!

A "FUNNY BEAUNE."—Cheap Burgundy.

BRAVO, B.!--Irish antagonists of the proposed University are, according to Leader BANNERMAN's witticism, "suffering from Ulsteria." *Mr. Punch* quotes Leader B. with acknowledgments. Leader B. quoted *Mr. Punch* in his first speech without any acknowledgment. But we leave him to *Toby*.



The Stick. "I think you're looking ever so much better."

The Umbrella. "Oh, yes, I'm completely recovered, thank you!"



Leslie Youngman. 7. 99.

"NOT AT HOME!"

["MR. CHAMBERLAIN is so much occupied at the present time with the working of his own office, that he is unable to deal with this matter."]

Letter from Mr. Chamberlain's Secretary, Tuesday, February 7.]

LYRICAL OUTRAGES.

III.—EN-TOUT-CAS.

FEAR no whit the heat o' the sun
Or the furious winter's rages,
Well thy worldly task is done,
Thou art worth a servant's wages:
Golden girls (and others) must
Invoke thy aid in rain and dust.
Fear no whit the hand o' the great,
Or of lesser, humbler folk;
Care not thou if the ash be late,
Or come out before the oak!
The classes and the masses must
All own thy aid in rain and dust.
Fear no whit the beauty "flash"
That the Parasol may own,
Nor about Umbrellas fash,
Thou must ever reign alone:
Old folks and young, all people must
Resort to thee in rain and dust.

DINING OUT.

At the close of an appetising and interesting *article de luxe* in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, some ten days ago, on Dinners and Diners, hymning the praises of the eminent M. JOSEPH, now of the Savoy Hotel and Restaurant, the items and prices of a plain and simple *dîner à deux* were given. There were only five dishes, with champagne, coffee, liqueurs, and the bill amounted to £2 17s.; let us add tips to waiters, &c., and say, nobly, three pounds. Deduct 18s. for champagne, and the dinner for two cost two guineas. Substitute (supposing that you must drink something) claret for champagne at, say, putting it moderately ("*vinum moderatè doctum*," i.e., "slightly doctored"), eight shillings the bottle; then the dinner, with attendance, would be £2 10s. for two persons. Seven dinners a week for one person would be £8 15s. What an inducement for any one with limited means!

After this, it will not be astonishing to learn that there are many, nay, that there is a majority of genuine epicures who, not having the requisite eight pounds fifteen per week, "know not JOSEPH," and, what is more, don't want to,—at the price. If the invaluable JOSEPHUS can do them equally well at half the sum, then—but that's another story.

Not a few *gourmets* can mention one *Restaurateur* or more, not as yet, thank goodness, so widely known by name as the Savoy, where, for half, or even for less than half the price above-mentioned, can be obtained an equally good and quite as *recherché* a dinner. Those who "know" may safely back London against Paris for a thoroughly artistic, and a perfectly reasonable dinner. In fact, as a rule, directly a place is written about and lauded up to the skies, it sustains its reputation for a while, and then, the probability is that it is spoiled by its own success.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!!

THE following advertisement from the *Church Times* speaks for itself; further comment is unnecessary:—

WANTED, in clergyman's family, a LADY who would PLAY HARMONIUM in church, train the choir, and assist in house and with children's lessons, in return for hospitality and travelling expenses.

"BETTER THE DAY, &c."—According to "information received," the two University Crews "commence strict training on Ash Wednesday." Appropriate day, ecclesiastically. What is their fish diet? Will they take "a good hard roe" twice a day?



Scrumble. "BEEN TO SEE THE OLD MASTERS?"
Stippleton (who has married money). "No. FACT IS"—(*sotto voce*)—"I'VE GOT QUITE ENOUGH ON MY HANDS WITH THE OLD MISSUS!"

BOUNTIES UP TO DATE.

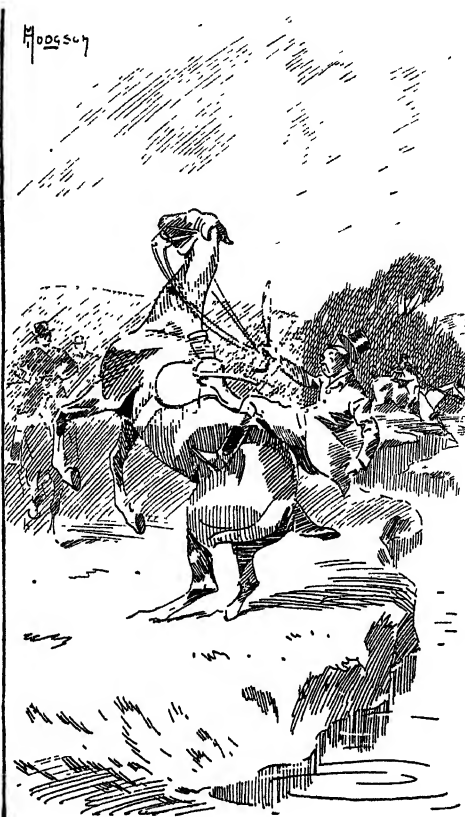
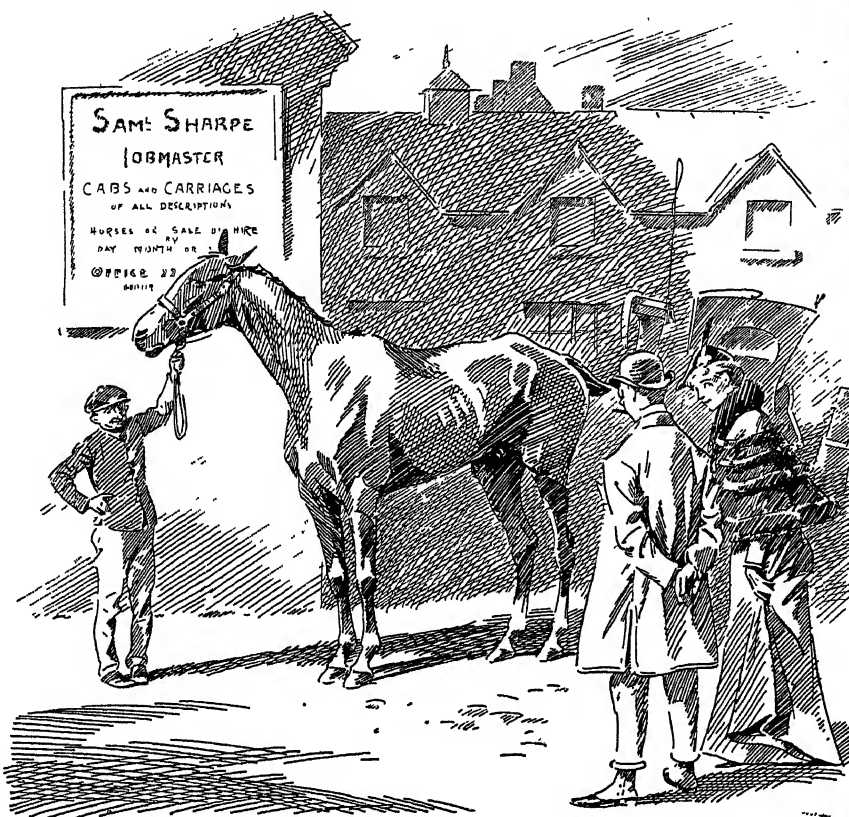
["To stimulate the consumption of sugar, a German Minister proposes to encourage soldiers to eat more of it."—*Daily Graphic*.]

I AM sick of lollipops
And acidulated drops,
And I loathe the taste of anything that's
sweet;
And I'm bothered if I see
By what right they say that we
Must be martyred for the benefit of beet.

But the Ministers declare,
"Taste is neither here nor there,
You are soldiers—not for you to reason why.
You will not object, we trust,
If it happens that you must
For your country and your constitution die."

If they knew the pangs I've felt
In the regions round my belt!
If they'd only heard me toss and writhe and
groan!
And although I give its due
To our noble constitu-
-tion, I must really not forget about my own.
One will go where duty calls,
But to die of brandy-balls!—
Neither brandy nor a ball has any fear
For a soldier. Each apart
Is the glory of his heart,
But the two together floor a grenadier.

HANWELLIAN LEGAL INQUIRIES.—If I order a ton of coals, does that give me a "right of weigh"? Is it correct to describe an unfortunate marriage as a "misjoinder"?



A BARGAIN.

Little Wife (of frugal mind). "DO BUY HIM, DEAR, AND I'M QUITE SURE THAT WITH A LITTLE REST HE 'LL VERY SOON DO FOR BOTH OF US!"
[And she was not far wrong. He precious soon came uncommonly near "doing for" one of 'em!]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN producing a *Life of William Shakspeare* (SMITH, ELDER), MR. SIDNEY LEE took in hand an alluring theme, and has, my Baronite tells me, produced a fascinating book. It is commonly conceded that the personality of SHAKSPEARE, who lived in pre-biographical days, remains the least familiar among great men save HOMER. All that is known, or can be known, is here set forth with consummate skill and admirable lucidity. The amount of erudition displayed, happily unobtrusively, is amazing. Mr. LEE seems to have read everything that has been written or conjectured about SHAKSPEARE. Out of the moving, often vaporous, mass he has evolved a figure of flesh and blood, who worked hard, boldly delved amongst other peoples' stores, illumined this pillage with the light of supreme genius, achieved a most respectable fortune, bought houses and land, and when he died, left his wife his second-best bed, and took care that she should not be buried in the same grave with him. The difficulty, hitherto proving insurmountable, of writing such a book, enhances the credit of its achievement.

With *The Middle Classes* (*Le Petit Bourgeois*), J. M. DENT & Co. have just completed their issue of BALZAC translated and unbowdlerised. As far as the Baron has been able to examine the series, the English adaptation has been very well done, and to those whom Providence has not blessed (or otherwise) with perfect knowledge of the French language, these volumes will prove a valuable acquisition. To the Baron, a little of BALZAC at a time is delightfully refreshing; but a course of him would be tedious.

The Baron, ever delighting in romance and mystery, is glad to recommend, and strongly too, a book by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, entitled *The Day of Temptation* (F. V. WHITE & Co.). Mr. LE QUEUX possesses the art of at once awaking and then sustaining the reader's Qu-eux-riosity. At the close of every chapter, except the final one, the interested peruser exclaims with the melodramatic receiver of confidences, "Proceed! Sweet Warbler! Your story interests me much!" Do we know Bruciani's Restaurant in Regent Street? Not yet; but if there be a Bruciani's, then WILLIAM LE QU-ONQUEROR should never want for a meal or a bottle of rare Italian wine as long as Bruciani's shall exist. How well, how awfully well must WILLIAM LE Q. (a very sharp-pointed Q.) know this monstrous Metropolis to be able to write as he does, p. 174:—

"The life of a man or woman can always be taken for a sovereign in London, if only one knows where to look for men ready to accomplish such work."

There's a sovereign ready for dispatching an obnoxious person! The Baron trembles. Forty enemies of his at sixpence a piece can procure the services of a quiet assassin, and no questions asked! "JAMES!" cries the Bold Baron to his faithful attendant, "bring me my shirt of chain mail to wear over my merino vest, see that my umbrella-handle-revolver is loaded, give me my electric-current gloves, also my sword-stick, and I will go out for an hour's exercise, through Piccadilly, Regent Street, Waterloo Place, the Strand, the Embankment, and back again! But first—to Scotland Yard! or to call on Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX!"

The Baron can, and hereby does, strongly recommend *The Paths of the Prudent*, by J. S. FLETCHER (METHUEN). It is an excellently well-told story of a very pretty and attractive orphan girl, discreetly educated by a worldly-wise elderly lady. *Dorinthia's* "face is her fortune, Sir, she said," and she searches for the very best investment of her capital. Her most amorous impulses are kept in check by the calmest calculation. She has a warm heart, but a remarkably cool head, and her virtue earns its reward, for there is, as it were, an uncommonly knowing little cherub sitting up aloft to keep watch and ward over the *liaisons* of the prudent, but far from prudish, maiden. The simple style in which the story is narrated, and the characters and their doings described, is genuinely humorous, while the reader's interest in the prudent pilgrim's progress is perfectly sustained to the very end; and an uncommonly natural finish it is, too.

The Baron's assistant has read *A Haunted Town* by ETHEL F. HEDDLE (WELLS GARDNER, DARTON AND Co.), and warmly recommends it to those who, being satiated with bloodshed and rapine and hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field, may desire to compose their nerves by reading a direct and simple story charmingly told. Miss HEDDLE has a flowing and graceful style, and (which is of greater value in the eyes of the jaded novel-reader) she has humour and pathos. *Aunt Petronella*, the unwearying enthusiast in the cause of *Mary, Queen of Scots*, is one of the most delightful and touching creations the Assistant has met with for a long time in fiction. Miss HEDDLE, it should be added, uses the Scotch dialect with a discretion that not even the most determined Southron could possibly object to.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

PRISON FARE.

["Whilst the well-to-do take to prison fare quite easily, the only persons who complain are footmen and ladies' maids."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

In course it stands to reason, which I think it's plain enough, We ain't a-goin' to condescend to skilly and plum-duff! Plum-duff indeed! and skilly! and to gentlefolks as be Connoosers of their vittles, like MARIAR ANN and me!

As if a gentleman wot 's passed 'is life in Grosvenor Square And 'ad a chef from Parry, 'd look at sich a bill of fare! As if MARIAR ANN, a lady wot 'as never 'eard Of dining off cold meat, could stummick stuff like that!—absurd!

The parsons and the docters, and the littry fellers too, All takes to it quite nat'ral? Which I dessay that they do, And glad enough to get it. It's a change from wot they eat In purloos sich as Paddington, and slums like 'Arley Street.

But there! that ain't no reason, not so fur as I can see, Why they should try their skilly on MARIAR ANN and me. I ain't yet learnt as Paddington 'as moved into Mayfair. Nor 'ave I 'eard as 'Arley Street leads outer Grosvenor Square.

No, no! I 'as my pride; I can't abide the scorn I feel For them as will beyave theirselves so shocking ungentle. But we 'll turn up our noses at the ojus stuff, for we Ain't nothink if we ain't refined, MARIAR ANN and me.

L'ARMÉE ET LES JUGES EN ANGLETERRE.

LA SENTINELLE ET LE "LORD CHEF JUDGE."

COMBAT SANGUINAIRE. ÉMEUTE À LONDRES.

GRÈVE DES COCHERS.

[If our very esteemed contemporary, *L'Intransigeant*, did not publish the following last week, it ought to have done so. The only possible explanation is to be found in the absence of M. HENRI TROFFORT.]

On nous mande de Londres qu'un événement, absolument inouï chez ce peuple calme et flegmatique, a eu lieu lundi dernier. La perfide Albion, amie des Dreyfusards et de tous les traîtres, aura enfin son Affaire.

Le "Lord Chef Judge," président de la Cour de Cassation en Angleterre, a voulu passer par la porte du Hidpare dans la Rue Witall. Il paraît que l'entrée est interdite aux juges. Le "Lord Chef Judge" conduisait son mail. Un brave soldat—même en Angleterre les soldats sont braves—essaya de s'opposer à l'ignoble attentat du juge. Même en Angleterre les juges sont—[*Here we omit seven lines of vituperation*]. Le brave soldat saisit les quatre chevaux, et le mail s'arrêta. Le juge, furibond, s'écria "A bas l'armée!" et se jeta par terre. Le brave soldat l'attendit tranquillement. Alors une lutte terrible s'engagea. Le juge, homme d'une force énorme, saisit la tête du brave militaire, et, la serrant sous le bras gauche, la frappa violemment de la main droite. C'est ce qu'on appelle "*to be in Chancery*," système de boxe des juges anglais. La sentinelle, poussant des cris de "Vive l'armée! Au secours!" parvint enfin à se dégager de l'entreinte judiciaire, en pinçant les mollets du juge. Mais ce dernier, d'un coup de poing, lança le brave soldat dans la Tamise, et, hurlant à pleins poumons "A bas l'armée!" grimpa sur le siège du mail, fouetta ses chevaux, et entra au galop dans le Hidpare.

C'est pour éviter de pareilles infamies en France que nous nous opposons aux Dreyfusards, aux Juifs, aux juges. Il faut les pendre, les massacrer, les écorcher, les brûler. Ah, misérable canaille! [*Here we omit nineteen lines of vituperation*.]

La perfide Albion, qui se moque sans cesse de nos efforts patriotiques, nous révèle enfin l'arrogance sans bornes de sa magistrature audacieuse. Quel spectacle! Le "Lord Chef Judge," élégant "smart" de la haute noblesse, conduisant son mail du dernier chic, arrêté par le simple soldat, luttant jusqu'au dernier moment contre l'insolence judiciaire, presque noyé d'abord dans la Tamise, et jeté ensuite dans le plus lugubre cachot de la Tour de Londres! Nous recevrons avec grand plaisir les souscriptions de nos lecteurs pour lui envoyer *L'Intransigeant* tous les jours. Il supportera mieux sa vie de martyr en lisant—pourvu qu'il ait appris le français, bien entendu—les dernières nouvelles de la lutte en France entre les juges et l'armée. Vive l'armée! Et nos abonnés en Angleterre ne sont pas nombreux.

Mais ce n'est pas encore fini à Londres. On parle d'émeutes dans plusieurs quartiers de la ville. Une grève des cochers éclata le soir. On dit que les partisans de l'ancienne famille royale de STUART ont arboré leur drapeau sur la statue de CHARLES I^{er}. Est-ce qu'on peut trouver un QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE à Londres? Nous allons voir.

En attendant, à bas les Dreyfusards, à bas les Juifs, à bas les juges! [*Here we omit twenty-six lines of vituperation*.]

HENRI TROFFORT.



AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

Little Boy. "OH, MISS PRIM, I AM SO GLAD YOU 'RE BACK AGAIN!"
Governess (much pleased). "THAT'S RIGHT, DEAR. I'M GLAD YOU 'RE GETTING MORE FOND OF YOUR LESSONS!"
Little Boy. "OH, IT ISN'T THAT. I WAS JUST THINKING HOW MUCH I SHALL ENJOY MY HALF-HOLIDAYS!"

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE;

Or, "Don't cry till you're out of the Willow-wood."

(A Sonnet Sequence after—some distance after—Rossetti.)

I SAT with JONES* beside a fireless hearth
 Writing unacted dramas, I and he,
 We sought for jest and quip and repartee,
 And burned more candle than the game was worth.
 Dull dogs we were that had but little mirth,
 And when "our mirrored eyes met silently,"
 I frowned at JONES and JONES frowned back at me;
 So we two sat and plied our quills in wrath.

Then as it seemed a sudden rapture seized
 On JONES, and, his resentment half appeased,
 He penned and flung to me a sportive note.
 Then (like ROSSETTI) with a playful groan
 He cried, "For once, for once, for once alone"
 A Poet I!—and this was what he wrote:—

"Oh ye, all ye who write in Drama-land,
 Who work with hollow faces burning white,
 Better, with LANDOR, go to Lama-land,
 Better to farthest China wing your flight,
 Assyria's wastes or that still warmer land
 (From which your chances of return are slight)
 Where Satan reads the works of SARAH GRAND,
 If your dramatic works ne'er see the light!

"Alas! the Bitter Banks of Drama-land,
 The empty tills, the overdrawn account,
 The Attic salt of Fleet Street and the Strand,
 The attic stairs up which you daily mount!
 Better a broom, a crossing, ANYTHING,
 Than Drama-land should hold you wandering!"

* Not HENRY AUTHUR JONES. There are others.



Chatty Tourist. "BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF A ROMAN CAMP, THIS, ISN'T IT?"

Grim Stranger. "No, Sir, No! I decline to admit there can be ANY TRUE BEAUTY ABOUT ANYTHING ROMAN!"

AU MIDI.

(Being an authoritative reply to "Morte d'Harcourt.")

How frankly on the open face
These airs caress me, warm and free!
With what a coy, coquettish grace
Woos me the tideless inland sea!

I sit and call "*Encore un bock!*"
I lap this beverage by the litre;
I long to leap from yonder rock
Into the cool *réserve aux huitres*.

I view the firmamental vault
Unsullied by a single cloud;
It is of such a rich cobalt
That I could nearly laugh aloud!

Before me in a steady stream
Go youth and beauty, flushed and fain;
And I, I banish care and seem
To be a bounding boy again.

Once more I move in guileless mirth,
Light-hearted, curly, eager-faced;
Once more a not unpleasing girth
Distinguishes my supple waist.

My step is light, my chin is one,
My way is flanked with vernal flowers;
My eye reflects the flashing sun,
I freely pluck the ample hours.

Too crude to shape a nation's creed
Wielding at large my layman's pen,

Too young as yet to grasp the lead
And mould the destinies of men—

I take the pendent fringe of Time,
I suck the sweets that Nature sends,
Before I yield my manhood's prime
For purely altruistic ends.

These are the memories hold me now
Under a heaven azure-fair,
Whose balm (I mentioned) fans my brow
And leaves me strangely *débonnaire*.

I take my journal up for joy;
I read with measureless content
Of such as find a fond employ
In talking to a Parliament.

I think I see them sitting tight,
Without my wit to work the strings,
Discussing, weary night by night,
The Royal Speech and other things.

And there against the same old foe,
Who is it heads the same old van?
Dimly his name I seem to know—
A certain CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

"*Mon Dieu!*" I cry, "and can it be
That pride of playing such a rôle
Had ever any charms for me,
Or power to bind my soaring soul?"

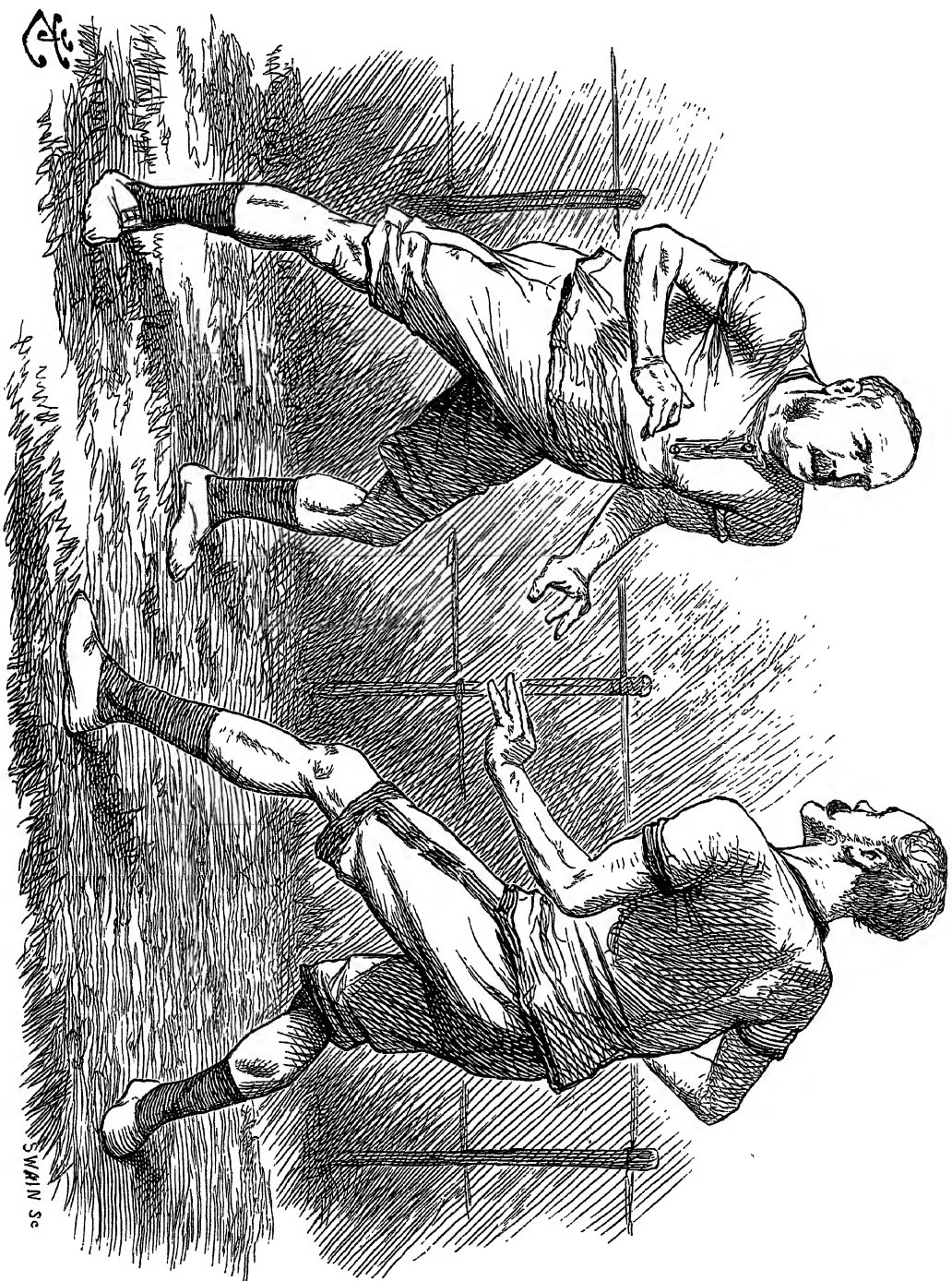
"*Morte d'Harcourt*," is it? Be it so!
Dead to the hum of yonder hive!
But otherwise I rather trow
That I was never more alive!

I have my senses all at play;
Keen rapture courses round my skin,
Here where I sit and, so to say,
Just drink the Mediterranean in.

"*Ces malheureux qui se battent là-bas!*"
Knowing the language, I exclaim;
And turn to muse on *Mardi Gras*
And merry routs of *mi-carême*.

A NEW TERROR.

As an addition to the terrible submarine torpedo-boat which is to work such havoc with the English Fleet, it is suggested that our French neighbours should form a submarine corps, in diving dresses, to operate against us from the bed of the sea. They would be armed with gimlets, corkscrews, and other deadly weapons with which to make holes in our ships. They could also throw stones at anybody leaning over the side. Already the whole of the "floor" of the English Channel has been taken for a parade-ground, and for future aggressive operations. It will be damp, but not altogether unhealthy (unless the air pipes suddenly fail: then it will—for the divers). Up to the present, strangely enough, few have volunteered, either from the Reserve or elsewhere. In fact, the only Reserve noticeable is that which suddenly comes over every man who is invited to join.



AFTER THE FIRST GRIP.

AFTER-B-LIE-R (to himself). "I ALWAYS SAID I WANTED A STRONG 'UN, AND, BY JOVE, I RATHER THINK I'VE FOUND HIM!"



Vicar's Daughter. "OH, WITHERS, YOUR MISTRESS TELLS ME YOU ARE SAYING UP TO TAKE A LITTLE SHOP AND LOOK AFTER YOUR MOTHER. I THINK IT IS SUCH A SWEET IDEA!"

Withers. "WELL, YES, MISS, I DID THINK OF IT; BUT NOW I'VE GOT THE MONEY I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, AND I'M GOING TO BUY MYSELF ONE OF THESE 'ERE BICYCLES INSTEAD!"

LORD GR-MTH-RPE'S COMMENTARIES.

NO. IV.—LORD G. ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

SIR,—It was or would have been that is I myself should have supposed so but then of course I and those who think like I do are getting old-fashioned quite enough for me to defend myself against one opponent at a time (they seem to imagine they can do it or tackle me just as if I was or ever am, that I will not be must be reasonably obvious, in the position of an Archdeacon or Rural Dean when they summon parishioners *de scandenda aut comburenda ecclesia* though personally I don't care a twopenny brass farthing which it is they put me to) but now after I have smashed Mr. HARRISON and got rid of him completely (I wonder what he thinks now of his silly quotation from POLYCARP, all I can say is if he consults the *Editio Princeps Polycarpi* which I brought out ten years back he will find nothing of the kind but something quite different and just the reverse on another subject which is exactly what he ought and I did say before I or he started writing this rubbish) up comes Mr. HARRISON or wants to as if nothing had happened though I am delighted you didn't admit his last letter which appeared in your columns, I know he sent it because he denies he ever wrote any more after writing his last which neither I nor any man of sense would have dreamt of noticing much less of reading in any way whatsoever so I should have thought which is a cheap thing to do in these days when cooks and carpenters are brought up to do the work of bishops that we or any of us or such only as the matter pertains to have now seen the last of Mr. HARRISON or those sympathisers few I trust who are made after the fashion of his kidney which I must say seems an absurd thing for them to say it in when they mean merely that they are like him.

It was only close on thirty years ago or somewhere about that time which is near enough though it might have been forty years I'm sure it wasn't more or even twenty that the late Dean BURGON whom I remember speaking to when he was first asked about it told me that spaniels ought never to be encouraged to stay indoors in rainy weather by being beaten, which no spaniel ever enjoyed more than most other spaniels that I have met but the then Bishop of London Dr. TEMPLE, which comes to the same thing made a very remarkable speech on temperance or something I never can remember and don't want why should I all the things

they commit themselves to in which he said they were always better for it and so were women and walnut-trees but I never tried it on a walnut-tree though I daresay Mr. HARRISON might or on a woman which I do not charge him with as yet.

But of course he now sees those are not the kind or sort or character of beatings I referred to when he taxed me as if he was an assessor with meaning it though my words were plain enough to anybody but the meanest intelligence. And of course if there is to be any more beating about the bush it wasn't me who will be or can or ever was (I don't say he isn't, desiring to keep strictly to facts) in fault and if he wants more I have it in pickle for him and shall strip him of it when the time comes.

Yours obediently,

GR-MTH-RPE.

MR. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR, AND HIS CANINE CLIENT.

To the Editor of "Punch."

As the recognised organ of the legal profession, I beg to ask your advice, or the advice of some of your forensic readers. I am in a position of some difficulty. I am proprietor, or part proprietor, of a small and exceptionally intelligent dog, that I will call, for the purpose of future identification, my Canine Client. The real name of my Canine Client is SPOT, and I only claim part proprietorship as I have the questionable advantage of being responsible for the payment of the licence and any damage which may be occasioned by his want of thought or natural vivacity of spirits. So far, that vivacity has only led to the mutilation of two pairs of dress-shoes, three drawing-room rugs, a kitchen-duster, the shinier portion of my brief-bag, and the total extinction of his own licence. His society is claimed by my two sons, who attempt to secure it by the old-fashioned legal custom of trial by battle. On these occasions SPOT usually joins in the fray, lending his services to the litigant who seems for the moment to be having the better of the argument.

On a recent occasion my Canine Client, having apparently concealed successfully his collar, muzzle, and tail-rosette, stealthily left our joint home in Fashoda Gardens (where I have recently leased a private residence), and sought shelter in a neighbour's mansion. Here he was discovered seemingly arranging a *menu* which no doubt would have contained a *salmi* of "upper leathers." The alarm was immediately given, the police were sent for, and my luckless Canine Client was transferred to the reluctant guardianship of a constable. I have been told that he was conducted to a cell in the nearest station, and after some negotiation, in which the tendering and acceptance of a shilling figured, was brought back to my non-professional abiding-place. During his absence from our home in common I have been informed he was chained up in an unsheltered yard, bearing indignantly the brunt of the most inclement weather. Since then he has lost his spirits, and even when left in solitude with a pair of patent-leather shoes and an embroidered antimacassar refuses to eat them. As a sequel to his adventure in my neighbour's house, I was served with a summons to show cause why I should not be fined for allowing a dog of mine to be at large unmuzzled, to the danger of the health and comfort of the Metropolitan public. I need scarcely say that, with a view to clearing the reputation of my Canine Client and protecting his good name and fame, I spent hours, nay, days, in hunting up precedents and polishing my eloquence, rather rusty in the prevailing dearth of forensic practice. Brought face to face with a magistrate, I was able to convince his Worship that the house from which my Canine Client had been abducted was not a public place, and left the Court triumphant in the knowledge that the case was dismissed and that SPOT still retained a blameless character.

Now, Sir, I would ask you, and those who are as learned in the law as yourself, what remedy have I against the police authorities? Have I a ground of action for false imprisonment, unlawful possession, or incitement to causing a breach of the peace? SPOT no longer shows his sporting and martial proclivities by chivying the cat and defending the letter-box from invasion from the postman's unsuspecting fingers. As a compensating advantage the door-mat is in perfect condition and my slippers are at rest.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court, February 11.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have had reassuring news relative to the health of my Canine Client. I have just been told that SPOT has made an excellent meal off the leather facings to my pet book-case and a couple of cloth-bound volumes of the *Granta*. From this I take it that he is convalescent, and can scarcely sustain a claim for damages.

ADAPTED TO THE OCCASION.—Patient distracted with teeth-ache addresses dentist in words of popular song, "Oh, let 'em all come—out!"



Clerk. "LADY BEEN HERE THIS MORNING, SIR, COMPLAINING ABOUT SOME GOODS WE SENT HER."
Employer. "WHO WAS SHE?"

Clerk. "I QUITE FORGOT TO ASK HER NAME, SIR, BUT SHE'S A LITTLE WOMAN—WITH A FULL-SIZED TONGUE!"

LAMENT.

(By a Versifier of Valentines.)

VALENTINES are very nearly
Out of fashion, out of date,
'Tis a matter which has clearly
Been before me just of late.
I regret the fact sincerely
For the reasons I will state.

Let me own I am a stringer
Of inconsequential rhymes,
Nothing more, an idle ringer
Of a peal of careless chimes;
Or, in plainer words, a singer
Of the topics of the times.

Once I reaped a harvest golden
From the efforts of my brain,
For my verses would embolden
Youthful belle and bashful swain.
Gone alas! those days of olden,
Never to return again.

The Worth of a Wife.

Enthusiastic Benedict. Why is my wife
worth at least half a sovereign?
Bachelor Friend (bored). Can't say.
Enthusiastic Benedict. Because a good
woman is a crown to her husband, and my
wife is equal to two good women.

TO A FRAUD OF LONG-STANDING.

By A DISAPPOINTED (OUTDOOR) SKATER.

[Feb. 10, 1899: Thermometer record, 67°.]

JACK FROST, you act up to your name,
You're a "frost," without doubt, and a
Each winter you treat us the same, [fizzle];
And your rime merely turns into drizzle!

Mud and drizzle, then drizzle and mud,
Ruin temper as well as shoe-leather;
As skater, I'm nipped in the bud, [weather].
But not nipped with good old-fashioned

Now and then there's a promise of ice—
Like pie-crust, 'tis speedily broken;
And Spring will be here in a trice,
With the cuckoo, her usual token.

Some, no doubt, may prefer to gyrate
Round and round on a glacial circus;
But indoors like a squirrel to skate
Is one of the joys that soon irk us.

So "counter" and "rocker," farewell!
As says *Hamlet*, the times are disjointed,
And I roundly protest at the sell,
Once more by King Frost disappointed!

However, what need to despair,
In waiting for such a late-comer?
Let's hang up our acmes with care—
We may want them may be in mid-summer!

RATHER AT SEA.

SIR,—Seeing paragraphs headed "The Rule of the Road at Sea," I write to ask, Why should the "Rule of the Road" be "at sea"? Nothing is more simple: Keep always on the left; pass a vehicle, which is going in same direction as yourself, on the right. Where's the difficulty? Is there any mistake in the spelling? Ought it to be "The Rule of the Rowed at Sea?" But, in that case, the passive "rowed" might be the steerer. Evidently some error somewhere; but, of course, not on the part of
Yours, ROWEDEASIER.

A NEW BIRD.

[“A Professor of the Chicago College of Surgeons has been suspended for insulting the female sex in his pathological lectures. He said that woman is a two-legged dyspeptic owl, and that the female form divine is the climax of Nature's irony.”—*Daily Paper.*]

Who is SILVIA? What is she,
That swains do not commend her?
In Chicago banned is she,
Professors turn and rend her,
That she may insulted be.

No more kind and fair is she
(I state it in all kindness);
She is "Nature's irony"—
A fact which, in our blindness,
Hitherto we've failed to see.

Let us then on SILVIA scowl,
Since she has lost her glory;
Since she is not fair but foul,
And—*teste Professore*—
A poor "two-legged dyspeptic owl"!

A Dramatic Scene.

AN eminent comedian had attended the reading of a new piece. Afterwards, on his part being handed to him, he returned it, "declined with thanks."

"But," protested the Manager, "it is a first-rate part; the principal one, in fact."

"Think so?" replied the Eminent. "I don't. I was at the reading, you see. I always observe the maxim, *Audi alteram partem*—and in this instance there's no doubt about 'alteram partem' being the best."

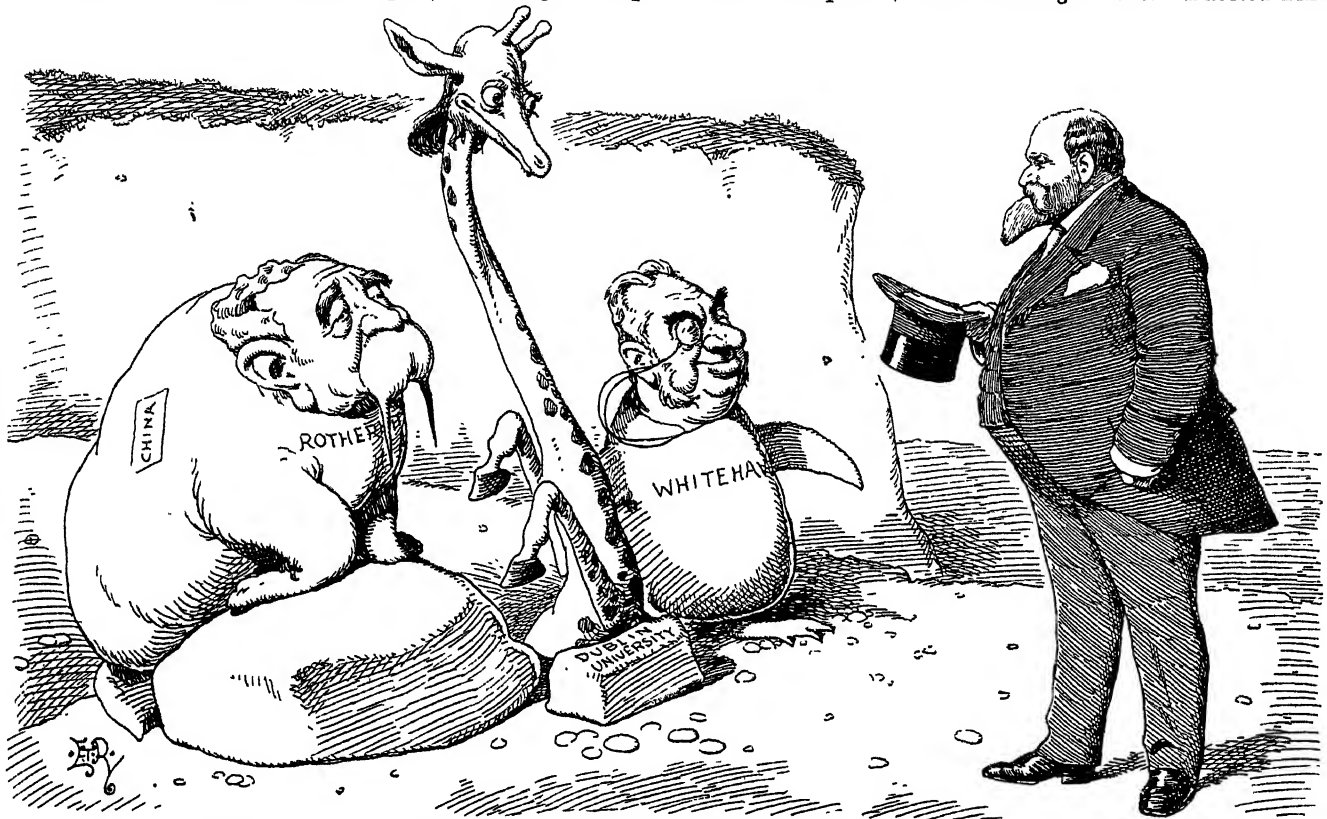
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, February 7.
—Curious to note marked, unexpected effect CAWMELL-BANNERMAN wrought upon

with its underglow of humour, is contagious. As SARK says, he's like a fire in a room on a February day. In such circumstances natural to anticipate, on this the opening night of the new Session, a prevalent atmosphere of good temper. With an exception-

This disappointing; not the sort of thing looked for from a man of CAWMELL-BANNERMAN's morning manner. If it had been the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD it was what you might expect. From present company it was downright rude. Affected PRINCE



THE HON. W-LT-R R-TSCH-LD FINDS MANY INTERESTING SPECIMENS FOR HIS COLLECTION AT TRING.

the sensitive framework of PRINCE ARTHUR. If there is any man who in general appearance and manner is calculated to place an individual or a company at its ease, it is the new Leader of the Opposition. His geniality,

ally genial man as Leader of the Opposition, a perfectly urbane one leading the House, the Millennium must surely be within the four-mile radius.

All right to start with. The new Leader of the Opposition, personally a favourite on both sides, loudly cheered by his friends, beamed upon by his adversaries. CAWMELL ca'd canny at the opening of his speech. Made believe to be in even more parlous position than the glistening warriors who, after pathetic appeal for clemency, moved and seconded the Address. If they might with reason throw themselves on the charity of the House, how much more the novice who now trembled in the roomy shoes of the errant SQUIRE OF MALWOOD?

PRINCE ARTHUR nodded re-assuringly across the table. JOKIM, sitting next to him, benevolently smiled. "Nonsense, dear boy," he seemed to say, "you're doing pretty well, and will be all right if you keep your pecker up. Don't be afraid of Us."

Soon the scene changed. First with surprise, then with consternation, finally in blazing anger, PRINCE ARTHUR and his companions found that the benevolent-visaged gentleman standing at the table opposite was pitching into their policy, was saying unflattering things about Fashoda, was critical about Crete, was wanting to know about the Far East, was not quite certain about the Soudan, and, nastiest cut of all, was dragging into light an old election pamphlet dating back to time when DON JOSÉ had written up "Old Age Pensions" on the Party wall and concealed intention of running away.

ARTHUR so acutely that he, usually at his best when in a tight place, halted and stumbled, pausing for the right word, losing his way through a thicket of wrong ones. Will doubtless get over it by and bye. It's the surprise that shocks. As R. G. WEBSTER (author of *Shoulder to Shoulder*, *The Law Relating to Canals*, &c.) says, "It shows how much sharper than a camel's tooth it is to



"Following the rustle of a skirt."
MR. S-M-L SM-TH.



THE CORUSCATING BIRRELL
When properly wound up, it affords infinite delight and amusement to young and old.

take to your bosom the head of a benevolent-looking gentleman, and find you are nourishing the quills on the prickly porcupine."

Business done.—The new Leader of Opposition introduces himself.

Thursday.—Both Houses pegging away at question of Ritualism in the Church of England. The Bishops take the floor in the Lords; SAM SMITH holds it in the Commons. He began yesterday afternoon; piped away in plaintive tone for nearly an hour. End of that time his voice and further opportunity simultaneously failing, debate adjourned. Here again this afternoon with subtle air of lamentation in the droop of his whiskers, soundless sorrow in the soberness of his attire.

Once he was startled by a titter amongst the congregation. Was describing the ritualistic practices in a particular Protestant Church. "Going in one morning," he said, a note of almost wailing anguish soughing through the silent House, "it was so dark that I could find my way to my place only by following the rustle of a woman's dress."

Et tu SAMUEL!

Business done.—Anti-Ritualist Amendment negatived by 221 votes against 89.

Friday Night.—Members still talking about CAWMELL-BANNERMAN's maiden speech. Its success admitted on both sides. One of the flashes of humour that elicited the most boisterous laughter and applause was suggestion about CHARLIE BERESFORD going out to China in capacity of a commercial traveller. PRINCE ARTHUR capped the joke with avidity. "I saw it stated in some papers," said Leader of Opposition, "that the Member for York had gone out to enquire into the ordinary conditions of trade. Well, he is not one's ordinary ideal of a commercial traveller."

"Much as it may surprise the right hon. gentleman," PRINCE ARTHUR rejoined, "the noble lord is exactly what he thought it impossible he could be—namely, a commercial traveller."

Whereat, the newspaper reports truly say, there was "great laughter." That is natural enough, for the little jest had its birth in these humble pages. In *Punch* of the 20th of August last, our Mr. LINLEY SAMBOURNE ("commonly called," as they say in the Law Reports, Lord STAFFORD TERRACE) had a full-page picture of "Our Mr. BERESFORD' Commercial Travelling in China." Thus seed scattered by the wayside is not always lost. *Business done.*—Still harping on the Address.

"MY LOST CABBY-CRAWLER."

(Ballad dedicated to the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police.)

How I miss my cabby-crawler,
With his playful little jest.
The persistent over-hauler
Of the path I deemed the best!
The invariable blocker
Of the crossing that I sought
The light and merry mocker
When my 'bus I hadn't caught!

How I miss his reckless dashing
When he spurted with his "blood"!
And his mitrailleuse of splashing
When he cantered through the mud!
And his reckless evolution
To cut in from left to right,
And his constant resolution
To cause women-folk affright!

How I miss my cabby-crawler
With that long and baneful thong
That he'd flick at some rash bawler,
Who would flout him from the throng.



A VALENTINE'S DAY PUZZLE.

Miss Prude (who has been looking through *Miss Flirt's* "Album"). "MY DEAR! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU BEEN ENGAGED?" *Miss Flirt.* "OH, ASK ME SOMETHING EASY!"

Yes! I miss him now he's vanished,
But I give my heartfelt thanks
To the Force, which had him banished,
And reduced him to the ranks!

THERE IS NO FOUNDATION IN THE REPORT

THAT the Lord Chief Justice charged the sentries at the Horse Guards.

Or that the Lord Chancellor diverted the route-marching of the Grenadiers on their way to mounting the colours at St. James's Palace.

Or that the Master of the Rolls ordered the Channel Squadron to get out of the way of the mail packet in which his Lordship was travelling from Calais to Dover.

Or that the Recorder of London kept all the Volunteer bands to barracks when the Right Hon. Gentleman partook of luncheon at the Old Bailey.

Or that Mr. Justice BARNES, of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, drove

over the Marlborough House sentries on his way to the corner of the Strand and Fleet Street.

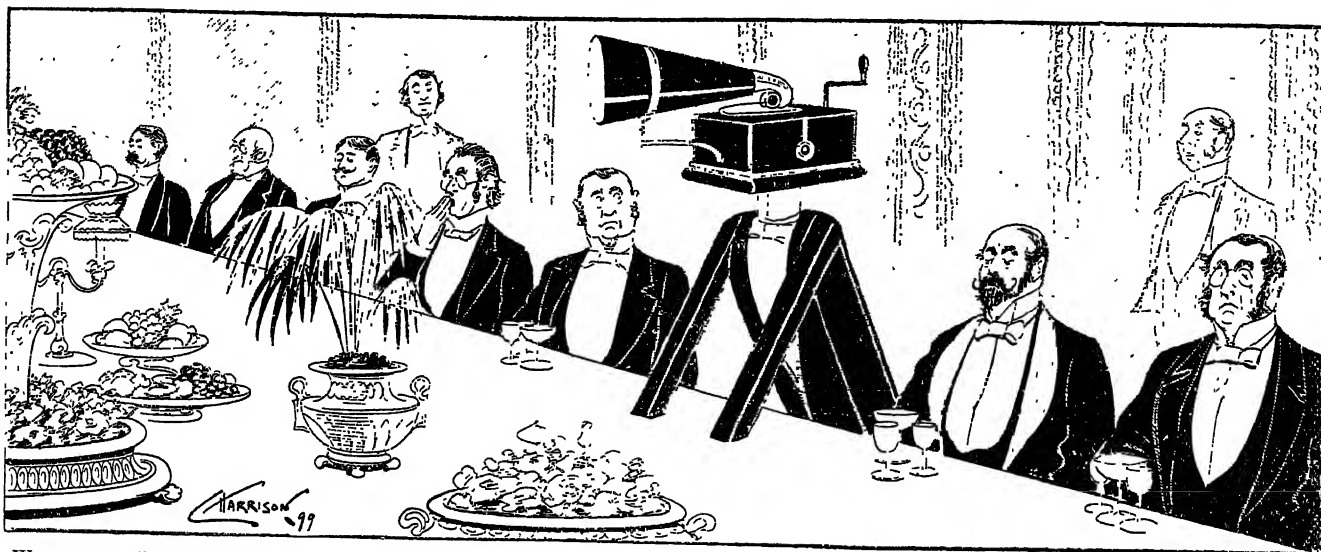
Or that the Benchers of the Inns of Court insist upon compliments being paid them by the Guard being turned out whenever possible.

Or that Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Junior, on behalf of the entire forensic profession, claims to be Lord High Admiral of the Fleet and Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

On the Fourteenth of February.

SIR,—“For oh, for oh, the hobby-horse is forgot!”—so is the Valentine. With the exception of a few cheap and ugly ones, it is practically as extinct as the Dodo. The Christmas Card has completely annihilated the Valentine. I prefer the Valentine. A bas the Christmas Card! Then let the Valentine turn up again, if it can.

Yours, A. F. OGEY.



WHY NOT A PHONOGRAPHIC AFTER-DINNER SPEECH MACHINE? CELEBRITIES COULD BE REPRESENTED AT ANY NUMBER OF BANQUETS.
 ["An experiment in dinner speeches by telephone is to be tried at Massachusetts Institute."—*Echo*.]

TO A BROOMSTICK.

[A broomstick was found in one of the reservoirs at Atoham, which had a wondrous flora on it, besides four genera of the saprolegniaceæ.—*Evening Paper*.]

BROOMSTICK that in olden days
 Swift distinguished with his praise,
 Sunk since then in evil plight,
 To dishonour relegated,
 Science you with kindly light
 Now has rehabilitated,
 As on you it bids us see
 Saprolegniaceæ.

Think no longer how your broom
 Once would scour the dusty room,
 Henceforth beauty may adorn
 All that fills us now with loathing,
 Fig on thistle, grape on thorn,
 We may find, since glorious clothing
 You now wear by Fate's decree,
 Saprolegniaceæ.

Broomstick, let us learn of you,
 (We are "sticks," too often, too.)
 Then let your example show
 How, when we, too, are forgotten
 (As the wondrous flora grow
 On your wood when dead and rotten)
 Our bequest, like yours, may be
 Saprolegniaceæ.

THE UMBRELLA.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Our useful friend, the umbrella, has never been deemed worthy of any regulation of tenderness since it was brought into the public service. Let us take Regent Street on a day of steady downpour.

Here come a couple of pedestrians, a lady and gentleman, with one umbrella between them, naturally upheld by the cavalier. Pray notice that in his awkward anxiety to save his hat, the latter permits the drops from the *parapluie* to descend free on the left shoulder of his fair companion, who enters the *café*, flinging the wet from her jacket like a damp retriever, and exclaims, angrily, "What a beastly umbrella that is!" Could any accusation be more unfair? The unhappy mixture of silk and steel has done its best to protect both, but owing to the male pedestrian not having been educated up to umbrella-work, coupled

with his own selfishness, the unlucky "brolly" has to bear the blame, as well as the greater part of the ducking.

Now observe the meeting of that very tall individual and that very short person, both umbrella'd. The latter raises his protector as high as his right arm will reach. Seeing this, the giant reduces his reach. What is the consequence? A collision, rents in both umbrellas, and some language not compatible with the moral standard of Mr. Punch. Again the result of neglected education.

The rain stops for a while. Down come the umbrellas, and are shaken, especially by the ladies, over the passers-by on a give-and-take principle instead of the entire infantry wheeling to the left and working-off the moisture in the gutter.

Now a strong breeze arises still charged with moisture. Handled by owners callous of the rule of the pavement, which differs from the rule of the road, the umbrellas in the clutch of the party facing the wind are lowered until they become so many batter-

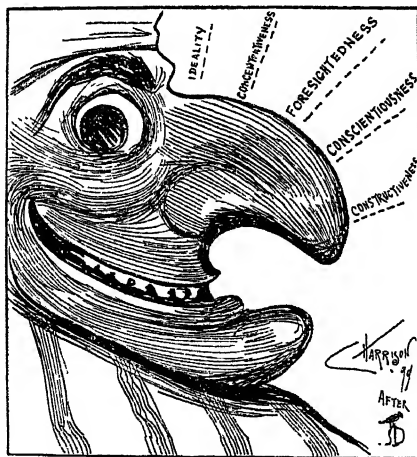
ing rams, while the opposition, having their "gamps" extended over their backs, are powerless to resist the enemy, and are broken up like the Dervishes at Omdurman. Were definite rules in existence, the travellers going up stream would take one side of the way, and those going down the other.

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
 Your obedient Servant,
 Waterloo Lodge, S.W. DRIPPING PAN.

A VERESTCHAGIN REVIEW.

ONE can only apply a military term to the battle-scenes (at the Grafton Gallery) of our old friend VASILY VASILYEVITCH VERESTCHAGIN, when not sneezing at the sight of the Russian names on the snow-pictures. *Verestchat'* means "to whimper," in Russian, but there is not much whining about this warrior-artist, as he unflinchingly sets down on canvas the various extremely unpleasant conditions of a campaign in an Arctic climate, though he is this time a little less blood-curdling with "*Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow*" than on the occasion of his former exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. GOSPODIN V. V. V. has compiled a highly interesting and historical booklet (not without touches of considerable *naïveté*) to accompany his pictures, but why, oh why, are the latter numbered out of all order, or sometimes not at all? In one instance the same number (65) and verbal description serves for two quite different scenes at Inkerman, one showing the famous Rock, and the other the bridge over the Chernaya. Perhaps since our visit this eccentricity may have been corrected.

VERESTCHAGIN gives us personal details with regard to some of his subjects in the next room. Servant girls are cheap in Viatka. For example, No. 38 earns eighteenpence a month. "My cook at Moscow (No. 84) lived some time in St. Petersburg, and therefore uses German words occasionally." Here is material for an epitaph, as also in the case of a zealous Mayor of a village near Rostov in the Yaroslav Government, who, we are told in a note, "has painted the Church red." Is this the official Russian equivalent to our English painting the town the same cheerful colour?



[According to the *Daily News*, character-reading from the nose is the latest science.]

READING OF A VERY EMINENT NOSE BY OUR OWN NASOLOGIST.



HOURS OF IDLENESS.

[“There is a striking decline in the judicial business of the House of Lords. There are only nine cases on the list this Session.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]

TOO BAD!

["For the future Foreign Office letters of introduction to our embassies abroad are not to be regarded as entitling the holders to hospitality. An introduction is not an invitation to dinner; so it is now announced in a circular signed by Lord SALISBURY himself."—*Daily Paper*.]

IMPOSSIBLE! too bad! too bad!
And after all the ructions
And endless trouble I have had
To get these introductions!
And now—it is enough to try
One's temper, saint or sinner—
To find these letters don't imply
A tea, far less a dinner!

My darling girls, my angels bright,
My winsome, gay love-darters
I thought to see you every night
Among the stars and garters.
You, JANE, should make a brilliant match,
And KATE, you'd cut a dash, eh?
I counted on you, love, to catch
Some unattached *attaché*.

But this is all a dream. No more
For us these golden chances;
No more the dear ambassador
Will ask us to his dances;
We shall no longer waltz till dawn
With counts and kings—instead, loves,
We'll have to stay at home and yawn,
Until it's time for bed, loves.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SINCE the announcement of M. DUPUY's bet with M. BINDER as to the date of the judgment in the DREYFUS case, the loser to give a dinner of twenty courses, there is reason to believe that there is more or less of truth in the following rumours.

Mr. BALFOUR has bet Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT one new bicycle to one complete set of the *Times* that no one ever saw, after death, the donkey frequently mentioned in the great church controversy. The loser to ride the bicycle, or to read all the newspapers, as the case may be.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON has bet Sir CUTHBERT QUILTER fifty dozen of soda water to one cask of pure beer that the sale of intoxicating liquors in the Houses of Parliament will not be stopped by the present government.

Don CARLOS offered to bet a castle in Spain that he would obtain possession of his kingdom before the Greek Calends, but this offer has not been accepted.

Prince VICTOR NAPOLEON has bet the Duc D'ORLÉANS two half-crowns that the latter will not be King of France on the First of April next.

President KRUGER has made a bet with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that the Delagoa Bay Arbitration will not be finished during this century. The loser to entertain Mrs. KRUGER to a cup of tea and a bath bun.

Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL has bet Sir M. HICKS-BEACH a meerschaum pipe that the latter will not propose any further reduction of duty for the benefit of the tobacco manufacturers.

The German Emperor has offered 100,000 to 1 that M. VEBER, one of the artists of *Le Rire*, will not visit Berlin just at present, but no one has accepted this.

LATEST BETTING.

2 to 1 agst. Dead Donkey.
600 — 1 — Blue Ribbon.
100 — 1 — Philippe.
25 — 1 — Delagoa, bay filly.
5 — 4 — Bird's Eye.
100,000 — 1 — Veber's Last Waltz (o).



Convivial Party. "I SHAY, OLE F'LLER, HOW LONG DOESH IT TAKE TO GEROUT OF THISH WOOD?"

"A 'RECORD' STORM" was the heading of a short par. in the *Westminster Gazette* the other day. The number must have had a great sale amongst the Ritualists expectant of some new attack on the part of the journal which represents extremists at the other end of the Ecclesiastical pole. But it simply recorded that the violent storm, from which America has suffered, was the greatest in the history of the Atlantic Coast States: and that interested all parties.

THE IMPERIAL PILGRIM PICTORIALISED.—Kaiser WILHELM the Second is far too knowing to purchase and keep, or confiscate *en bloc*, the pictures by JEAN VEBER, still on view at the Continental Gallery in Bond Street, illustrating in gross caricature the fifteen days' Cook's tour of the German

Emperor in Turkey and Palestine. For if His Imperial Majesty secured these questionable treasures, could he be by any means certain that VEBER would not at once set to work on an entirely new series? Would not others at once spring up, and would not Emperor WILLIAM be in effect offering a premium on all pictorial satire of himself? When *Mr. Punch* reflects how certain Anglo-Frenchmen and one enthusiastic Celt protested against *Mr. Punch's* cartoon anent Fashoda which exactly "touched the spot," it would not be very astonishing, should these pictures ever be exhibited in Paris, if some Cousin German were to energetically and forcibly protest and so make the exhibition a subject of *pourparlers* between the two Governments. We expect, therefore, that the show will stay for some time longer in its present Bond Street lodgings.



He (amateur). "POETS ARE BORN, NOT MADE."

She. "I KNOW. I WASN'T BLAMING YOU."

THE SORROWS OF A RISING YOUNG MAN.

(By Himself.)

As a boy I was remarkably small for my age, and morbidly sensitive on the subject. Genial old gentlemen would inquire how old I was, and never had sufficient tact to conceal their surprise when I told them. Kindlier natures would pat me on the head (which is exasperating even when the pater has not to stoop for the purpose) and console me by the remark that "the best goods were done up in the smallest parcels"—an aphorism that I considered then (and still consider) a triumph of chuckle-headed imbecility.

At school they thought even less of me than there was, and I used to endeavour to increase my height by constant exercise upon the trapeze and parallel bars; without success, for if I stretched at all, it was only to contract immediately, like an elastic band.

In the holidays I consumed large quantities of pure yeast, which I knew was used to make bread rise, and trusted might have a similar effect upon me. It certainly made my gorge rise, but that was all, and I felt very low afterwards.

And then, without warning, whether the yeast really did begin to work, or whether it was due to some more obscure cause, I suddenly became aware that the cuffs of my Eton jacket were rapidly receding from my wrists, while my ankles stood exposed to the gaze of the least observant. My overcoat, too, was shrinking like BALZAC's *peau de chagrin*. I remember that my parents did not share my exhilaration at these discoveries—which I thought unsympathetic of them.

But I was cheered by the marked increase of consideration shown me by the biggest fellow in the school, whom I met at a Christmas party, and who, with the most flattering condescension, made an appointment to fight me the day after term began.

That fight, however, never came off, for on my return he indignantly declined to meet me on the ground, which I was unable to deny, that I had meanly taken advantage of the interval to grow out of his reach.

Now that I was once started I grew almost visibly. I was nervously conscious of adding surreptitious cubits to my stature with a persistency that, apologise as I might, I could not expect my schoolfellows to overlook. Before I was fourteen my people, in sheer humanity, promoted me to a tail-coat, which naturally annoyed the other fellows.

When we were marched to church on Sundays, I had to walk behind with the head-master—to my exceeding discomfort (for he was not an amusing companion), but there was nobody else tall enough for me to pair off with. The general impression in the school was that I was "trying to suck up" to him, and was getting too big for my boots.

The holidays brought some compensations, however. Now that I was nearly six feet high, I could hardly be packed off to bed at nine. Moreover, I gained the affection of a young lady who was really "out," and had no suspicion that I was so much her junior. We were secretly engaged; a fact which often consoled me at school the next term, when I had to fag out at cricket, or got an "impot" for cribbing a Greek exercise.

Alas! by the time we met again there was a marked distance between us. She accused me of looking down upon her, and implored me to pause before I went to lengths which I should infallibly regret.

I would gladly have wired my head to my shoulders like a champagne cork, had it been feasible—but it was not to be. We had one last walk together in Kensington Gardens, when I recollect that, in the violence of my emotions, I shot up at least three inches between Bayswater Gate and the Albert Memorial, where she bade me farewell, saying that our engagement must come to an end since I seemed unable to do so.

I have since suspected that she had discovered that my pocket-money, exclusive of casual tips, did not amount to more than half-a-crown a week; but at least the world could not have said that, in uniting herself to me, she would be marrying beneath her.

It seemed useless to go back to school or follow any particular branch of study, for I had grown out of all knowledge, and no opening in life was large enough for me.

I should not have minded being a physician; but I was several sizes too big for any professional brougham. I would have become a parson, had I not felt certain that my sermons would be too far above the heads of the most cultured congregation.

If I went to the Bar, where could I hope to find a solicitor sufficiently enterprising enough to brief the whole of me?

There was the Stage, to be sure; but what prospect was there of success when even so long a part as *Hamlet* would be so much too short for me?

It seemed to me, on reflection, that only one career remained for me—a caravan. Socially, perhaps, it was a come down—but, after all, there is no reason why a Giant should not remain a Gentleman.

Accordingly I tried to rise to the situation—only to meet a succession of rebuffs.

Showman after Showman has told me bluntly that the market is overcrowded, and that a mere Amateur Giant would stand no chance against Professionals.

One of them added—and I did think it unkind of him—that if I had happened to be a Dwarf now . . . but I did not stay to hear the conclusion of his sentence.

Altogether, young as I am, I have already lost all pleasure in life. I seem to have outgrown everything!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"I WANT no better tale of contrabandiers than Mr. MEADE FALKNER'S *Moonfleet* (EDWARD ARNOLD)." So says my nautical Baronite, who ought to know. "And what is the why and the wherefore? The Y is plain enough to see in the cross-pall of the arms of MOHUNE (which is Moon, *tout court*), the Dorsetshire family that produced *Blackbeard*, that betrayed the King, that gave him the diamond, that lay in the—well, you must find out for yourself. And the 'wherefore' is to be seen in something of the piquant literary charm and last-century flavour of *Kidnapped*. If Mr. FALKNER does not attempt to present a pure romance, as STEVENSON did, without the element of woman's love, he relies very little on this for his success. The story at the first is marked by a pleasant, leisurely garrulity, but when it moves at its fastest, the style never loses consistency. A glass with Mr. FALKNER of the best 'milk of Ararat,' such as my noble host of the *Why not?* knew well how to pour! Let me be the 'gauger' of all such contraband as he gives us here, and he may run as many cargoes as he likes."

The Minor Baronite, to whom the B. de B.-W. has entrusted the reviewing of some of the literary forces of the day, reports that he has inspected *The Lucky Dog* (SANDS & Co.) Corps. The founder of this detachment is one W. SAPTE, Junior, and if the M. B. be not deceived, W. S., Jun., paraded his ideas on the stages of the Vaudeville and Terry's Theatres some years ago with considerable success, *Peter*, the hound, being, as now, the centre of attraction. But even then *Peter* palled somewhat on the attention of the critical observer. And yet the man or woman who wanted a laugh forgave W. SAPTE, Junior, his very transparent transgressions against common sense and the language of the Queen, because he managed to get some really funny situations. So it is with the book, the capital cover of which has been drawn with the prospect of a good run. When *A Lucky Dog* was on the stage, many playgoers asked, "Who is W. SAPTE, Senior? and what has he done?" The Minor Baronite repeats the question, and can only surmise that the Senior SAPTE has encouraged the tale of *A Lucky Dog* to wag in various places because he was certain that it would bring reputation and reward to the Junior SAPTE. So mote it be, in fact *Verb. Sapte*.

By *Berwen Banks* (HUTCHINSON) is handicapped by the success of its predecessors, *A Welsh Singer* and *Torn Sails*. ALLEN RAYNE triumphantly comes out of the friendly conflict. The scene of the new novel is also laid in Wales, of whose country and whose people the author has intimate and loving knowledge. The ground is new in the field of fiction and proves supremely attractive. The plot is novel, ingeniously devised, and cleverly worked out. My Baronite, *calon fach*, warmly recommends the acquaintance of *Valmai Powell*, her surroundings, her friends, and her touching story.

"As to *Lilliput Lyrics*, were I JOHN LANE," quoth the Baron, "I wouldn't have troubled my Bodley Head about them, nor have expended so much fancy on a very quaint cover, except perhaps that this may constitute the book's principal attraction." Some of the illustrations are pretty, and not a few grotesquely humorous. The "Nonsense Rhymes" are better than either the "Lyrics" or any of the other verses in the collection.

Naturally one expects a good tale from STOREY, A.R.A. My Baronite finds it in *Sketches from Memory* (CHATTO and WINDUS), illustrated, moreover, by some charming sketches jotted down



A BROAD HINT.

Piscator. "YES, I LIKE A DAY AT THIS TIME OF YEAR. GET ALL THE WATER TO MYSELF, YOU SEE."

Yokel. "AH! AND MAYHAP HAVE A SUP O' THE WHISKY TO SPARE FOR SOMEBODY ELSE, GOVERNOR?"

on his wayfaring. The young STOREY, one of the earliest chapters, so to speak, went to school in Paris, and in a pleased interval of his studies watched the Revolution from the housetops. Varying his position, he, like the insurgents, descended upon the streets and narrowly escaped being shot. His account of the outbreak, and of the measures taken for putting it down, though drawn from the diary of a very small boy, are singularly graphic. After France he went to Spain, sketching from memory a gallery full of live people. Making no pretence of writing a book, Mr. STOREY has produced a real good one.

It is almost startling to be reminded, as we are by Mrs. RITCHIE's introduction to *The Virginians*, one of the latest volumes of SMITH, ELDER'S Biographical edition of THACKERAY, that at one period the novelist earnestly desired to enter the House of Commons. Nay, he actually stood for the city of Oxford, coming in at the bottom of the poll. "And a very good thing, too," says TOBY, M.P., who is supposed to know something of the House. In 1857, when he made the attempt, he was forty-six years old, far too advanced in life to make his mark at Westminster. He would have been lost in a crowd of mediocrities, would have been nowhere in the race with the glib, blatant BASEMEAD ARLETTS of the day. He did much better when, addressing the electors after the poll had been declared, he undertook to "retire and take my place with my pen and ink at my desk." The result was *The Virginians*, published in November of this same year, worth a whole Session full of speeches addressed to Mr. SPEAKER. THACKERAY'S contest at Oxford is otherwise notable for one of the neatest and most graceful compliments on record. Meeting in the street Lord MONCK, one of his opponents, he had a little friendly talk over the prospects of the fight, and on taking leave said, "May the best man win." "I hope not," said Lord MONCK, with a courtly bow and a meaning glance at his opponent.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

ALWAYS AVOIDED BY LADY GOLD AND SILVER FISH.—The Shabby Gent-Eel.



Fond Mother (who is always on the look-out for the "clouds of glory" which Children are supposed to "trail") looks in on Freddie in the Nursery as she goes to bed.

Freddie. "OH, MUMMY, I'VE HAD SUCH A LOVELY DREAM!"

Fond Mother. "HAVE YOU, DARLING? WHAT WAS IT?"

Freddie. "OH, IT WAS ALL ABOUT THE ANGELS! THEY CAME RIGHT DOWN FROM HEAVEN INTO THIS ROOM!"

Fond Mother. "YES—AND WHAT DID THEY DO?"

Freddie. "OH, MUMMY DARLING, THEY CUTTED MY TOE-NAILS!"

LORD GR-MTH-RPE'S COMMENTARIES.

NO. V.—LORD G. ON FASHIONS IN OVERCOATS.

SIR,—Whatever may be the result and to suppose that I care a rap which way they get it for me not being the sort of man to whom at his or my time of life these things matter at all argues a remarkable blindness in all of them except the late Archbishop TAIT of the correspondence now being (or it might have been if it had been properly treated which I don't know how it could be with such a set of jackasses all blowing their own trumpets) carried on I for one though when I come to compare myself with some (Mr. HARRISON will do as an example of what I should mean if I did it like he did) I feel that it is almost unfair to call myself one and not two or three, however I shall always think it was right of me to tackle them at once instead of leaving the matter to be threshed out by a rabble who can't use the English language or write as I once heard Lord PENZANCE say in the best judgment that was ever delivered if not by him then by the rest of them and can't argue *pro nunciis aut toffeo*.

And that brings me to the point which was what I intended to fix them on all along which is or at least it was when I met them in the Court of Arches ten years ago (was Mr. HARRISON there? Of course how could he be why then should he keep going on like this) a thing never dreamt of by the fools who framed the statute *de vestimentis superioribus* (8 Car. II., cap 642) but then they tell me it is the way of the world to take up or drop as they like a garment of which all the pockets as anybody might have learnt at school ought to be situated on the outside though never in the collar and only rarely if never which is what Mr. HARRISON can't deny though he is a brazen-faced impostor and cheap at that (is that what he has been waiting for from me if so he has got it and I trust he likes it more than I would under similar or merely slightly different circumstances) in the cuffs.

Now just observe what a pretty pass things were (or will if you give them rope enough) come to. Am I to take up my parable every day like this and prove them mendacious or all but (I don't want to wound any feelings they may think themselves though everyone knows I don't think they are it would indeed be a monstrous thing for any man of sense which they certainly are not to think them entitled to so I will not use hard words but leave them where I found them in which case even a mule or a prize heifer will point the finger of scorn at them). Then of course Mr. HARRISON is to come along walking delicately like AGAG did and gird at my authorities but he will find that the bitterness of death (which I may tell him is from the same quotation only he doesn't know it) will never be past as long as I've got a word to say about it or a newspaper column to say it in as loudly as ever I can.

The fact is we must make no concession to these vermin. Give them an inch (I shan't trust me for that) and off they go with a cubit added on to their stature which naturally they can't do by taking thought, and consequently it's only reasonable to suppose and that's why I do it that they never can or will or have taken thought in all their lives. And that makes the whole thing absolutely clear to anyone who does not shut his ears when I try to show it to them which I don't mean to go on doing much longer only it's hard to be silent when you are talking to a lot of nincompoops like them.

Yours obediently,

GR-MTH-RPE.

MOTTO FOR DON CARLOS THE COMFORTABLE.—"*J'y suis, et j'y reste*," and may he long remain where he is.

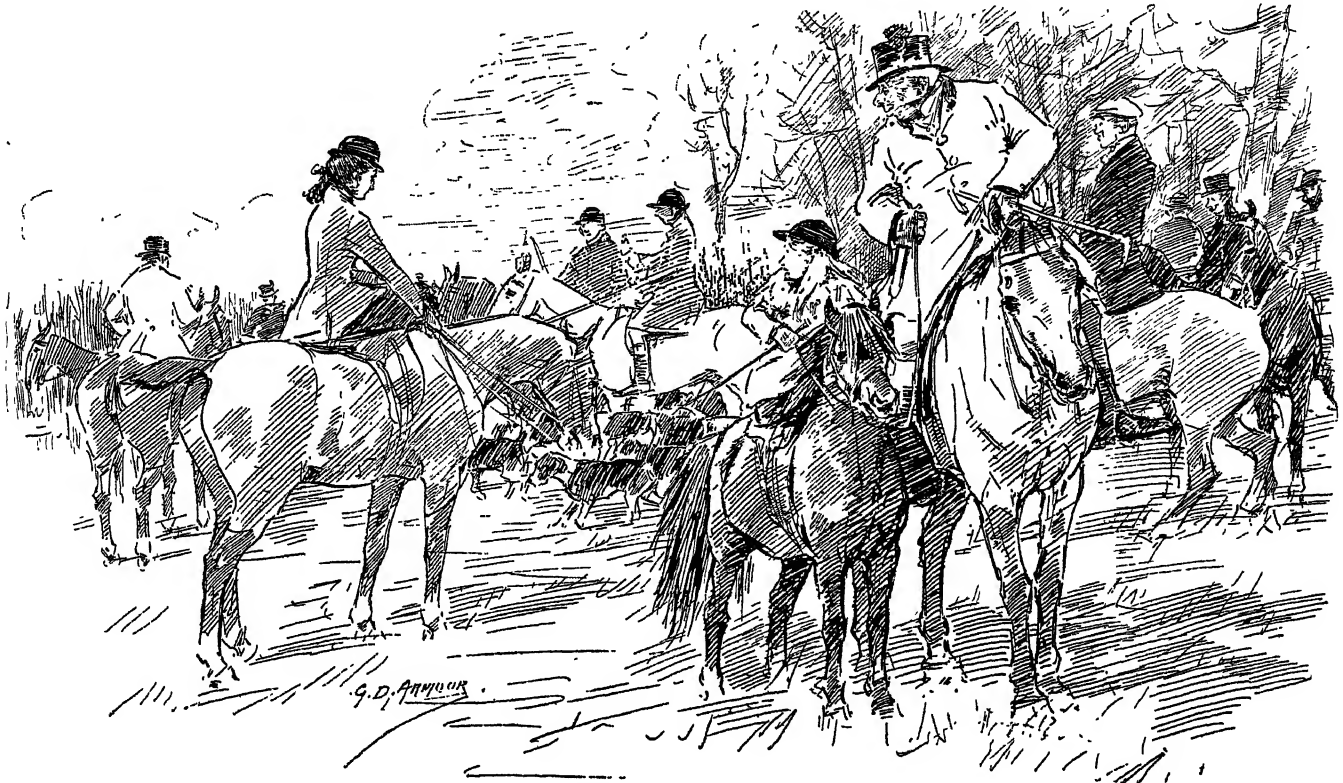
A WORK SUITABLE FOR PUBLICATION BY "THE UNICORN PRESS."
—One "Horn Book."



WARNED OFF !

MR. PUNCH (to SIR M-CH-L H-CK-S-B-CH). "LOOK HERE! WE'VE STOPPED BOARD-MEN IN THE STRAND, AND CAN'T HAVE 'EM IN DOWNING STREET!"

["I take my hour's recreation in a walk and a short attendance at the Board of the Society."—Sir M. Hicks-Beach's Speech in the House of Commons.]



A SPORTING MATCH.

Diminutive Diana. "COULDN'T I GO AS WELL WITH THE HOUNDS AS LUCY THERE?"

Old Groom. "No, MISS ETHEL. YOU SEE, THAT YOUNG LADY JUMPS ALL THE FENCES."

D. D. "WELL, THEN—I'M SURE I COULD BEAT HER IN A HALF-MILE SPIN ON THE FLAT IN OUR PARK!"

A STRIKING EXPERIMENT.

[*"A College for Labour leaders has just been established at Oxford."*—*Daily Telegraph.*]

"HA!" cried *Mr. Punch*, on reading the above, "we must know more about this," and a few moments later his Special Prophetic Interviewer was posting off to Oxford.

The S. P. I. had no difficulty in finding the new college. He was about to enter, when he was accosted by a surly-looking Individual wearing a scholar's gown, a tweed cap and a woollen muffler.

"What do you want?" demanded the Individual.

The S. P. I. explained, and asked if he might go in.

"No, you can't. You're a blackleg, I suppose?"

"A blackleg!" cried the S. P. I., and with surprise so genuine that the Individual was instantly reassured.

"Well, you see," he explained, "we are on strike at present. The Trades Union of Undergrads have called us out and we are not going in till the Dons give us our terms—better scholarships and shorter lectures. We heard that they were getting in some non-unionists to listen to them, and I was told off to picket the lecture-room. That's why I took you for a blackleg, see?"

"I understand. And are you often on strike?"

"Generally, in Term-time."

"But doesn't that interfere with your work rather?"

"Oh, no! we are learning to be labour leaders."

The S. P. I. suggested that he would like to inspect the College.

"Well," replied the Individual, "there is not very much to see. The Chapel? The men struck the first day it was opened, because the service was so early, and it has never been used since. The Library? The librarian wanted to see a football match, so he's on strike and the library will be closed till the end of the week. Oh, there's the kitchen. I think it's in working order."

But when they reached the kitchen door, they found a cook armed with a rolling-pin, barring the entrance.

"Picketed too!" cried the Individual. "Of course, I forgot. The cooks came out this morning. Well, that's all I can show you, but doubtless you have seen enough to realise that a great new movement has started which will revolutionise the relations of labour and capital—"

"At all events," replied the S. P. I., "it is a striking experiment."

THE FLAT THAT JERRY BUILT.

(*A Page from the Private Diary of Zedwhyeks.*)

THIS is the Flat that JERRY built.

This is the Rift in the Tradesmen's Lift of the Flat that JERRY built.

This is the Leg of New Zealand Mutton that stuck in the Rift in the Tradesmen's Lift of the Flat that JERRY built.

This is the Larder in which we keep the Remains of the Leg of New Zealand Sheep that stuck in the Rift in the Tradesmen's Lift of the Flat that JERRY built.

This is the Cook who too often mistook for the Dustbin the Larder in which we keep the Remains of the Leg of New Zealand Sheep that stuck in the Rift in the Tradesmen's Lift of the Flat that JERRY built.

This is the Dumb Electric Bell, the Drawing-room Chimney that smokes as well, the Rain that comes in through the windows that leak, the Doors that rattle and Boards that creak, and the Sack which the Mistress gave to the Cook, who was too fond of her Beer and too often mistook for the Dustbin the Larder in which we keep the obstructive Leg of New Zealand Sheep that stuck in the Rift in the lunatic Lift of the Flat that JERRY built.

This is the Rent we're averse to pay, and the Moon one is almost tempted to Shoot, and the Comments we'll make next Quarter-Day on Pianos and Banjos and Dogs to boot, not to speak of the hopeless Electric Bell, the Smuts and the Smoke and the Sweep as well, the Casements and Walls and Ceilings that leak, the Doors that rattle and Boards that creak, and the Row which the Mistress had with the Cook who *my* Whisky for hers too much mistook, and made hay in the Larder in which we keep the various Joints and Goods in a Heap, that stick in the Rift in the maddening Lift of the Flat that JERRY built.

This is the Flat that JERRY built.

LEGAL INQUIRY.—If I buy a pair of trousers warranted to wear well, and they turn out a failure, should I, on bringing an action for damages, be "*non-suited*," or could I counterclaim damages for "*breeches of promise*"?



BY PROXY.

Aunt Ethel. "WELL, BEATRICE, WERE YOU VERY BRAVE AT THE DENTIST'S?"
Aunt Ethel. "THEN THERE'S THE HALF-CROWN I PROMISED YOU. AND NOW TELL ME WHAT HE DID TO YOU."
Beatrice. "HE PULLED OUT TWO OF WILLIE'S TEETH!"

Beatrice. "YES, AUNTIE, I WAS."

ALICE IN AYLWINLAND.

[*Aylwin*, by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. See *Macmillan* of this month.]

"CHESHIRE PUSS," said ALICE, rather timidly, "what sort of people live about here?"

"In *that* direction," the Cat said, waving his right paw round, "lives Mr. AYLWIN the Mystic; and in *that* direction," waving the other paw, "lives Mr. WILDERSPIN the Painter. Visit either you like: they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," ALICE remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat. "We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said ALICE.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

"Tell us a story," said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded ALICE.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or we shall all be asleep before the end of the volume."

"Once upon a time there were two young ladies," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were SNIFT and WINNIE; and they lived on the top of a hill."

"What did they live on?" asked ALICE, who was greatly interested in all literary subjects.

"They lived upon butter," said the Dormouse, after thinking for a moment.

"Where did they get the butter from?" asked ALICE.

"From the critics, of course," answered the Dormouse, sulkily.

"But they wouldn't have needed that," ALICE gently remarked, "unless they were dull."

"They *were*," said the Dormouse. "Very dull."

ALICE tried a little to fancy to herself this extraordinary state of things, but it puzzled her too much. Meantime, the Dormouse went on.

"So these two young ladies—they were learning to draw, you know—"

"What did they draw?" said ALICE.

"The Public," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"But I don't understand," said ALICE.

"Neither did they," answered the Dormouse.

ALICE was silent.

"They were learning to draw," he continued, "and they drew with everything that begins with an M—"

"Why with an M?" asked ALICE.

"Why not?" said the Dormouse, "—that began with an M, such as Madness, and Melancholy, and Mysticism—do you like books about Mysticism?"

"Really, now you ask me," said ALICE, very much confused, "I don't think—"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than ALICE could bear. She got up in great disgust, and walked off. The Dormouse fell asleep again instantly. "At any rate, I'll never go *there* again!" she said. "It's the stupidest story I ever heard in my life!"

PROPOSALS FOR PEACE.

(Compiled for the Domestic Circle by *Paterfamilias*.)

1. No new fashion to be adopted in female dress, and gowns not to be declared obsolete on the score that they have been worn "for ever so long."

2. Fires (especially in the study) to be kept in by those put in charge of them, and universal abolition of that modern instrument of torture, "the job-cook."

3. Expenditure to be kept strictly within the bounds of the house money, and no tampering with the Store "deposit account."

4. Placing of pocket and pin-money on a sound commercial basis, and cheerful compliance with necessary reductions.

5. Abolition of domestic pets.

6. Suspension of cordial relations with the dressmaker, the milliner, and the female friend who has seen such "sweet bargains."

7. Dinner to be punctual and to be equal in quality and service to that provided at the best clubs.

8 (*added by Materfamilias*). Reasonable conduct on the part of the master of the house.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 13.—A proud day for the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. Pretty to see him leading the flower of the Tory Party into the Lobby in resistance of attack on integrity of a resolution which, if carried, would have ended the Lords. No pride about him. No haughty elation in his mien. Same gliding step; same readiness to efface himself; same winning smile as his following were mere

vided favourable opportunity for touching-up his captain with barbed spear-point. Now, at a critical moment, his friends and companion dear had turned upon him, and who had come to his rescue? Why, the Tories, whom he had spent an honourable life in belittling and belabouring.

The SAGE not subject to floods of emotion; has, indeed, earned the character of a cynic. But this too much for him. It was with a curiously choked voice he cried "Aye!" when the SPEAKER put from the chair his un mutilated amendment rescued from burglarious hands. Rather thought

a little one, and was accepted for purely hygienic reasons. PRINCE ARTHUR played golf, consequently did not hold a single directorship. But he (ST. MICHAEL) didn't play golf. Must have some exercise. Office of Economic Life Assurance Society is in the City; Embankment leads to City; when directorship offered him, at once occurred to him that here was opportunity of strengthening and prolonging a life precious to the Empire. Therefore accepted directorship.

"My right hon. friend the Leader of the House," to quote ST. MICHAEL's own words, "takes an hour's recreation at golf. I take



IN THEIR DECLINING YEARS.

"They all thoroughly believed in the Government—(laughter)—and he trusted that in their declining years they would remember this question of land-tenure and rating in London."—*Mr. Bartley's Speech in the House of Commons.*

Radicals, instead of being Her Majesty's Ministers and the bodyguard of the British Constitution. Ecstasy of moment completed by fact that the Party he was about to flout was the so-called Liberal Party, commanded by his esteemed Leader, CAWMELL-BANNERMAN.

"*Nunc dimittis!*" carolled the SAGE, as he looked round; and all the congregation said, "Amen!"

Triumph short-lived; joy fleeting. The SAGE had moved an amendment to Address providing that in the event of a Bill passing the Commons being thrown out in the Lords and carried again in the next session in the Commons, the QUEEN shall forthwith give the Royal Assent. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, whilst heartily agreeing in the attack on autocratic position of the Lords, demurred on technical grounds to form of amendment. Put up LAWSON WALTON to move another. Question submitted from the Chair took the form of eliminating words from the SAGE's motion in order to substitute LAWSON WALTON'S.

It was on this issue that PRINCE ARTHUR rallied his men round the standard of the SAGE, repelling CAWMELL-BANNERMAN and his men by majority of 150. Now the way seemed clear for completion of victory. A Ministerial majority had declared in favour of the integrity of the SAGE's amendment, indignantly repelling insidious attack from Opposition. Only thing to do now was to formally affirm it, and enter it on the journals of the House. A look of almost heavenly contentment suffused the SAGE's countenance. All his life he had fought under the banner of the Liberal flag, a position of contiguity that occasionally pro-

vided favourable opportunity for touching-up his captain with barbed spear-point. Now, at a critical moment, his friends and companion dear had turned upon him, and who had come to his rescue? Why, the Tories, whom he had spent an honourable life in belittling and belabouring.

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"My right hon. friend the Leader of the House," to quote ST. MICHAEL's own words, "takes an hour's recreation at golf. I take

my hour's recreation in a walk along the Embankment and a short attendance at the Board of the Society."

There it is; so simple, so natural, so logical.

"But couldn't you," said SARK, "take your hour's walk on the Embankment and stop short of the door of the Economic Life Assurance Society and its little fee?"

That's the worst of SARK. He's always going a point further than is compatible with polite conversation. Glad to say ST. MICHAEL, momentarily communing with All Angels, didn't hear him.

Business done.—Talking round the Address.

Thursday.—Ministerialists of the better sort getting a little tired of REDMOND *à la* and his rhetorical attacks on the political party that ruined themselves and their cause by advocating Home Rule. Well enough once in a decade to come back in joyous mood after dinner, sit and hear blatant middle-aged young man snap at the hand that fed him. But the exhibition palls upon repetition. To-night, any measure of success possible was marred by accident that the turn came on in the dinner hour. Later or earlier in the dull tide of miscellaneous debate round the Address, good Unionists would have been in their places to watch the antiquated sport. Not good enough to justify sacrifice of dinner. So they cleared out, and carefully framed, sedulously polished, turgid sentences rolled over empty benches.

Courtesy compelled attendance of CAWMELL-BANNERMAN. House filled up to hear his reply, and prepare for the division. Wherein Leader of the Opposition failed was in taking the matter too seriously. A

little more banter, a little less warmth of protestation of sincere (if subdued) affection for Home Rule would have been better. As for PRINCE ARTHUR, he chose the better part. He discreetly said nothing, and so between eight o'clock and midnight fizzled out a performance whose opening was heralded with much beating of drums and blowing of trumpets.

Business done.—REDMOND *ainé* moving Home Rule Resolution finds a following of forty-three, including less than one-half of the Nationalist vote, against a muster of 800.

Friday night.—Even an Irish Chief Secretary will turn at last. DAVITT on to-night with amendment to Address deploring distress in West of Ireland; asking for more money and compulsory powers of purchase. JOHN DILLON and others to follow on same lines. Brother GERALD stirred up what DILLON called "an otherwise harmonious and useful debate" by going for Irish Members.

The Congested Districts Board was a device of PRINCE ARTHUR. From day it was founded till it began to prosper no help been received from Irish Nationalist Members. Now, when the Board is popular, its benefactions everywhere acknowledged, they come in to reap where they have not sown.

This unexpected outburst almost took breath away; slightly recovered when Brother GERALD wound up by promising an additional £20,000 a year for the Congested Districts Board.

Business done.—Debate on Address adjourned till Monday.

THE LONGING OF A LYRICAL LAYMAN.

(Wearied of the yells of the newsvendors.)

Oh! for some fair, far-distant isle,
Some region beatific,
Where I might rest a little while,
Lulled by the great Pacific
To sleep! and there ne'er hear the cries
Of "Paper! All the winners!"
Or "DREYFUS Case!" I'd close my eyes,
Nor care for saints or sinners.
I'd dream that journals might come out,
Which men might read and boys not shout!

A LESSON IN "BOOING."—Manager LOWENFELD—we had nearly written Lohengrin, only the last syllable, "grin," doesn't just now seem applicable unless he himself adds "and-bear-it"—does not approve of the "booing" of his gods in the gallery. No more does any other sensible man or manager. But don't offend the happy gods as they might turn nasty, and so make the theatre, in which they exhibit their rowdiness, a place to be avoided. Let Manager LOWENFELD be advised by Sir PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT, and act like that sagacious *Man of the World* who was not to be put down by abuse, noise or snubbing, but who "booed and booed and booed" again, until he came off the winner. All other "booing" would have to yield to such cunning "booing" as this would be. "I always booed and booed and booed," says Sir PERTINAX, "as it were by instinct."

GOLFER'S DESCRIPTION OF MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR.—"A nice young man for a small 'tee' party."

THE NEW M.P. FOR LONDONDERY.—Most useful person for either side to reckon on in a division—"Count MORE."



WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT!

"WELL, JOHNSON, BEEN TO THE DOCTOR, AS I TOLD YOU?"

"YES, M'LORD."

"AND WHAT DID HE SAY WAS THE MATTER WITH YOU?"

"'E SAYS IT'S JUST GENERAL ABILITY, M'LORD, THAT'S ALL!"

LYRICAL OUTRAGES.

IV.—To LIZER FROM PRISON.

When certain undefined things
Put me be'ind these gates,
Sometimes the warder LIZER brings
To whisper at the grates;
And when I sees 'er smile a treat
Wiv tear-drops in 'er eye,
The toffs as walks dahn Regent Street
Knows no such liberty.

When knowing coppers messes round
From 'Ampstead 'Eath to Thames,
You might 'a' thought as they'd be bound
To stop all crooked games;
Yet while they lets the 'Ooligan,
The 'OOLEY, too, go free,
The poor dishonest burgling man
Knows no such liberty.

Stone walls may not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
But as a substitute they take
Some beating, I'll engage:
The birds and fishes, winds and such
Are free as blooming free,
Your BILL for 'alf a year, old Dutch,
Knows no such liberty.

SPRING FASHIONS.

London (West End).—Gauze gowns. Parasols of rainbow colours. Dust cloaks. Blue spectacles—to ward off the rays of the sun. Fans for afternoon wear. Single sole shoes for promenaders.

St. Petersburg.—Dove-colour dresses with Siberian fur trimmings. Tricolour ribands with ambulance crosses *à la Suisse*.

Berlin.—For particulars, apply to H.I.M. the EMPEROR-KING.

Madrid.—Foreign materials from *ci-devant* colonies.

Monte Carlo.—Cosmopolitan. On arrival, contents of eighteen large portmanteaux. On departure, serge costume and a railway rug.

NOT A QUESTION OF GLASS HOUSES.—Mr. Punch understands that the great novelty at the Crystal Palace during the coming summer will be an entertainment after the fashion of a French *revue* called *A Dream of Whitaker's Almanack*. Mr. P. hopes that acres of wit may be sown and yield fruit abundantly. May "big success" justify the attempt.



Professor Mysto (the celebrated Palmist, to Miss Priscilla Giddy).
 "THIS LINE INDICATES THAT WHEN YOU ARE ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE
 YEARS OF AGE YOU WILL MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A GENTLE-
 MAN WHOM YOU WILL PROBABLY MARRY."

[Professor Mysto, being unable to ask any specific fee for his services,
 leaves the amount to the generosity of his Patrons.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron having a strong appreciation of vampires, and eager to recognise the genuine article when it comes in his way, is mightily astonished that *A Mystery of the Campagna*, by VON DEGEN (Pseudonym Library, FISHER UNWIN), was not brought to his notice when it first appeared. It is now in its fourth edition, and deservedly so. Let any amateur of vampires read this book, and verily he will not be disappointed. The second story in the little volume hath about it a charm of a totally different kind. 'Tis a brief episode in a lifetime; sad, but not thrilling; a story of contrasts.

The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett (SMITH, ELDER) make one of the most charming love stories in the language. At first sight it is an impossibly delicate thing to publish for reading in parlour and kitchen the intimate correspondence of a man and woman whom all the world knows by name, and some of us knew in the flesh. BROWNING was so punctilious of the sacredness of letters, that before his death he destroyed all his other correspondence. Yet he gave this cherished block to his son, saying, "There they are. Do with them as you please when I am dead and gone." Mr. BROWNING has pleased to publish them, and through all time mankind and womankind will be pleased to read them. It is no new thing in English literature for a novel to be written in the form of letters. The fashion has gone out since *Evelina* charmed the town. At the close of the nineteenth century it reappears in most perfect form. There is one absolutely original and unique touch in the plot of this romance. The lovers were in love before they set eyes upon each other. No novelist, however daring, has hit on that point before. Where all is good it is invidious to discriminate, but it must be said that, on the whole, the woman's letters are

better than the man's. BROWNING's prose style, especially when he analyses that fascinating subject himself, is not free from the elaborate obscurity that mars much of his verse. Miss BARRETT makes charming confession of her own difficulty in this matter. "I, as a woman," she writes, in her second letter, "have studied some of your gestures of language and intonation, wistfully as a thing beyond me far, and," adds this very first member of the BROWNING Society, "the more admirable for being beyond me." That's all very well for one in love. Plain people prefer language that can be understood of them. CARLYLE once told Miss BARRETT she would do better to write prose than verse. That was not encouraging for a young poet, but it is justified by these Letters. If he were still around, my Baronite would like to look over the shoulders of ELIZABETH's father, a sort of DOMBEY-MICAWBER-BARRETT, whilst he read this correspondence, remembering how on her marriage he turned his pompous back on his gifted daughter. Among the marvels of creation is the fact that he should have had such a daughter and she such a father.

My Baronite is not familiar with the name of FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD, but if *The Black Curtain* (Duckworth) is her first novel, she has straightway made her mark. The plot is marked by some good old melodramatic traits. Its turnings, long-frequented, are a little obvious. But the characters, more especially the voiceless singer and the blinded painter, who by such good chance come together in the wilderness, are live people. A peculiar charm of the book is its setting in unfamiliar hills of California, the light and colour, the breezy air of which suffuse the pages with refreshing zest.

CAIRD's *History of Corsica* (T. F. UNWIN) is a most useful and instructive book, and will interest even those who do not profess to have ever Caired much for the subject before. "But," observes the Baronite (of a dramatic turn), who has undertaken to offer his opinion, "there is one singular and striking omission, as nowhere can I find any mention of, or remotest allusion to, *The Corsican Brothers*. Odd!"

Dr. BARRY's *The Two Standards* (FISHER UNWIN) is a very remarkable work. Wagnerism, Capitalism, Evangelicalism, Mesmerism, Socialism, and a good many other "isms," figure in his pages; and every theme is touched with the master's hand. Dr. BARRY is not only a literary artist of consummate skill—in this book his painting is in the style of REMBRANDT—but also a profound philosopher. Hence his subtle and skilful analysis of character, his precise and powerful diagnosis of human nature.

"He knows what's what; and that's as deep
 As metaphysic wit can peep."

"A book to read—and to read carefully," says
 THE BARON DE B.-W.

WITH ARMY ESTIMATES.

(Fragment not to be found in a Blue Book.)

THE War Office clerk and the Yeomanry trooper were examining the proposed military expenditure.

"A net increase of £1,396,700," said the man of the Pen.

"Yes; quite enough, too," replied he of the Sword, "but it is satisfactory to think it is no worse."

"Between four thousand and five thousand new soldiers," observed the clerk. "Well, I suppose they are wanted."

"Yes," acquiesced the cavalryman, "they will be needed in these days of increased establishments beyond the sea."

"Recruiting tempered with desertion will go on as before. And the warlike stores take a lot."

"Must have new guns and new barracks."

"The Volunteers have an increase of £10,000."

"And the Militia about double the money."

So far Pen and Sword saw nothing to surprise them. But at length the first started.

"Why, this is astonishing! There is no increase in the votes for the War Office and the Yeomanry! What can be the cause of that?"

"Perhaps the War Office and the Yeomanry are considered past improving."

MYSTERY AT ECCLES.

In a descriptive account of the new Theatre at Eccles (no relation to the tipsy old father in *Caste*), the *Manchester Courier* says:—

"We ought to say that the execution of the builder and decorator has quite, if not more than, realised the hopes of the architect."

Alas! Poor builder and decorator! Was the execution by decapitation, or by hanging? In the first case, both must have lost their heads; in the second, they have been "suspended." Sad. But what a cruel architect! What a crafty designer! And to think how his plans have met with unqualified success! Terrible!



THE GREAT TRAFFIC PUZZLE.

Mr. Punch, C.E. (to Sir M-TTH-W WH-TE R-DL-Y). "EXCUSE ME, SIR MATTHEW, DON'T MOVE YOUR 'BUS . . . MOVE YOUR VAN FIRST!"

LE LENDEMAIN DE CARNAVAL.

ALL down the boulevards ankle-deep
Last night the bright *confetti* lay;
When with the dawn we turned to sleep
Besom and hose had had their way;
And now the world, swept clean of colour,
Looks good, and feels distinctly duller.

Still sadly gay from leafless trees
The dragged *serpentin* depends,
Witness of wanton revelries
For which we mean to make amends,
Who go with ashes on our head,
And deem the ancient Adam dead.

Yet while the Flesh refused to die,
And through the crowds, serenely
"gras,"

The reckless urban *fiacre* (or fly)
Could barely circulate *au pas*,
It was a beauteous sight to see
How bosoms beat in harmony!

Forgotten all the cross-intrigues
Of that inconsequent *Affaire*;
Silent the roar of patriot Leagues
That usually rend the air;
The warrior kindly waived his feud,
And left the Hebrew unconspued.

Duels were fought with even less
Than honour's customary risks;
The paper-battles of the Press
Were only waged with coloured discs;
Only the air-inflated bomb
Argued the obvious "*droits de l'homme*."

Yet you misjudge us over there!
You find us torn with party-strife,
So French, you say, so unaware
Of what should weld the nation's life;
Nor notice, when we do agree,
How great our unanimity!

Let but the common need arise,
The psychologic moment come,
At once the sound of discord dies,
And half a hundred creeds are dumb;
Can a Republic be so petty
Which thus combines to chuck *confetti*?

Your views of us have seldom been
Quite as enlightened as they should;
These narrow seas that roll between
Have made us so misunderstood;
The aims that move our noblest men
Seem to elude your local ken.

And, *en revanche*, beneath the stress
Of this constraining truce of Lent,
Our ignorance we here confess;
We too have sinned to some extent;
We fail to follow, though we try,
Some of *your* choicest geni.

We spell their names—a thankless task,—
And get no sort of guiding clue;
We read heroic things and ask
"*Qui est-ce que c'est cet inconnu?*"
And yet of old a prophet's arts
Were most at home in foreign parts!

* "M. GIBSON BORDES (*sic*) vient d'interroger le Gouvernement sur les prétendues concessions obtenues par la France en Chine."—*L'Evénement*.

FROM "A BACHELOR UNCLE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have just received the following effusion from my nephew MAX. What reply ought I to make?

MY DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY,—Weere going to get up a School Debaying Society for instructshon in Diplovmasy and Poltics. BROWN minor says whats the good of Diplovmasy but BROWN minors an awful ass he cant help it I sed look here I dont



OVERHEARD OUTSIDE A THEATRE.

"YAH! WAITIN' TER SEE DEER KIDS PLAY!"

know wether SMITH major will take a likking from me or not so wen he said yestiddy "I bet I'll lick enny feller here" I just let on that I didnt hear him well I call that Diplovmasy dont you?

Now I want you to advice me wether to be a Consurfative or a Libral. Of course you know the Governors a Libral so praps Id better be a Consurfative just to distink-quish us what do you think?

I thort Id ask you becous you allwas take sutch intrest in both me and STINKER (TOMMY I mean) and injoy our visits so mutch and talk sutch rot about our fucher and all that to us that I thort youd take sutch—oh I sed that befoere well no more from

Yr. affeckshunt nephew MAX.

A QUIET RUBBER.—A Dumb Masseur.

LYRICAL OUTRAGES.

V.—THE WOMANLY HEART.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a bonnet's fair?
For my own no longer care,
'Cause less *chic* and smart they are?
Be the JONESSES' Sunday hats
Made in Paris—freckled cats!—
If they be not made for me,
What care I how smart they be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
E'en if WORTH their frocks designed?
'Cause their fortune seems too high,
Shall I rage with jealousy?
Jealous of the JONESSES! Oh!
Jealous of such persons! No
If they be too smart for me,
What care I how smart they be?



Stocks, Esq. (late of the City, Acting Field Master). "HIGH! HULLOAH! HOLD HARD! 'WARE—SOMETHING—BEANS, I THINK!"

GRIERSON'S ONLY WAY.

(Being a composite photograph of Mr. ESMOND'S "Grierson's Way" as given recently by the New Century Theatre, and "The Only Way," now being played at the Lyceum by Mr. MARTIN HARVEY.)

ACT I. SCENE—GRIERSON'S chambers in the Temple. GRIERSON burning the midnight oil and drinking cold tea. PHILIP KEEN opposite him.

Grierson (sipping his tea with a Sidney Carton air of dissipation). I'm a poor sort of fellow, I am! Why should PAMELA love me? (Fiercely.) Why should she?

Keen. She doesn't.

Grierson (triumphantly). Of course not. She's not such a fool. She doesn't love you either.

Keen. I'm not so sure of that.

Grierson (grasping his cup and draining it at a draught). I am. Love a herring-gutted, narrow-shouldered creature like you! Absurd.

Keen (indignantly). I'm not herring-gutted.

Grierson. You are. You know you are. Mr. ESMOND says you're herring-gutted in the play, and he ought to know.

Keen. Then I don't think he ought to have mentioned it. It's very indelicate of him to allude to my internal arrangements in this way. But there, nothing's sacred to these modern dramatists, not even the stomach.

Grierson. Look here, KEEN. I'm going to propose to PAMELA.

Keen. Although you know she's in love with AYNESLEY MURRAY?

Grierson. MURRAY's murrayed—I mean married. She'll accept me to save herself

from disgrace. (Virtuously.) Some day she may even come to love me.

Keen. I bet you a sovereign she won't.

Grierson. Done. Anyhow, you know, it's a far, far better thing that I do—

Keen. You haven't done it yet. And what's more, I don't believe the Censor of Plays will let you.

ACT II. SCENE—A very rural garden in Soho (by kind permission of Mr. MARTIN HARVEY).

Grierson (coaxingly). And you are beginning to love me a little, PAMELA?

Pamela. Of course I'm not. How tiresome you are.

Keen. I told you so, GRIERSON. Hand over that sovereign.

Grierson (aside, in impassioned accents). The animal wins, the animal always wins, especially a herring-gutted animal. Probably it's something to do with his digestion. (Aloud.) I'll owe it you.

[Enter DEFARGE—also lent by Mr. MARTIN HARVEY—in footman's livery, with a card on a salver.

Grierson. Captain AYNESLEY MURRAY!

Pamela. AYNESLEY!

Grierson (fiercely). What impertinence! I'll give him a piece of my mind.

[Enter MURRAY. He is seven feet high, and broad in proportion, and has a truculent expression. KEEN and GRIERSON look very small in comparison.

Grierson (meekly). How do you do, Captain MURRAY.

Murray. Quite well, thanks. How do you do, PAMELA. It's quite an age since I saw you.

Keen (sniggers). Ha, ha! Very amusing. Grierson (irritably, aside). What on earth are you laughing at?

Keen. At MURRAY's clothes. Don't you see? He's in mourning. I bet you his wife's dead.

Grierson. Nonsense.

Murray (to PAMELA). PAMELA, my wife is dead. I do think you might have waited for this—ahem! unhappy—even before you took up with GRIERSON.

Pamela. Hold me. [Faints in his arms.

Grierson. Here, PAMELA! I say, you know! This won't do. No really nice woman ever faints in the arms of any one except her husband.

Pamela. Nonsense. Captain MURRAY and I are old friends. And I never can resist a really tall man. It's the influence of ISEN.

Keen (maliciously). I told you how it would be, GRIERSON.

Grierson (with great vexation). Well, of all the—! Come, I must say—

Pamela (threateningly). Well?

Grierson (meekly). Well, my dear, the fact is, it's a far, far more serious job I've undertaken in marrying you than I'd any idea of.

Keen (giggling). It is, indeed.

ACT III. SCENE—GRIERSON'S Study.

Grierson. I say, KEEN, what am I to do about PAMELA? She's carrying on with AYNESLEY MURRAY in the most disgraceful manner. She has no regard whatever for my feelings. When I remonstrate with her she boxes my ears. So unwomanly! And as for MURRAY, he'd knock me down as soon as look at me. A man has no right to be as tall as that. He puts a mere husband at a disadvantage.

Keen. I don't see what you are to do. You couldn't kill him, I suppose?

Grierson. Quite impossible. He's too big. Keen. Can't you get PAMELA to kill him? She has no moral sense.

Grierson. She's much more likely to kill me.

Keen. So she is. (*Reflectively.*) I say, why not do the unselfish thing and kill yourself? PAMELA will be awfully grateful, and suicide's quite the fashion in modern drama.

Grierson (*solemnly*). Would that be right, do you think?

Keen (*cheerfully*). Right as a trivet.

Grierson. Wouldn't it do as well if I got a judicial separation?

Keen. It wouldn't be half so effective, dramatically.

Grierson. True. I'll think about it.

Keen (*persuasively*). I wouldn't do that, you know. It isn't the sort of thing that bears thinking about.

Grierson. All right.

[*Exit to commit suicide.*]

Keen (*laughing maliciously*). So much for—GRIERSON! SHAKESPEARE! Now if I can only get LINDLEY MURRAY—I mean AYNESLEY MURRAY—to do the same thing, I may yet be able to marry PAMELA myself. [*Exit.*]

The stage is darkened for a moment. When the lights are raised again, Mr. H. V. ESMOND is seen standing on a platform, his form outlined against a background of red and angry critics.

Mr. Esmond. This is a far, far better play that you have witnessed than you have ever known; and I am a far, far better dramatist than you, any of you, realise.

Curtain.

IN A GALLERY.

WHEN in doubt as to what to go and see, and also when in Bond Street, drop in at Messrs. AGNEW AND SONS' Gallery, and call on the Water-Colourists. There you will find at home the two DAVIDS, ROBERTS and COX, COPLEY FIELDING (though no cricket is going on), SAM PROUT, PETER DE WINT, GEORGE CATTERMOLE, J. COLLIER, DUNCAN and MACBETH, *cum multis aliis* (great painters these!), and J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

A propos of TURNER, just oblige me by regarding, not too closely, No. 43. Guess its subject straight off without referring to the catalogue. If you guess rightly you can reward yourself with a lunch at your own expense chez BELLINI, where, in honour of the name, while waiting the *excellantissimo disho*, you can hum aloud as much of *Norma* as may be permitted you by the Luncheoners and *déjeuner-à-la-fourchetters* at the other tables. "Yes, we together!" &c.

But to return to 43. Is it a Scene from DANTE's *Inferno*? Is it a fire on a "blasted heath"? Is it something wrong with the Moon or the Sun? Give it up! Consult catalogue. Rejoice in the Terrible, Tremendous TURNER! and then cool yourself with the DE WINT in *Essex Marshes*.

You will obtain another light refresher at No. 76, where Mrs. ALLINGHAM has taken *A Cottage in the Isle of Wight*; which, from its being "in verdure clad," might be a scene in the Isle of Green. You will wander through pools and streams and fells, and finally will let yourself out by PATERSON's *Garden Gate* and walk away at *Low Tide* (which is An "Albert" by "A. ALBERT") dryfooted and dry-throated, delighted with the pictures and, it being feeding-time, ready for the plates.

LORD JUSTICE ROMER. "SCENT UP."—Henceforth there will be a delightful fragrance, about the Court of Appeal, which was lacking to it before the introduction of such *A-Roma* as it now possesses.



EVOLUTION.

"IS IT TRUE THAT MEN WAS ONCE MONKEYS, GRAN'PA?"

"SO THEY SAY, MY DEAR."

"THEN WHAT WAS THE MONKEYS, THEN?"

A PLAYGOER'S NIGHTMARE.

I'd had some supper after the play, And enjoyed, it must be confessed, An imprudent dish—so the croakers say— That's a crab divinely "dressed."

Some hours later, I pledge my word, A strange thing happened—Gadzooks! I fancy that phrase has also occurred In RIDER HAGGARD, his books—

The Ambassador sat on the end of my bed With his arm round the Runaway Girl, Whilst the Three Musketeers, each man on his head, Saluted that amorous Earl.

A sad Court Scandal indeed! I lay And listened—I "make no bones"— For that was clearly *The Only Way* To discover *What Happened to Jones*.

Then off we went to Lord Algy's flat, In a hansom we all packed in; The Forty Thieves were a trifle fat, But the Belle of New York was thin.

We picked *White Heather* in Oxford Street, And the Greek Slave tried to sell; No ship was like *Ours* in all the fleet, Though the *Jane* manœuvred well.

Lady Ursula borrowed the bo'sun's kit, Which every one managed to guess, But Little Miss Nobody cried a bit When we missed the down express.

A Ray of Sunshine appeared that night, Or perhaps 'twas a *Lucky Star*, And Alice went back to her land all bright, And Milord Sir Smith to the Bar.

We bicycled hurriedly night and day On and Off for a week or two, It was *Lavender*, *Lavender* all the way, With occasional games of loo.

But they stopped the carriage and put me down Alone at my rooms, as you see—

Not coffee this morning, thank you, Brown, I should really prefer some tea!

"LIGHT RAILWAYS."—We see many paragraphs with this heading, and we say, "Do so by all means." Light them well, so that we can read our books and newspapers easily, and in restful certainty that the light will remain bright and sufficient for all purposes. We do not ask for *plus de luxe* but *plus de "luz."* Luck's everything, and we wish we may get it—if good.

INITIAL DIFFICULTY.—The new French President has many hard tasks before him. Even at the very outset, M. LOUBET, as one man, has got to show himself equal at least to *Faure*.

EPITAPH.—FAURE GONE.—Conclusion.

THE PATHETICK BALLAD OF SIDNEY, RICHARD, AND FREDERICK.

(A Poem for the Young Reciter.)

I.

'Twas chill and bleak on a day last week,
When little SID and DICK
Tripped buoyantly down Bedford Street
With Brother FREDERICK;
And into the Civil Service Stores
They fared with footstep quick.

II.

Though the folds of SIDNEY's mantle flapped
About his form so slim;
And RICHARD's overcoat allowed
For much increase of limb;
While FREDERICK wore an ulster more
Than a size too large for him!

III.

Through the busy hive with comments naive
On all they came across,
They sauntered; to their sunny smiles
Gold seemed but sordid dross,
And each department, when they left,
Had a sudden sense of loss.

IV.

Stern Civil Servants yearned to look
On those bright boys again:
And following eager in their track,
Pressed SIDNEY to explain,
How a glass-eyed ape got under his cape,
With a cannon and clockwork train!

V.

Both RICHARD and FRED are dumbfounded;
Till DICK disgorges next
A pound of tripe, and a meerschaum pipe,
And a coloured Scripture text!
Then FREDERICK's groans would soften
stones,
So sorely is he vexed.

VI.

But what of the bottle of "Ess Bouquet"
In FRED's own pocket pent?
That graceless pair must have slipped it
there,
So he says, for he loathes all scent!
And the Heliotrope, and the Toilet soap
Dropped in by an accident.

VII.

They have turned those little lads upside
down,
And shaken them full well;
Till their sleeves proved cornua-copiae,
Whence such abundance fell
That the Manager sent a Commissionaire
In search of a Consta-bel!

VIII.

Next morn to Black Maria's charge
Were three pale lads consigned;
And they quitted the dock, by one o' the
clock,
For the Beak was curt but kind;
And since they'd ne'er been birched before,
He had them birched behind.

IX.

Now DICK, and SID, and FREDERICK did
Resent this outrage so
That near the doors of those arrogant Stores
They've vowed they will not go—
But on quite small shopkeepers, all
Their patronage bestow!

"THE EARLY FATHERS."—Those off to
the City by the 7 A.M.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTER.—A lady
in a tailor-made dress.



Mrs. A. "MY DEAR CHILD, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING TO YOURSELF? YOU'VE BEEN DYEING YOUR HAIR!"

Miss B. "NO, I HAVEN'T. I'VE JUST DARKENED THE ROOTS A BIT—THAT'S ALL!"

Félix Faure.

BORN JAN. 30, 1841. DIED FEB. 16, 1899.

Nor of their kind, the kingly few,
Predestined, since their days began,
To shape a nation's course anew
Then when the hour demands the man—
Yet shall they say who sum his deeds
And do him justice, being gone,
"He sought to serve his country's needs,
And, dying, died with harness on."

Light work it were to rule a race
Whose hearts are one in patriot pride,
Where truth controls the judgment-place,
High faith and freedom throned beside;
But there, where faith is long outworn,
And loyalty an old-world tale,
Where conscience wins the rabble's scorn,
Well might a stouter courage fail!

Peace to the dead, who found at least
A fate that struck in sudden wise,
Nor lingered while above the feast
The vultures gathered down the skies;
Peace to the dead! and if at all
Remembrance lives beyond the grave,
God speed his prayer that peace may fall
Upon the land he could not save.

To the New Lord Justice of Appeal.
(With Lord Chiefissimo Punch's congratulations.)

HE'S a Roamer, spell it "ROMER,"
Roamer such as naught can stop,
Ever ready, going steady,
Till he tops the tip tip top!

"A TOUR DE FORCE."—One on which
you're bound to go, when once you've paid
the money beforehand.



THE NEW POSTILLION.

MADAME LA FRANCE (*nervously*). "POSTILLION LOUBET! ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU KNOW THE WAY?"



NOT FOR JOSEPH!

REMARKS AD REM-BRANDT.

EVERYBODY to be anybody must be born somewhere: and REM-BRANDT made his first appearance at Leyden. His father was a miller, one HARMEN GERRITZ, or "Grits" (sometimes, but erroneously, spelt with an "c"), a name in that country and at that period, 1606, significantly descriptive of the Miller's harsh manner. Why he inserted an "s" before the "z" has never been ascertained. The future painter's mother was a baker's daughter, so celebrated as "The Owl," that even SHAKSPEARE makes complimentary allusion to her in the ravings of *Ophelia*. Some Owls are beautiful, and Madame GERRITZ being one of these notable exceptions was considered the flour of the Miller's family. That she had a thorough-bred style goes without saying, especially when, *en boulangère*, she had her hair done up in a roll with a "bun" at the top. Young REMBRANDT signed himself "VAN RYN" (of the Rhine) as did his father and uncle before him, and in their most festive moments GERRITZ would address his wife, in song, as "My Old Dutch," with a jovial chorus of

"VAN RYN's a merry family,
V.R.! V.R.! V.R.!"

The youthful REMBRANDT determined to be an artist; studied first under one master then under another, until he finished, appropriately enough, with LASTMAN. After this, for three or four years, he had a rough time of student life, and frequently when sufficient grist from the mill at home was not forthcoming to defray his expenses, he would merrily go to Mynheer VAN PORNbrocker, singing "Pop goes the easel," and pop it went until redeemed by REMBRANDT Reimbursed, for, at this period, he could draw anything but money out of the bank or cheques on it. He soon discovered that Amsterdam was the place to live in, and finding that most of its citizens would become sitters, he himself very soon became a squatter.

REMBRANDT was so devoted to his art that when he had nothing else to do he would paint himself over and over again. There was no necessity for him to owe large sums to his tailor, as he could always give himself a fresh coat of paint. His signature varied, as does that of most men at various times. Once he wrote "*van ryn*" thus: "*van rjn*," but as this occurs only in the marriage register, it may be fairly presumed that, on such an exceptional occasion, he might have been a little "off his head," and so may have momentarily "gone a bit dotty." This is the "wherefore" of the "y." It is true that his wife brought him a big dowry, quite equal to two ordinary "dots." But this is another story. There is nothing more to add, as all his portraits,

being speaking likenesses, tell their own story, and, if they don't, you can "refer to drawer," or, if you have not REMBRANDT's Reminiscences at hand, turn to the instructive R.A. Catalogue, which, for the ridiculously small sum of sixpence, you will obtain from a custodian in the hall of Burlington House. Then "*ite ad astra*"—go upstairs and enjoy yourself.

(38) *Purgomaster Sir*. Six equal to a dozen, and (42) *The Wife of Sir*. Was she the mother of Twelve? (44) *A Slaughter House*. Strange! Yet evidently R. v. R. considered this subject "meet" for his brush.

Rare Rabbis, Marvellous Men and Wonderful Women: the majority being very ancient. The great painter of "Old Folks at Home" should have had another cognomen, "*Rembrandt von Wrinkle*." There are only two good-looking young people in the collection: and the specimen (59) of *A Young Man* of the period is not flattering, though probably true. The lace collars, the armour, and the velvet stuffs, all things of beauty and joys for ever. To see those wonderful Rabbis will make you wish that you could have been one of them to have been so immortalised. Then you could have said, had you been inclined that way, "What's the odds as long as you're Rabbi?—and painted by REMBRANDT VAN RYN!" In another fortnight the show shuts up shop, so *carpe diem* and off to Burlington House.

LES MINISTRES EN ANGLETERRE.

RÉVÉLATIONS HONTEUSES.

GAGNE-PAIN INFÂME.

LE PANAMA ANGLAIS.

ENCORE une Affaire chez la nation voisine, instigatrice de tous les complots, amie de tous les Dreyfusards, esclave de tous les Juifs! Et c'est elle, la vertueuse Angleterre, qui révèle, encore une fois, l'abominable infamie de ses députés!

Sifflé et hué, LOUBET, président des Dreyfusards, arriva à Paris. Conspuez LOUBET! A bas les Juifs! Pa-na-ma! Pa-na-ma! Pa-na-ma! [Here we omit five lines of vituperation.] Mais à Londres, centre du commerce des ignobles boutiquiers anglais, tous les ministres sont des traitres. A bas les chéquards! Pa-na-ma! Pa-na-ma! Pa-na-ma! [Here we omit eight lines of vituperation.]

Le ministère anglais est un conseil d'administration de sociétés anonymes pur et simple. Pur! Comme le Panama! Simple! Comme DREYFUS! Parmi les ministres, sir BART LETT et sir GREY BART sont assez honteux. Le premier, ami d'ABDUL HAMIN, dirigea le feu d'artifice à Constantinople à l'occasion de la croisade pour rire de GUILLAUME d'Allemagne. A bas les Allemands! Le dernier a bêtement et mensongèrement attaqué le vaillant MARCHAND et l'illustre armée française, sans peur et sans reproche. Vive l'armée! Et sir RIDLE BART, évidemment son frère, ose supprimer les omnibus du peuple. Pour faciliter la circulation des "brougams," des coupés, des mails de la haute noblesse, il veut interdire absolument les omnibus de la simple et honnête bourgeoisie.

Mais il y en a encore un autre. Laissons ces ridicules titres, et disons comme chez nous, tout court, BEACH. Ça veut dire en français, "galet." Prononcé à la mode anglaise ce mot devient "galette." Eh bien, voilà son affaire—la galette! A bas les impôts! A bas les contributions, directes ou indirectes! A bas BEACH! A bas BALFOR! [Here we omit fourteen lines of vituperation.]

Et encore. C'est BEACH qui est directeur de la Société Économe d'Assurances sur la Vie. O honte suprême! Des économies, est-ce qu'il en fait? Ah, mais non! Depuis que cet homme est devenu ministre, l'impôt sur le tabac n'existe plus en Angleterre. Ses électeurs, tous fabricants de tabac, ont gagné des sommes folles. Les simples et honnêtes bourgeois—même en Angleterre il y en a—sont forcés de payer un impôt sur le revenu grotesque, inouï, infâme, 40 pour 100 [M. TROPPORT has apparently mistaken 8d. in the £ for 8s. in the £]. On parle même d'une augmentation de cet impôt abominable.

Et ce BEACH, richissime ami des banquiers juifs—tous les bureaux de tabac en Angleterre sont tenus par des Dreyfusards—s'amuse à présider l'assemblée générale de la Société Économe d'Assurances sur la Vie! La colère m'étouffe. Où sont les MAX RÉGIS, les DÉROULEDE, les TROPPORT—oui, c'est moi qui le demande—les TROPPORT de l'Angleterre? Ah, sales Dreyfusards! Ah, misérables Panamistes! A bas les traitres! A bas les vendus! Conspuez les juges! Démission! Démission! Pa-na-ma! Pa-na-ma! Pa-na-ma! [Here we omit nineteen lines of vituperation.]

HENRI TROPPORT.

FRENCH, English, German, and other Cookery Books are supplied at "the Cookeries" by Cooks, but not for Cooks—which is quite another story. Full receipts taken and given.



De Vaux. "MY GRANDFATHER, YOU KNOW, LIVED TILL HE WAS NINETY-EIGHT."
Trevor-Carthew. "WELL, MY GRANDMOTHER DIED AT THE AGE OF NINETY-SEVEN."
Brown. "IN MY FAMILY THERE ARE SEVERAL WHO ARE NOT DEAD YET!"

PHEW!

["In the new Greek Chamber there are 112 Theotokists, 13 Deligeorgists, 6 Dragoumists, and 4 Carapinists."—*Daily Paper.*]

DELIGEORG—who ever heard of them?
 Dragoumists? Dragoum?—which please?
 I cannot pronounce one word of them!
 On my honour, it's absurd of them
 Answering such names as these.
 Who'll enlighten me? Will you?
 Who they are and what they do?
 Are they mummies? Are they mammals?
 Whales? or crocodiles? or camels?
 Relics dug from classic sods?
 New diseases? Ancient Gods?
 Are they fossils? Can I see 'em
 In the Kensington Museum?
 Are they planets? stars? or men?
 What the dickens are they then?

Piqued to solve so strange a mystery,
 Many volumes have I read,
 Science, commerce, arts and history,
 Every language—living, dead.
 I have plunged into mythology,
 Demonology and conchology,
 Anthropology—every -ology
 Ever troubled human head.
 Nowhere could I find the place of them—
 Nowhere light upon a trace of them.

I was doubtful of unravelling
 This enigma, when a friend
 I fell in with, who'd been travelling
 Over Greece from end to end.
 "Ho?" he cried. "So pale? so thin?
 What's the trouble you are in?"
 I explained. "Ha, ha!" laughed he,
 "I can tell you what they be.
 Yes, it is in Greece they grow.
 Currants? Olives? Oh, dear, no!

No, they are not what you think,
 Nothing good to eat or drink,
 Gods? Oh, no—nor new bacteria,
 Dear me! nothing so superior,
 (He's, you see, a Cockney, so don't rhyme,
 Hence that jangle which I know don't rhyme)
 They are simply, if you please,
 Best assorted Greek M.P.'s!!

A STRUGGLE WITH FASHION.

["I wonder if you would insert my protest in aid of ladies who, like myself, are 'struggling to be free' of the long skirts now threatening us? . . . it is too awful to think of what they will sweep up from the pavement, and the quantity of bacilli they will carry to our homes."—*Correspondent in St. James's Gazette.*]

CAPRICIOUS Fashion, at whose freak,
 Through paths begrimed with noisome dirt,

Women, irresolute and weak,
 Consent to drag a lengthy skirt,
 Too long have we been fettered by you,
 Henceforth, proud Fashion, I defy you.

At least (you'll own it is a shame
 To doom us to such foolish clothes!)
 Against our folly I'll declaim,
 Who wear what each one of us loathes
 Only to benefit the drapers,
 I'll write a letter to the papers.

In vain! Still Fashion holds its sway—
 (What? Madame X. about my gown?)
 I've eased my mind and said my say;
 To set the fashion for the town
 Is, I confess, beyond my strength,—
 (The train? oh yes, the usual length!)

HOMEWARD BOUND.—*Mr. Punch's* latest volume returning from the binders'.

MOST HORRIBLE!

["A Bill has been introduced into the State Legislature of Wisconsin to prohibit tight lacing."—*Daily Paper.*]

OUR health, indeed! As if we need
 Your men to watch and foster us!
 Upon my word, who ever heard
 A notion so preposterous?
 Male men! And pray, what right have they
 To come and preach and prate to us?
 As if they knew that we must do
 Whatever they dictate to us!

For say, how can a mere male man
 See if a girl's tight-laced or no?
 How can he tell if she is—well,
 If Nature made her waist or no?
 However wise in their own eyes,
 Still certain things they couldn't know,
 Or if they do, the bold bad crew,
 More shame to them! They shouldn't know!

The game they play? It's plain as they!
 They think that we've been cold to them,
 And they are not content with what
 Few favours we have doled to them.
 But now they'll seize whate'er they please,
 And when they come embracing us
 They'll only cry, they want to try
 If any one's been lacing us.

O wicked wile! O plot most vile,
 Betraying every miss of us
 To any him that has a whim
 For ravishing a kiss of us.
 We'll be their prey by night and day,
 Unless we stop this sorry Bill,
 And be pursued by suitors rude—
 O horrible! Most horrible!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 20.—Mr. LECKY is more than disappointed with the Atlantic. He is positively accusatory. Debate on to-night about distress in West o

by some rare necromancy in uniting men of all political factions in its administration. SARK says, "If all Irish members were like HORACE PLUNKETT there would, in spite of the Atlantic Ocean, be no Irish Question."

SARK for once in his life mistaken, a condition suffered with many other impartial

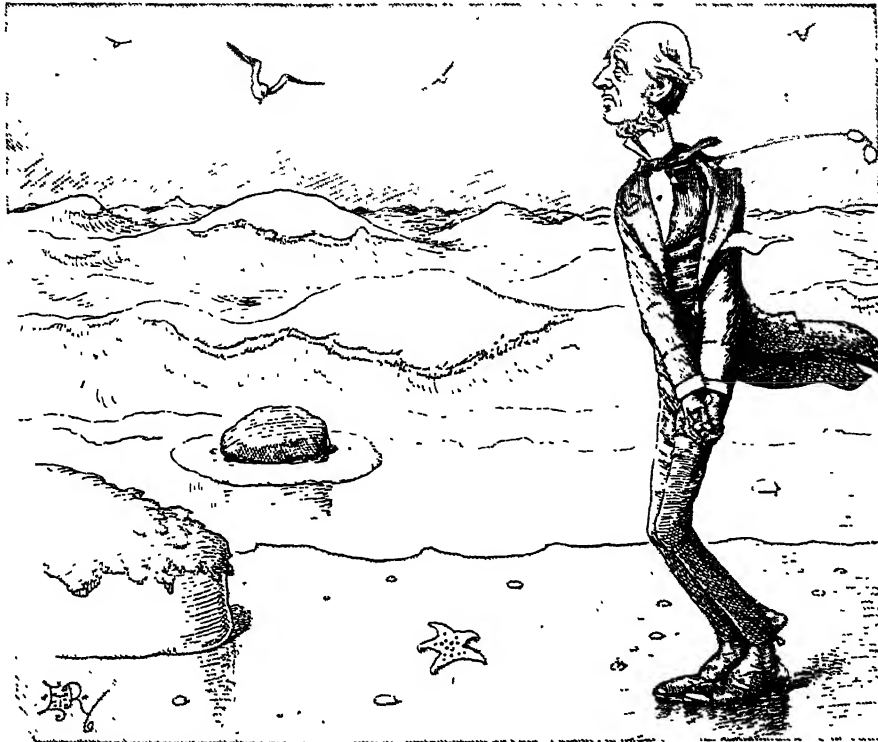
Bishops in the House of Peers in Parliament is a great hindrance to the discharge of their spiritual functions, prejudicial to the Commonwealth, and fit to be taken away by Bill."

Obvious indefiniteness about this last declaration. "Fit to be taken away by Bill"? What Bill? "BILL HARCOURT," says SARK. Ah, hadn't thought of that.

So far from discerning danger in presence of Bishops in the Lords, Lord HUGH perceives therein the germ of change of constitution of the House, making it a more completely representative body. Instead of fewer Bishops or none, have more. Step over the pale of the Church; go into the highways and byways of Nonconformity, and compel the pastors to come in. What Lord HUGH wants to see is Bishop CLIFFORD in the Lords, seated next to the Right Reverend Prelate HUGH PRICE HUGHES, with Archbishop PARKER shoulder to shoulder with the Primate, and a bust of Mr. SPURGEON in the outer lobby.

The Bishops of CHESTER and ST. ASAPH, seated in Peers' Gallery, audibly gasped. An hour earlier SWIFT MACNEILL had made their flesh creep. Abused the Bishops all round as "time-serving prelates," "political partisans," and even "founders of families." SWIFT MACNEILL, though his words are tumultuous, is of gentlest spirit. Wouldn't hurt a fly, much less a Bishop. Occurring to him that his remarks might give pain to the right reverend gentlemen perched up aloft, he turned to them and was proceeding to explain that present company was always excepted, when SPEAKER interposed and sternly bade him address the Chair.

Just recovering from that scare, when here's Lord HUGH CECIL, of all men in the



LECKY AND THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

Ireland. JOHN REDMOND says it's all due to TIM HEALY. TIM lays the blame at the door of JOHN DILLON. JOHN DILLON, striking out a fresh path, discerns the Father of Evil in HORACE PLUNKETT. Mr. LECKY says it's the Atlantic.

That seems to settle the matter. You cannot, BURKE said on a famous occasion, frame an indictment against a nation. Similarly you cannot have the Atlantic taken up and put in the dock, as if it were a Town or County Councillor under PRINCE ARTHUR's abortive Irish Local Government Bill. So there we must leave the matter. Question of Irish distress has long baffled statesmen. Comes along LECKY, bubbling with history of European morals from AUGUSTUS to CHARLEMAGNE, casts his eye round, and with it sternly fixes the abashed Atlantic.

House shows disposition to smile at turn given affairs. SARK tells me the idea by no means new. Cannot at the moment quote date and text, but has clear recollection of hearing DRIZZY, speaking some twenty-five years ago, trace the temperament of Irishmen and all it portends to "the melancholy ocean."

DILLON's discourse on HORACE PLUNKETT very interesting. House generally regards the member for South Dublin as a phenomenal Irish member. An aristocrat by birth, a landlord by associations, a Conservative by education and conviction, he has devoted his life to promotion of material interests of the Irish farmer. Is an active member of the Congested Districts Board, founded Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, succeeded

observers. JOHN DILLON's steely glance has pierced PLUNKETT's borrowed wrappings. He cares nothing for the cause of Ireland or the welfare of the people. He is, or was, before the Röntgen Rays were turned upon him, a secret political emissary. He talks fair and works hard with apparently honest kindly effort. Really, he cares nothing for Ireland or the welfare of its people. He is a mere politician, working for political ends.

Now, if there's anything rudely shocking to an Irish member, it is conduct such as this. No wonder that while he spoke a tremor of pained indignation shook JOHN DILLON's voice, and that a moan, rather of sorrow than of anger, passed along the benches over whose financial arrangements the late JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR once genially presided.

Business done.—PRINCE ARTHUR, anxious above all things for expansive freedom of speech, declines to move closure. Debate on Address accordingly adjourned till to-morrow. Incidentally, debate about Bishops in Parliament, which might prove awkward at present juncture, is displaced from its place on to-morrow night's Orders.

Tuesday.—What's to be done with Lord HUGH CECIL? He's the daring duckling of the Hatfield brood. Never know where you have him, or what he'll do next. Good deal of talk about House of Lords. Mend it or end it a suggested alternative. Lord HUGH is, naturally, for mending it. He sees at a glance undreamt of possibilities. Debate to-night on HERBERT LEWIS's motion, declaring in sonorous Cromwellian phrase that "the legislative power of the



The (Man) hester "Guardian" of the Mahdi.
(MR. C. P. SCOTT.)



AN ALARMING ADMISSION.

Nervous Lady (on her way to visit Country friends, who have sent to the Station to meet her).

"WHY DO YOU HAVE YOUR LAMPS LIT, MY BOY? IT'S BRIGHT MOONLIGHT!"

Groom Boy. "WELL, YOU SEE, MUM, WHEN THE OLD 'OSS FALLS ON 'IS 'ED, WE ALWAYS LIKES TO SEE IF 'E CUTS 'ISSELF."

world, proposing to bring Dissenting parsons into the very House of Lords! Bishops began to wish they'd stayed at home. When ATTORNEY-GENERAL rose to join in evening service they murmured benediction and quietly withdrew.

Business done.—Proposal to remove Bishops from House of Lords negatived by 200 votes against 129, a majority little more than one-half the Ministerial roster.

Thursday.—PRINCE ARTHUR struggling with intricacies of London Local Government Bill, with SOLICITOR-GENERAL holding him up on one side and RITCHIE on the other, a sight to move the hardest heart. Would have got along pretty well if he could, at proper moment, have remembered the names, and clearly perceived the divers bearings, of the Municipal Corporation Act, and the Metropolis Management Act. They

both begin with M; but that made the situation only the more severe. There is a river in Macedon and a river in Monmouth. If you get mixing them up, where are you, and where is the adjacent country?

In following course of speech one got to know instinctively when PRINCE ARTHUR was approaching these shoals. His hands moved nervously over his notes; his brow contracted; his eyes stared with steely glance; over his ingenuous countenance flushed the soft light of philosophic doubt.

"Municipal Metropolis," he said, "I mean Metropolis Municipal—or rather, I should say, the Management of Corporations Municipal Metropolis Act."

Feeling some chord was broken, he turned helplessly to the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, his lips dumbly shaping a multitudinous amalgamation of misleading M's.

"The Metropolis Management Act," the SOLICITOR-GENERAL whispered.

"Exactly. As I said, Mr. SPEAKER, we have decided to proceed on the basis of the Municipal Corporations Act."

Here RITCHIE showed symptoms of attack of convulsions. SOLICITOR-GENERAL breathed hard. ATTORNEY-GENERAL, seated beyond him, pursed his lips, and looked up to the hills, as one who knew whence alone help could come.

Business done.—Government of London Bill read a first time.

Friday.—DIOGENES MORLEY, temporarily quitting his tub at end of Front Opposition Bench, appeared at table, wanting to know all about the sad Soudan. This very awkward. Just getting along comfortably on Opposition Benches under new leadership. Of most current topics would rather say nothing about Soudan. And here's DIOGENES trotting it out.

Consequence was, immediate signs of disunion in Opposition ranks. Spectacle viewed with much amusement from Ministerial camp.

"Tell you what it is, friend TOBY," said CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, sitting down after making a speech in one direction as preliminary to voting in another, "if this sort of thing goes on, we must hasten up with chapter in later history of DIOGENES. Shall engage early passage for him to Aegina, see the pirates are warned, and no mistake about the instructions to sell him into slavery at Corinth."

Business done.—DIOGENES MORLEY attacks Soudan policy of Government. Ministerial majority, lagging of late, briskly runs up over the hundred.

ADVICE TO AN AMBASSADOR.

["President McKINLEY has warned the new American Ambassador not to talk too much after dinner."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

DEAR Mr. CH-TE, full well I know 't,
You are a charming fellow;
Your wit is bright, your sallies light,
Your wisdom ripe and mellow;
But when one dines, with sundry wines,
Unless one is teetotal,
One's very apt, on being clapped,
To grow—well, anecdotal.

When wine is in, wit waxeth thin,
And when a man is heated
With good Tokay, he'll often say
What shouldn't be repeated.
I fancy you remember who
In this way proved a sinner?
I beg you, then, be careful when
Orating after dinner.

This game to you is somewhat new,
So pray observe my warning:
Words that seemed light, said overnight,
Look different in the morning.
If, therefore, you intend to woo
Diplomacy, and win her,
Mind how you walk, and do not talk
Too freely after dinner.

A Sound Definition.

She (reading the paper). What's a pachyderm, dearest?

He (irritably). Oh, a beast who doesn't care a button for microbes.

She. Give me some illustration I can understand.

He (pointing to pile of bills). Well, these are the microbes, and—

She (interrupting). You try to be the pachyderm. [Pauses.]



Our Choir-master (after lamentable failure on part of Pupil). "CONFOUND IT! I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU COULD 'READ AT SIGHT'?" Pupil. "SO I CAN. BUT NOT FIRST SIGHT."

BEHIND THE VEIL.

A DIALOGUE OF THE "DIS-CARNATE."

(Respectfully dedicated to Scientific "Researchers," and others.)

SCENE—Across the Border (more or less imaginary).

The Spirit-forms of PLATO, SHAKESPEARE, HEINE, CHOPIN, and CHARLES LAMB are discovered seated at their ease upon clouds of reposeful downiness. Apart from them, sits a recently dis-carnate celebrity, looking a little shy and "out of it."

Somewhere in the background is a kind of office or agency, a branch of "The Society for the Promotion of Inter-mundane Intelligence (Limited)," and under the control of a disembodied Operator, whose duties are to arrange communications when and if desired.

The Operator (speaking into his instrument). Yes? I'm here. . . . Who is it? . . . Whom do you want? . . . Don't think he can be here; but I'll inquire. (He comes forward.) Any gentleman here of the name of PLATO, if you please? (The company shake their heads, and he returns to his office.) Sure he isn't still in the body? . . . Very well, spell it. . . . P-L-A—oh, I see, my mistake—it's PLATO you want. He's here. . . . Well? . . .

Plato (as the Operator emerges once more). I am he for whom they seem to be inquiring. What would they wish with me?

Operator (apologetically). Master, they request a message. The tritest sentiment would be thankfully received.

Plato. And who are these people that desire a greeting from me?

Operator. Friends in London. Stucco-Portico Road, Notting Hill. Back parlour of small oil-shop. Highly select circle, and the medium, a Mrs. DILGER, most respectable—never enters the trance-state under half a guinea a head. (Persuasively.) If you could see your way to obliging her—

Plato. I pray thee make my excuses. For, in my opinion, no prudent or reasonable person will be seen at such symposia.

Operator (to himself, as he departs). I'll switch them on to some Elemental. They won't know the difference!

Shakespeare. Marry, good Master PLATO, such a crew were no fit auditors for your philosophy, for Dame Nature hath endowed these curious impertinents with wits of a most exquisite grossness. Look you, I myself was once so lacking in judgment as to attend a summons from "a choice coterie of Boston's brainiest citizens"—a vile phrase!—and what think ye was the subject on which the fat-gutted rogues prayed to be enlightened? Do but conjecture, now.

Plato. Nay, these are matters at which it is not profitable to make a guess.

Shakespeare. Why, the avarant knaves desired—so far as my limping intelligence could o'ertake their purport—to be informed whether I had ever "had any dealings in lard or bacon!"

Charles Lamb (with a chuckle). I should lul-lul-like to feel those gentlemen's bumps!

Heine (dreamily). I remember how, soon after I had "passed out," I was interrupted in the midst of an intimate conversation with ARISTOPHANES (whom, by the way, I have never again managed to come across, though I am constantly encountering KOTZEBUE), I was called away to attend a party of Gottingen professors, who were most anxious to hear of what disease I died, and whether I did or did not depart in the orthodox faith. It was then I realised how the celestial irony could reach me even beyond my mattress-grave!

Chopin. Quelle scie, one of those *siances*, eh? I also have been there—once. *Mon Dieu!* that *salon!* and the heads they made around their stupid mahogany! Figure to yourself, they had extinguished all the gas, and one of them made me the compliment to massacre my *Nocturne* in E flat on a harmonium. My word of honour, a poor old *poitrinaire* of a harmonium, with a *note* like that of a dying horse! After that, they put me some questions of an extraordinary *inconvenance* concerning my relations with—ah no, the name is not to repeat. So I box the medium on the nose with his own fist, and I come away. But again, my dears? *Jamais de la vie!*

Operator (at back, in office). Eh? . . . Can't hear you. . . . Repeat, please. . . . "MASTERMIND," did you say? . . . MASTERMIND? Not known here.

The Recently Dis-carnate Celebrity (as he rises, blushing, from his cloud). It—it's all right. My name's MASTERMIND. At least, it was. Will you please ask who they are, and what they want.

Operator. Psychological Research Society. Quite a small and informal party. Say they knew and admired you in the body, and have a few simple test questions they would like to put to you.

The R. D. C. (moring forward in a pleased flurry). Oh, I'm sure I shall only be too—

Charles Lamb (detaining him kindly). Tut-tut-take my advice, Sir. D-don't you go before that Bub-bub-board of Examiners till you've had more time to prepare yourself. These fellows are become so plaguy difficult of late that 'tis odds that THUCYDIDES would but scrape through in Gug-grecian History, and I verily believe they'd pup-pup-pluck HORACE himself for a false Latinity in his own verses!

The R. D. C. Oh, but I really think I ought. It's so good of them not to have forgotten me yet. I think I may as well go and have a chat with them. (He enters the office, amidst the compassionate sympathy of the others, and is presently heard doing his best to satisfy his examiners.) Yes, it's me, MASTERMIND. . . . I meant I, of course. . . . I can see you all—indistinctly. . . . No, I don't think I ever saw the gentleman next to the coal-scuttle with whiskers before. . . . I never said the coal-scuttle *had*—how particular you are! . . . If you say I met him once at a garden-party in Hampstead, very likely I did. . . . No, I can't recollect what we talked about. Was it the weather? . . . Wrong? Well, I'm sorry. . . . I'm afraid I have grown rather stupid; but you do bewilder me so! . . . Please don't all talk at once. . . . Forgive me, I've been here such a short time, and I find it so difficult to keep the control. . . . Do ask me one more. . . . I fancy I do remember STODGEBURY sending me a pamphlet of his for my opinion just before I passed out. . . . I've no *idea* what it was about. . . . I can't say—unless it's in the waste-paper basket. . . . Indeed, I'm not playing the fool. . . . I'll try to pull myself together. Secondary state. Subliminal. Tea-cosy. Nothing supernormal. Merest shirt-buttons. I'm afraid I'm getting a little incoherent—but I'm really not frivolling. . . . I am MASTERMIND. . . . Not an impostor. . . . Certainly not, confound your imp—Don't send me away yet! Oh, very well, I'll go; but I tell you this: I've never been so consult—I mean in-sulted—insulted in all my life!

(He leaves the office crushed. Shakespeare (making room for him by his side). Come, good Neighbour MASTERMIND, take not these things to heart. For all of us have been called upon at some time to suffer such indignities, which are doubtless ordered the better to convince us that (if I may re-fashion a phrase from a certain poor stage-play of mine own, which, belike if not forgot, is something musty by now) we have discovered a country from whose bourn no wise traveller returns.

FISHY CONUNDRUM.

Q. When is a man like a marine monster?
A. When he's a man-at-tea.

DEBIOUS COMPLIMENT TO A PUBLIC ORATOR.—Sir, your advice is sound.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

(A Zululand Idyll.)

["The Zulu chief, DINIZULU, paid a visit to the local agent of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and deposited the usual instalment of one guinea, so the volumes will be forwarded to him in due course."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

HANG up my assegai! No more
For me the tumult and the roar
Of battle. I have done with war
And all its dreadful panic. A
Desire for peace hath seized me. I
Beneath this shady palm would lie,
And read at leisure my *Ency-
-lopædia Britannica*.

For thus is sweet contentment bred,
And worldly sorrows all are fled;
Though Zululand be painted red,
I do not care a particle;
I seek no more abroad to roam;
Give me the calmer joys of home
Where I may con in this great tome
Some interesting article.

Arms have no more a charm for me;
My only Maxims now shall be
Proverbial Philosophy,
As here explained. And then mark, Sir,
I'll raid no mortal, white nor black,
No kraal nor village will I sack—
The only Hamlet I'll attack
Will be the Prince of Denmark, Sir.

Then, wife, bring forth my pipe, and you,
Most dear and dusky Number Two,
Might mix a glass of Mountain Dew,
With art most talismanic. A
Desire for peace hath seized me. I
Beneath this shady palm would lie,
And read at leisure my *Ency-
-lopædia Britannica*.

Quousque Tandem?

Self-satisfied North Briton. Eh! mon, wi
a Scotsman in the Lairds and a Scotsman
in the Commons going tandem tagither the
Liberal machine maun gae bonnily.

Doubtful Southron. But which is to be the
leader of your tandem?

[The North Briton had not thought of this.]



A HEARTY BRITISH WELCOME.

The Whole Duty of Man.

Mr. Punch (to the Hon. J. H. CHOATE).
"Welcome! Your Excellency! There are only two
things necessary to make your visit a success.
Don't believe all you hear, and read your *Punch*
regularly."



Father O'Flann. "AND NOW, PAT MURPHY, IN THIS SEASON OF LENT, WHAT IS IT YE'LL
DO BY WAY OF PENANCE?"

Pat Murphy. "SURE, THEN, I'LL—I'LL COME AN' HEAR YOUR RIVERANCE PRAYCHE!"

TOWN AND GOWN.

["An evil, subtle, insidious, and of recent growth,
is sapping the integrity of 'Varsity life. . . . It is
the amazing growth of the villadom of North
Oxford . . . and the invasion of the eternal femi-
nine into the monastic traditions of University
life."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.]

YEAR in, year out, the town spreads forth.
The busy builders build,
The Woodstock Road is creeping North,
And Somers Town is filled
With girls who our else-gloomy path
Illuminate with lus-
-tre leaving soporific Bath
And Leamington for us.

'Tis flattering, but then, the teas,
The dinners, dances, balls,

The picnics, lunches—add to these
The endless duty calls,
And how can man find time to play
Fives, football? ride or row?
While as for dons and lectures, they
Departed years ago.

Then, too, we must make some return,
And there are nasty pills
For our poor paters when they learn
The total of our bills.
In times of old it was the town
That raised our battle-cries,
But now, alas! it is the gown
That makes our battels rise.

SCITABLE BUILDING FOR TERPSICHOEAN
EXERCISE.—The Hop Exchange.



"DO NOT SPEAK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL."

'Arry (puffing a "twopenny smoke," to Huntsman, making unsuccessful cast). "VERY BAD SCENT."
Huntsman. "SHOCKIN'! SMELLS LIKE BURNIN' SEA-WEED!"

TO A FEMME INCOMPRISE.

In a sullen, sulky mood,
Or with tears in torrents raining,
That she is not understood,
PHYLLIS ever is complaining.

Silly girl, with frown and pout
Undue sympathy demanding!
PHYLLIS, you are right, no doubt.
What you want is—understanding.

A RARE FIND.—According to the *Westminster Gazette*, a moa's egg has been found in a mining district in Central Otago. No doubt, says the *Cheerful Idiot*, the miners will be egged on by this discovery with the hope of finding moa.

MY STAR.

(With apologies to Robert Browning.)

ALL that I read
In a certain *Star*
Shows that it's freed
(As some papers are)
From the laws which bind
The tedious pen
Of that class of mankind
Styled gentlemen,

So this *Star* is entirely beyond my ken.

Now HARCOURT they praise, now at BALFOUR
gird,

They must solace themselves if the facts
belie it;

What matter to me if my *Star* is absurd?
It's only a half-penny—therefore I buy it.

A GREAT INTELLIGENCER.

Paul Julius de Reuter, born at Cassel, July 21, 1816; died at Nice, Feb. 25, 1899.

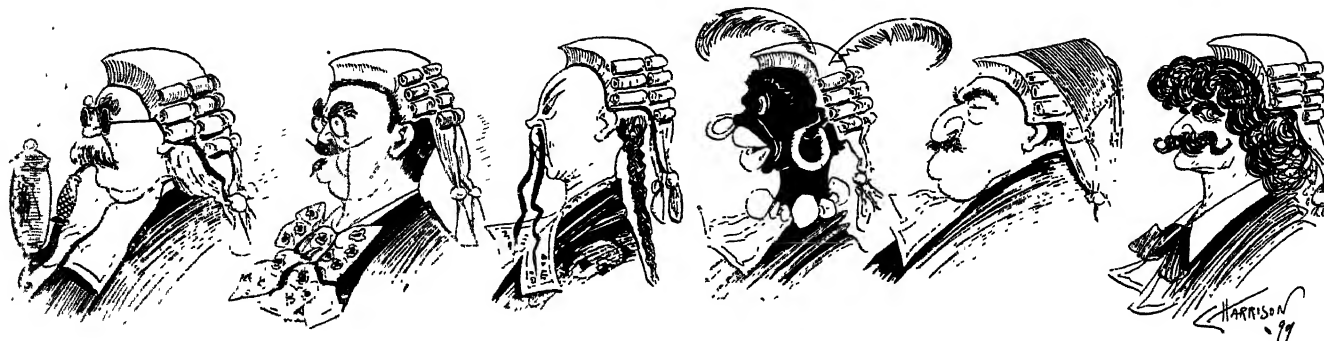
FAREWELL, DE REUTER, thou art gone,
The world's historian hour by hour;
But lightning-winged, with earth-wide
power,

Unceasingly thy work goes on.

They need full epitaph, whose fame
Were else oblivion's easy prey;

'Tis here unneeded, when each day
A myriad prints bear REUTER's name!

QUERY FROM THE LAW COURTS.—May a
bad precedent be correctly described as a
"vice-precedent"?



["Aliens are now allowed to practise at the English Bar."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

SOME OF THE BARRISTERS WE MAY EXPECT TO MEET IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE LAW COURTS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In *A Son of Empire* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS gives a splendidly vivid account of the storming of a snow-sentinelled pass in India during the most recent of our little wars. The campaign gave birth to some admirable descriptions written on the spot. For the almost brutal power of reproducing the sights and sounds of battle, my Baronite does not remember anything that beats the chapters which tell how *Black Blundell* and *Billy Gretton* made their way into the lair of the Gulis. How *Captain Blundell*, who happened to have made a bitter enemy of the Adjutant-General at home, got his great chance of service at the front is the pith of a story which those who like a hearty rousing book will do well to order forthwith. As for *Madge Gretton*, she is delightful.

In *Infatuation* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). B. M. CROKER, amongst other live personages, has achieved two excellent portraits. One is that of *Mrs. Pegram*, the selfish, domineering, wealthy woman of the type that lives in large houses at Brighton and Bath. The other is *Mamie Fontaine*, the beautiful, bright, breezy American who moves through the conventionalities of English upper middle-class Society with the freshness of a gust of wind over the prairies. *Maria Talbot*, evidently meant for the heroine, is much too good for my Baronite's daily food. Perhaps it is all part of the subtle art of the novelist. *Miss Talbot's* provoking submission to her termagant, tyrant aunt, certainly serves to make more striking and welcome the scene in which the American girl calls in at Regency Square, Brighton, and lets the old woman have it right and left. The book is not intellectually exhaustive. But it is brightly written, full of go from start to finish, and, for a novel, the author therein chooses the better part.

The Duke's Servants (GAY AND BIRD) are not those of his own household, but the company of strolling players who enjoyed the patronage of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, just now himself upon the stage in the *Three Musketeers*. Mr. BURCHELL has made a painstaking, loving study of the time of which he treats, and is successful in picturesquely reproducing some of its episodes. He has not hesitated to introduce historical personages on his canvas, including the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and his assassin FELTON. According to my Baronite's testimony, the most real personage in the picture-gallery is the old lawyer, *Job Grapplefee*.

As in *a Looking Glass*, by F. C. PHILIPS, has been re-issued by Mr. HEINEMANN in one volume, with Mr. GEORGE DU MAURIER's illustrations, which, having been originally intended for a large *édition de luxe*, now appear in reduced circumstances. The novel, which came out many years before Mr. PINERO's *Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, between which lady and the heroine of the novel there is a sort of family resemblance, even down to the last scene that ends the strange eventful history, is as much a story of to-day as it was of yesterday, and will be of to-morrow. DU MAURIER's heroine seems too ladylike throughout the series, but the effect of the utter desolation of death, as expressed in the frontispiece, is most powerful.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY IN CHINA.

(Extract from the diary of a Traffic Manager—in anticipation.)

["China is breaking up before our eyes, and the future will lie with the nations who understand what to do in such conditions."—*Daily Paper*.]

I THINK after all I shall get matters fairly ship-shape. Had it not been for that skirmish with the enemy at O Mi I cutting, which stopped the mineral traffic for six weeks, it is quite likely that we might have been able to declare a dividend. But what can a Traffic Manager do when his time-table is subject to the interference of land torpedoes? And this sort of outrage does a great deal of harm with the travelling public. The Chinese are accustomed to an abrupt termination to their existence; still, an average, well-conditioned Celestial excursionist prefers getting home to supper to being blown to pieces in a tunnel. These surprises, *à la Chinois*, may be politics, but they are not business. Under the circumstances, I have had to take the necessary precautions to secure the tranquil progress of our Chinese Bank Holiday Special.

Of course, there was little difficulty about starting it. We timed it to leave at 4 A.M., before the hostile portion of the native population were up, and a company of the Blankshire Regiment easily cleared the streets for those having tickets distributed in advance. The land mines were cleared away without damage early before the hour of departure, and the bombs are now in safe custody. Our armoured engine was a great success, and we made the first ten miles of the journey by firing only a few thousand rounds of blank cartridge. This was amply sufficient to put to flight the Tartar horsemen (commanded by officers of European extraction) who made a demonstration at I O U, a small wayside station.



Nurse. "Now, Miss Effie, you must be very kind to your SISTER'S LITTLE BABY, AND LOVE HER VERY MUCH."

Effie (much hurt). "No, I won't. It's too bad. FATHER CALLS BABY HIS BLESSED GRAND CHILD, AND ONLY CALLS ME HIS LITTLE EFFIE. WHY, I'M FIVE TIMES THE SIZE OF THAT MITE!"

Our first serious difficulty appears to have arisen at Hang Wang Junction. Upon the arrival of the Chinese Bank Holiday Special the Refreshment Department was found to be strongly occupied by a force of Irregular Archers. The arrows from these warriors caused considerable annoyance to some of our first-class passengers, who would put their heads out of the windows (contrary to the Company's regulations) to see what was the matter. Fortunately, the Chinese, in their hurry, had forgotten to dip their shafts in poison, so the casualties were few and unimportant. A mandarin of enlightened views was slightly wounded, but as he had somehow or other managed to gain admittance to the train without a ticket the Company was released from any pecuniary obligation. To emphasize this fact, he was at once arrested, and will be charged at Hang Wang Police Court for travelling without paying his fare.

On leaving the Junction, the Chinese Bank Holiday Special started at full speed and got to Rum Go Hi ten minutes before the time advertised for its arrival. This was most satisfactory, as the enemy were out in their reckoning. The Chinese have a kind of native cuteness, which sometimes over-reaches itself. Fully aware of European customs, they had counted upon the excursion being an hour and twenty minutes late, and consequently, were lunching four miles off when the Special steamed into the station. And now I am called away to the telephone.

Later.—Things have shaped themselves satisfactorily. The guard in charge of the Chinese Bank Holiday Special wired to the central office for instructions. It appears that after the luncheon, the enemy disappeared, and the excursionists were consequently able to spend a more or less happy day at Rum Go Hi. However, when it was time to return, it was discovered that the rails had been taken up for sixteen miles, and the track converted into tea-gardens. Under these circumstances, our travellers have converted themselves into a colony nominally under the Company's protection. They are doing fairly well at present, living upon sponge cakes and ginger-beer—the remains of the stock of refreshments at Hang Wang Junction. Naturally, as they are unable to use them, the return halves of their railway tickets will not be available for further conveyance. This will be a distinct saving to the Company. However, after mature deliberation, it has been decided by our Board of Directors not to run another Chinese Bank Holiday Special—for the present.

WHAT Publishing Firm ought to have a monopoly in Cookery Books?—The Firm whose address is "Al-dine House."



Mrs. A. "I'VE JUST BEEN TO SEE A POOR SOUL WHO WAS ALMOST DYING OF DESTITUITION."

Miss B. "DID YOU TAKE HER ANYTHING?"

Mrs. A. "YES—A POUND OF MUTTON."

Miss B. "THAT WASN'T MUCH, WAS IT?"

Mrs. A. (indignantly). "QUITE ENOUGH TO MAKE HER SOME BEEF TEA!"

DEPRECIATIONS.

VI.

THE KHALIFA TO THE BANNERMAN OF THE
BAGGARA-PHILS.

BROTHER,—for I detect in you a touch
Of cosmic humour makes the whole world
kin—

I have your epoch-making speech to hand
Transported by the homing crocodile
And sundry runners. ALLAH give you ease!
You, and the other friendlies, faithful found.
Scarce had I hoped, i' th' sanguine heart
of me,
That such as you, being past your buoyant
prime,

And yielding ever to the young gazelle
In feats of agile elasticity.
So soon should learn of who profess the step
(MORLEY and LABOUCHERE, long trained to
th' trick)

To foot it gamely in the Dervish dance.
And yet you cut a figure beats them both.
They capered on the good old forthright
lines,

But never at their giddiest claimed to weave
Your double-shuffle, where the dexter foot
Is witless what his fellow is about!
Much I admired—in fighting figure o' speech—
Beneath what dubious cover o' baffling dark
You gave the pass-word to the enemy's posts,
And hit him sidelong as he slept and smiled.
Am rather apt myself at night attacks,

But found my Sirdar sadly wide awake.

Your missive makes complaint of mutin-
ous ranks

And rude desertions. 'Tis a bore, I grant,
Who also have a mixed and motley crew
Leaves me at times unconscious where I am.
'Tis irksome in the middle of a fight
And very catching. I, who write, have
been

Affected by a sense of *sovekyjoo*
(The phrase is MARCHAND'S, being French,
I think),

And scooted like a rabbit, dog at scut.
And yet my motive shewed sublime and
pure,

Since it became me well, as king of men,
At any risk, to save the army's head,
Though, incidentally, it meant my own.
One runs away—that's true—but then one
lives

To fight (you follow me?) another day,
And, under pressure, run away again.
Take my advice, Sir CAMPBELL, keep your
head,
Lest they, your men, remark the lapse of
theirs!

Talking of which same organ, I will add
A reference to the MAHDI'S. You should
know

At what a worth we all appreciate
The feeling on this matter shewn by him,
A certain Great SCOTT* (bless his human
heart!)

Who, through a rude experience, being
attached

To your decapitated party, proved
Just how it hurts to be without a head,
Even though otherwise inanimate.
It does him credit none would wish curtailed,
Although the truth were known I now
impart.

For, strictly speaking, (this between ourselves)
The corpse in point, supposed as carted out
O' th' MAHDI'S tomb, was not the actual
prophet,

But just a dummy artfully devised
For personation; he, the seer himself,
Having departed in the flesh complete
ALLAH alone knew where, no vestige left.
Need was, in lack of other optic proof,
That we should find a way to serve the wants
Of such as taste a moral stimulant
I' th' precious thought that, when a pro-
phet dies,

They keep his corpse adjacent. Hence the
ruse;

Which neither we that ran it dare avow
For fear of vengeance due to tricks confessed,
Nor they, the dummy-snatchers, choose to
admit,

Thinking to petrify the native mind
By despite done to local wizard's bones,
Thus rendering old enchantments impotent.
So, safe on either hand, the secret holds.

Yet none the less, as I observed above,
The feelings of your philo-Dervish SCOTT
And other stalwart anti-Sirdar braves,
Do them a deal of credit, let me say.
Perhaps you'll kindly tell them so from me.

And now—since I would have my sword-
hand free—

Farewell, and, once more, thank you for
your vote.

Nor shall your virtue go without reward.
I march on Omdurman (route-map en-
closed),

Which site recaptured, I will keep a chair
I' th' lately-founded College warm for you,
In case you find your present place a frost.
Accept my best embraces. ALLAH—go-
bragh!

* It was a gentleman of this name, M.P., who
wanted to know what Mr. BRODRICK had done with
the MAHDI'S body, and especially the head of it.



ALICE IN BUMBLELAND.

The Gryphon . . . CITY OF LONDON.

Alice . . . THE RIGHT HON. A. J. B-L-E-R.

The Mock Turtle . . . CITY OF WESTMINSTER.

‘WHAT IS THE USE OF REPEATING THAT STUFF?’ THE MOCK TURTLE INTERRUPTED, ‘IF YOU DON’T EXPLAIN IT AS YOU GO ON? IT’S BY FAR THE MOST CONFUSING THING I EVER HEARD!’

"OURS" AND YEARS.



THE RETURN OF "OUR MR. BERESFORD."

Lord CHARLES BERESFORD sailed for England on Wednesday, March 1. Before sailing, he told a deputation that "he had succeeded in assisting England and America to act together."

WHEN all the world was young, TOM ROBERTSON'S *Ours* caught the public taste almost as much as his *Caste*. Even in those "green and salad days" of the drama, when Mr. BANCROFT was the inimitable "haw-haw" swell, and when Mrs. BANCROFT was already enormously popular as the MARIE WILTON of the rollicking old Strand burlesque period, the third act of *Ours* was considered weak. But, for all that, it "went" with roars of laughter as long as the two favourites were on the stage, making a pantomime pudding, playing with the rolling-pin, and roasting a "property" leg of mutton, while a portion of the British army, invisible to the audience, was supposed to be taking part in a sanguinary engagement somewhere "in the front," not "of the house," but at the back of the stage, or, in technical theatrical parlance, "off." "Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them," and the spectators shuddered to think what had become of all the *dramatis personæ*, of whom, with the exception of this comic pudding-making couple, the stage seemed to have been cleared at one fell swoop.

But without the BANCROFTS, and in the presence of a to-day's up-to-date audience, what a mere hap-hazard charade, what a thin piece of workmanship, does ROBERTSON'S *Ours* appear! Even the finish of the second act, with the shouting couple at the window, and the fainting heroine in front (Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS faints, and acts, effectively), while "without" (all the effects are "without") the Colonel is heard shouting his commands, the band is heard playing, the troops are heard marching, even with all this expenditure of energy, this finish of the second act, once the great success of the piece, is comparatively tame and flat.

Mr. JOHN HARE, as the Russian *Prince Perovsky*, is as good as he ever was, probably better; but now-a-days the audience, regarding the character with wonder, ask themselves, "How is this? HARE has absolutely nothing to do!" Nor has he. Very little has he to say, and that little not particularly brilliant, but positively nothing whatever to do. *Ours* disillusioned us. It is of the past. We are delighted to have seen it once again, and so to have learnt where exactly to place TOM ROBERTSON as a dramatist of his own short day, whose work was not intended to live for all time.

Mr. FREDERICK KERR, as *Hugh Chalcot*, has to carry the entire piece, with occasional assistance from Miss MAY HARVEY, as *Mary Netley*.

Mr. GILBERT HARE is excellent as the old soldier, troubled by a stupid, secret, and an irritating wife.

The play was not written for these actors, nor for the playgoers of 1899. *Voilà tout*.

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

AT A MUSIC HALL.

Ludwig. Now will the ballet begin. *Ach*, the beer was excellent! You have good beer in England, almost as in the Fatherland. The Englanders like what good is, but not the good music.

Robinson. What? Why, we have about twenty concerts a week in London, and any amount of German music—

Auguste. *Ah ça*, the German music! And however she is superb, dear Mister.

Lud. Naturally. Thank beautiful. The Germans as musickers and the French as artists are worldrenowned. Your sculpture and your architecture are wonderbeautiful, dear Mister Colleague.

Rob. When you two have finished complimenting each other, I should like to know where we come in.

Aug. *Vous entrez!*

Lud. *Sie kommen herein!*

Rob. I mean, what can the English do?

Aug. *Ah ça, voyons!* The affairs, the commerce, the colonisation.

Lud. *Ja wohl!* The universalcommerce-undertaking. But not the music.

Rob. Why, we have about twenty concerts a week—

Lud. That can well be, but you have twenty turn-organs, twenty mechanic pianos, every day in every street.

Aug. *C'est ça!* The ambulating organs.

Rob. By Jove, you're quite right! I'd forgotten the organs for a moment. The

English nation has no taste for music. You see, in this country a man is not allowed to beg, unless he makes some horrible noise at the same time.

Aug. What idea!

Rob. Anyhow we're slowly improving in architecture and sculpture.

Aug. That may himself. I have seen your new Ministry of the Marines, and your Charing Cross Road. *Quel chemin de traverser!* Also I have seen your commemorative monument of—how say you?—*la Burette du Temple*, the Temple Bar, and your statue of a queen in a car of battle—

Rob. *Boardice!* oh, lord! If you've seen the plaster cast of her I can say no more. You're quite right. We're only fit to be shopkeepers and shepherds.

Lud. What music concerns are you truly not artlovehavers. But your music halls are very beautiful, without music naturely.

Aug. Superb, as comfortable. And this ballet is ravishing, as spectacle.

Lud. The colours are charming.

Aug. And all the world is in frock or in smoking. One is always so well put.

Lud. In the Fatherland carry man a go-coat in the theatre.

Rob. Carry a go-cart into the theatre? What for? I never saw one?

Lud. A go-cart. *Ein Gehrock*.

Rob. Oh, you mean a frock-coat.

Lud. *Ach nein!* Not a frock.

Aug. *Un frac?* That is a frock.

Rob. No. A woman wears a frock—

Aug. *Je n'ai jamais vu une femme en frac*.

Rob. But a man wears a frock-coat.

Aug. Ah yes, a habit.

Rob. Oh no! A woman wears a habit on horseback.

Aug. *Comment ça? Une femme à cheval en frac? Sapristi!*

Lud. A frock, or a frock-coat. That but not. I sayed a go-coat.

Aug. *Un veston, peut-être? A vest?*

Rob. On the contrary. That's next your skin.

Aug. *Au contraire! Alors un pardessus, a by-above?*

Lud. What for a thing is that? A hat?

Rob. No, no! Not a hat. *Ein Ueberrock*.

Lud. *Vielleicht ein Havelock*. That is quite English.

Rob. I never saw one in this country. The nearest thing is an Inverness cape.

Aug. *Ah, le Cap d'Inverness*. That is in Scotland near of the First of the Fourth.

Rob. We're really getting too mixed. *Frac* in English is dress-coat.

Aug. But you say that a *frac* is a robe of woman. A woman carry a dress-coat then.

Rob. No, no! A woman wears a frock or a dress, but never a coat.

Lud. *Wirklich?* A petticoat is then a manly dress?

Rob. Oh, I give it up. It's bad enough to try to translate the names of men's clothes, but if you want me to tell you the English for *chiffon* or *toque*, the French for tea-gown or tailor-made jacket, or the German for blouse or crape, whatever language those two may be, I'm done for completely. Now the ballet is over, let's go to my club, and have some oysters.



A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

Sylvia. "I wonder whether he'll be a soldier or a sailor?"

Mamma. "Wouldn't you like him to be an artist, like Papa?"

Sylvia. "Oh, one in the family's quite enough!"

THE MODERN PHILANTHROPIST.

(Extract from a Domestic Drama to be performed after the passing of the Coming Act.)

SCENE — A study comfortably but plainly furnished. Philanthropist discovered perusing a volume entitled "Lives of the Usurers."

Phil. (closing book with a shudder). What terrible people! How could they have had the heart! How could they have had the heart!

[Bursts into tears and buries his face between his hands. Enter softly Youthful Stranger.

Y. Stran. (gently). You are greatly moved Sir!

Phil. (rising). Indeed, I am. And so would you be were you to read the wretched story. Tales of cruelty, ruin, and sixty per cent. Oh, the pity o' it! the pity o' it! And yet these men were Englishmen! How could Britannia survive with so many unworthy sons? But let that pass. What can I do for you, young Sir?

Y. Stran. (solemnly). You can save me from dishonour! I am miserable, wretched.

Phil. The unhappy are always welcome in this poor abode. Take that easy chair—it is ever at the service of such as you.

Y. Stran. (seating himself). You are too kind. I might have expected a harsher reception, for I come to crave a favour.

Phil. (smiling and handing an address card). You will see from that—it contains my only name—that it is not only my pleasure but my duty to succour those in temporary distress.

Y. Stran. (sadly). You call my distress temporary; would it were so!

Phil. Hope, young Sir, hope! Now that you have come to me all will be well. (Cheerfully.) And now let me hear what you have to say.

Y. Stran. I blush to tell you. I have backed horses that have come in last; engaged in games of chance that have ended in disaster; have been thriftless and extravagant.

Phil. (with a kindly smile). Nay, do not take it so much to heart. I have heard the same from scores, perhaps even hundreds. But now you are reformed, and you intend to turn over a new leaf?

Y. Stran. (earnestly). Yes, indeed, if I can but obtain a cool two hundred. That sum once within my grasp and I disburse it wisely, I shall be changed. No longer will ruin stare me in the face, but prosperity will make all smooth before me.

Phil. It shall be my object to realize that dream. But first read the conditions.

Y. Stran. (taking document and perusing it). Why, every line is redolent of the noblest charity!

Phil. Not at all. And if at any time you think yourself aggrieved, a judge of the high court will see that all is right between us. (Writes out draft and hands it to his visitor.) And now look confidently to a happy future.

Y. Stran. (gratefully). My benefactor! You are indeed a guardian angel.

Phil. (smiling). No, young Sir, but only—to quote the language of the recent Act—a moneylender. (Proudly.) And I would not exchange that honourable title for an Earldom!

[The Youthful Stranger kneels for the Philanthropist's blessing which is being bestowed upon him as the curtain shuts out the touching tableau.]

HEARTS OF HOAX.—Flirts.



A PICTURE IN SMOKE.

Sir W. B. RICHMOND has consented to become the first President of the Coal-smoke Abatement Society.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 27.

—SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE thrilled House with story from Northampton. Prefaced it by asking leave to move adjournment in order to discuss matter of urgent

example of their business aptitude and instinct of organisation. showed me three-lined whip he had received from their paid secretary.

"Dere Sur," it ran, "we hope you will bee in yure place on Tewsday procks wen Father LABBY wil bring ovr sad kase before Parlymant. Wot we *reel* wont is too keep

his chop, and inspired by R. G.'s eloquence, the SPEAKER declined to take a hand in the little game. Wouldn't even count. Was sure there were forty members somewhere. (There were just eleven in the House.) So debate went on till midnight, R. G. tossing about on his seat as from time to time there flashed on his mind things he might have said in his speech.

Business done.—Private members' night and no count out.

Thursday.—The ancient kingdom of Fife is in full revolt. Board of Trade have recently erected fog-siren on Inchkeith. By question addressed to President, DALZIEL brought consequences under notice of sympathetic House. When Clysses visited Kirkcaldy, he, as we learned at school, stopped the ears of the captain and the cabin-boy with wax to prevent their hearing the sirens. For himself, he was tied with ropes to the funnel of the steamer, so that if the sirens' song lured him, he might not be drawn to destruction.

That all very well as far as Parthenope, Ligeia, and Leucostia were concerned. Fife has learned a thing or two since those days, and now has a siren which, like Baillie MACPHERSON'S bacon, "defies competition." According to DALZIEL, you can, in the dead unhappy night, hear the thing hoarsely whispering for twenty miles inland. It passes over a whole constituency. devas-



The System of Silent Protest by *Medals* is capable of extension—even to the House itself.
(Mr. L-B-E, Mr. S-L SM-TH, Major R-SCH, and Sir E. A-D B-LL-RT.)

public importance. That is the formula provided to meet cases of extreme urgency. Members held their breath to learn what it was all about. The SAGE soon let them know. Been, it appears, hard fight at Northampton on question of Board School *versus* Voluntary School. Board School beaten. Three hundred children, rising hopes of stern, unbending Nonconformity, consequently had to go to Voluntary School. Availing themselves of Conscience Clause, these sturdy Roundheads withdrew when hour struck for religious exercise. One day came back decorated with tin medal which bore the strange device, "We want a Board School."

Nothing better calculated to promote harmony and spread education. School managers took another view of situation. Insisted on removal of medals as preliminary to entrance to school. The Nonconformist Conscience revolted. "Remember Marston Moor!" was the grim watchword that ran through the ranks of the dauntless three hundred. "No medal or no school!" was the answering cry from the clericals. In the end a lock-out.

Scarcely a dry eye in the House as the SAGE, in simple accents, told this appalling story. CHANNING publicly warned JOHN O' GORST, time-honoured trifier, that it would be no use his attempting to evade reply by jests or subterfuges. In this dilemma JOHN O' GORST fell back upon the Committee of Council on Education. Heard a good deal last Session about that mysterious august tribunal, the *Fehmgericht* of our educational system. Recourse to the incantation of its name showed how desperate was condition of the Vice-President. Of course the SAGE was voted down by mechanical majority. But he had made his appeal to Christendom.

The Member for Sark tells me that the locked out have regularly organised themselves, and serious trouble may ensue. As

things goin so that we shant have to go back to schule before the Eeester Olidaze, wen we wont hav two. Its mutch jollyer going about with ovr meddles than being chained up in skule and wopped for ennythink you do. So mind how you vote. Sined on bearf of the pore lokked out children, MARY ANN JONES, Secketary."

How touching is the reference to the SAGE. "Father LABBY!" And there are three hundred of them.

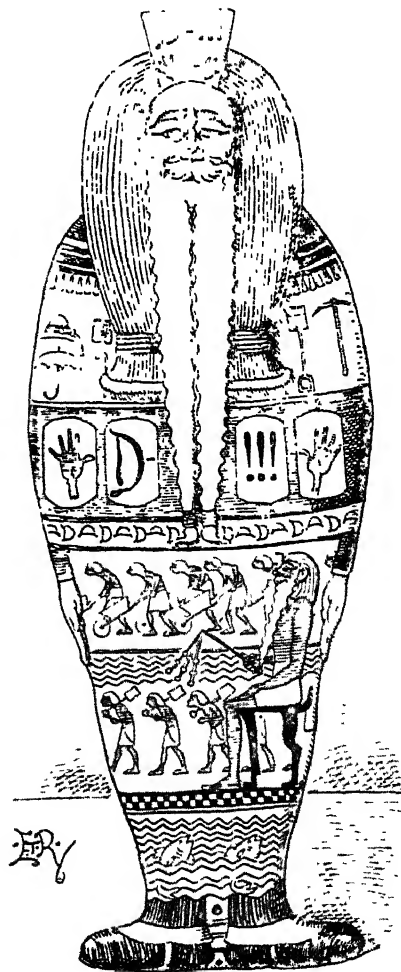
Business done.—The cry of the children from Northampton smothered by majority of 102 in a House of 300.

Tuesday.—To R. G. WEBSTER (author of *Shoulder to Shoulder, The Law Relating to Canals, Why I Wrote a Dictionary, &c.*) life will henceforth be a long regret. Had motion on the paper dealing with the Mercantile Marine. Placed third on list. Long experience has shown the talented author that when he takes the floor members shrink from standing Shoulder to Shoulder. On the contrary, they strictly observe the primary Law Relating to Canals, and flow outwards.

Prognostication was justified by the fact that scarcely had he commenced his speech when a count was called. To the surprise of every one, not least of those who contributed to the event, forty members were forthcoming. Here was R. G.'s dilemma, so serious that no words in his dictionary would adequately describe it. Taking it for granted that he would, as usual, be counted out, he had spared himself the pains of preparing a speech. So, having rambled round the subject for some twenty minutes, he, in a manner ever child-like and bland, took the House into his confidence.

"If I'd only known, you know," he said, "I would have been prepared to make you a much longer speech."

House bore up under disappointment with heroic fortitude. Made another attempt to count itself out when the SPEAKER came back from his evening meal. Fortified by



ER-DENPI, OR DAMSES THE GREAT.
Mr. J-RN A-RD.



A CONCLUSION.

"MOTHER, IS THAT MR. DOODEMS' PHOTOGRAPH ON THE TABLE?"
 "YES, DEAR." "AN' DID HE DIV IT TO AUNTIE EDNA?"
 "YES, MY CHILD."
 "AN' IS HE GOING TO MARRY AUNTIE EDNA, MOTHER?"
 "YES, LOVE."
 "AN' WILL I MARRY A MAN LIKE MR. DOODEMS WHEN I DRO TF?"
 "YES, DARLING, PERHAPS, IF YOU ARE GOOD." (Pause.)
 "MOTHER, IT'S A ROUGH WORLD FOR US WOMEN, ISN'T IT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron congratulates MARY JOHNSTON on her romantic story entitled *The Old Dominion* (ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co.), "being an account of certain prisoners of hope. A tale of Colonial Virginia." It is an exciting narrative of perilous adventures, and of a hate that was converted into love as strong as death. The characters are drawn with a strong hand, and the interest is sustained to the end. Yet there is a fault which the Baron must mention for the sake of the many readers who follow his experienced advice, and this fault lies in a sameness of incident and a proneness to stray into lengthy dialogue, which, however individually characteristic it may be, is but a weariness of the spirit to the reader, unless he be an experienced "skipper" and a master of the craft. With advantage to writer, seller, and reader, this book might have been shorn of at least one-fourth of its proportions. The finish, being unfinished, is unsatisfactory. The Baron is somewhat puzzled by the spelling; as for example "gayly" for "gaily." If an "i" is to be sacrificed, then of course "daily" must be written "dayly," and why should not MARY JOHNSTON be spelt "MARI JONSTON"? Then MARI is of a frugal mind with regard to the letter "l," and having taken an inch here and there, phonetically, she proceeds to rob poor weary "travellers" of their second liquid, as though she considered one liquid to have been quite as much as they could carry. So "travellers" become "travelers." Then "levelled" she spells "leveled." Now, though the effect be strange to the eye, yet is the Baron not disinclined towards "the new learning," as having much that is sensible to say for itself. "Ought" for "aught" is unreasonable unless "naught" and "naughty" are to be spelt "nought" and "noughty." "Defenceless" is surely indefensible for "defenceless;" is not this to muddle the French "*défense*" with the English "defence"? Still the Baron is inclined to the opinion that spelling, according to Sam Weller's dictum, "is according to the taste and fancy of the speller." Once or twice MARI expresses herself awkwardly, as when she writes, "*the cry which the child uttered as he raised it reached the until then deaf ears of the mother.*" Lovers are regardless of grammar; so when at what appears to be the penultimate moment of their existence, Patricia exclaims ecstatically, "Death hath enfranchised us, you and I," the heroine, at so critical a moment, may be par-

doned for chucking grammar to the dogs. But "Genius is above rules," and if the book serves the purpose of amusement, and of instruction, during a leisure hour, that is sufficient. "*Tolle, lege*" by all means.

In the *Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift*, edited by Dr. BIRKBECK HILL (T. FISHER UNWIN), those who delight in the mordant humour of one of the greatest of English letter-writers will find a rich feast. For seventeen years SWIFT poured out to his friend KNIGHTLY CHERTWOODE, an Irish squire, the rich stores of his knowledge of human nature, his wit, and, it must be added, his querulousness and savage malignity. The death of Queen ANNE had left him a broken, bitter man, bemoaning in many keys the mutability of human affairs, the inconstancy, ingratitude, and forgetfulness of men of whom he thought himself to have deserved well. The style of these letters is strong, simple and direct—that is to say, it is SWIFT'S. Not one of them has been published before, for JOHN FOESTER, who had intended to use them, died before he could carry out his purpose, and former editors and biographers of SWIFT were in ignorance of their existence. Dr. BIRKBECK HILL'S notes are excellent reading, full of delightful incident of the time and of anecdotes about SWIFT, bits of his conversation and apt extracts from his other writings. Buy the book and read for yourself, says the Baron's Assistant.

"When previous engagements keep me from the seat of war," says my nautical Baronite, "I like to participate in the usual dangers through the person of some proxy of the right sort. In the case of the late *fracas* between Spain and the States my good friend, Mr. JOHN BLACK ATKINS, of the *Manchester Guardian*, and late of Pembroke College, Cambridge, has very kindly supplied me with vivid experiences collected from the front. His letters, put together in *The War in Cuba* (SMITH, ELDER) are just as good reading as a man can wish. He pretends 'to supplement rather than to convey news of the war'; but I am bound to say that if any single individual could have 'conveyed' more, he must have had better transport than the States Army ever got out of the War Department. And it is all done with that intimate observation of character and behaviour and minute detail, which is far more convincing and realisable than the cut-and-dried record of marching and counter-marching. Scarcely any episode, if we except the battle of San Juan, is given without first-hand knowledge; and, not being a bird, he could not arrange to assist both at this fight and also at the contemporaneous assault on Caney. His story is personal, as it should be; but without the egoism which often characterises such work. As for his style, always gay and buoyant, it yet has those sympathetic qualities in which tears and laughter are found not far apart. Add to this the charm of a literary manner unstudied, and a happy resourcefulness of illustration drawn not only from earlier experiences as a war-correspondent but from the storehouse of a scholar's mind. Mr. ATKINS, though your name may not be THOMAS, 'here's my best respects to you!'"

THE BARON DE B.-W.

MY MOTHER TONGUE.

["Professor ATKINSON, of Dublin University, the greatest authority on Irish literature, is opposed to teaching the Gaelic language on the score that most of the literature is too indecent to be taught indiscriminately."—*The Globe*.]

Is it insults that he's manin', when the villain is complainin'
 That our language is ondacint? Faith, he'd better have been
 flung
 In the Liffy there an' dhrouded ere he started sich unfounded
 And onraisonable libels on me dear ould mother tongue.

What! Ondacint? Faith an' glory! There is sorer tale or shtory
 Oi have read that anny mortal sich an ugly name could call;
 'Tis the truth, Sorr, an' Oi mane it, an' it may perhaps explain it
 If Oi add that 'tis the Gaelic Oi can't read at all, at all.

And a shtory—after all, it wants a dash of what-you-call-it,
 Or 'tis flavoured as mutton, disremembered to be hung,
 And if Gaelic—yes, begorror! Ere to-day becomes to-morrer
 'Tis meself will buy a grammar and Oi'll learn me mother
 tongue.

Toujours la Politesse.

Boy (to Elderly Gentleman, whose foot he has transfixed with the
 spike of a top, and who is now writhing in agony). Well, why
 didn't yer keep your old trotter out of the way?

"LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL."—Whatever may be in store for
 Londoners, the first important step to be taken will be for the
 members of the L. C. C. to learn and practise "self-government"
 during debates.



Huntsman (making a cast for the line of the Fox, near a railway). "HOLD HARD, PLEASE! DON'T RIDE OVER THE LINE!"
Would-be Thrusters. "OH, NO, WE WON'T. THERE'S A BRIDGE FARTHER ON!"

THE TAX-PAYER'S VADE MECUM.

(At the service of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.)

Question. I presume you are a patriot, and consequently a good citizen?

Answer. That is my boast, and also my conscientious belief.

Q. And you are aware that a patriotic and good citizen should do all in his power for his country's welfare?

A. No doubt, inclusive of the compiler and collector of the revenue.

Q. Refusing to receive that reply on the score of its frivolity, I would ask if you do not admit the necessity of the payment of taxes?

A. Certainly; especially by persons other than myself.

Q. Why do you consider that you should be exempt from the payment of taxes?

A. To be in the fashion, it is the universal personal opinion of all my countrymen.

Q. But cannot you point out one impost that is more unpopular than any other?

A. Probably the Income Tax is the most unpopular of all sources of revenue, as it affects the largest number of tax-payers.

Q. What is your objection to this impost?

A. It is inquisitorial in its manner of being assessed and collected, and was intended for a war and not a peace tax.

Q. What would surprise you more than its continuance?

A. Its abolition.

Q. Can you suggest any fresh impost to meet the impending deficit?

A. Very easily. I would propose a heavy tax upon tobacco.

Q. Why would you select that material to be mulcted?

A. Because I do not smoke and have no shares in cigar companies.

Q. Then your opinion is only worth that of a member of a not very large class?

A. That is so, and possibly total abstainers would suggest a tax upon alcohol, vegetarians a heavy fine on animal food, and spinsters of sixty a largely augmented charge for marriage licences.

Q. But still you believe that it is necessary to spend one hundred and ten millions on the necessities of the Empire?

A. Yes, and my conviction is shared by the entire nation.

Q. And how would you raise the money?

A. That is purely a matter for the decision of the rt. hon. gentleman responsible for the concoction of the Budget.

Q. And what will be meted out to him whatever may be the nature of his financial statement?

A. From his political friends luke-warm sufferance, and from his political opponents

the fiercest and most vindictive opposition, condemnation, and even personal abuse.

THE TEETOTAL BUDGET OF 1899.

EXTRACT from the speech of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:—"In consequence of the total suppression of the Wine and Intoxicating Liquor Trade, and the extinction of public-houses, where beer and spirits are retailed, I am compelled, in order to maintain the revenue, to announce that we propose to raise the tax on tea, coffee, and cocoa to half-a-crown per pound, while all so-called mineral waters, such as soda, seltzer, potash, and lithia, will bear an impost of sixpence on each bottle. The duty on lemonade, ginger-beer, and ginger-ale, however, will, I am happy to state, be only half that amount. It is with great satisfaction that I am able to announce that the present duties on milk and potable water will not be raised." (Loud cheers from the Treasury benches.)

IN MANY A LAND.

THE bonny babe, tossed blithely to and fro,
Rests on AMANDA'S apron white as snow
In Lapland.

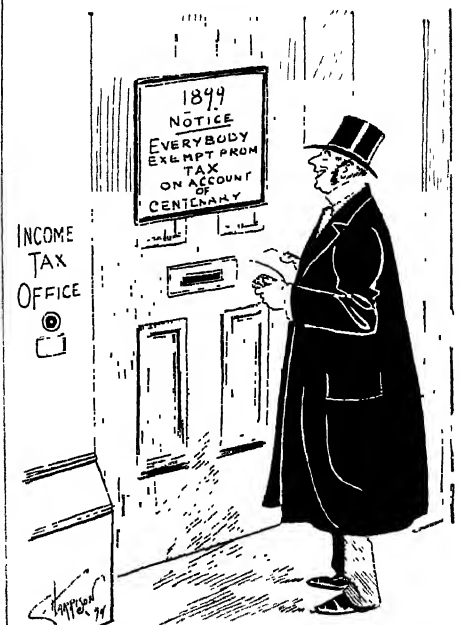
Full well he fares, no epicure is he,
Upon a diet that would frighten me
In Papland.

Anon he is an urchin, and must learn
"Globes" with "gography," and take his turn
In Mapland.

If he is idle, and his books will flout,
There is the ruler, and he'll have a bout
In Rapland.

Or, it may be, his fate is harder yet,
And he will spend a time he won't forget
In Strapland.

But, like the longest lane, the laggard day
Will end at last, and Tom will snore away
In Napland!



This year is the Centenary of the Income Tax. The best way to celebrate it. By our Artist, who has not yet paid his.

THE CREWS AT PUTNEY.

[Having in the interest of sport sent a competent representative to Putney to report the doings of the rival Blues, we were somewhat surprised to receive from him the following communication. If we had not reason to place implicit confidence in our representative's accuracy and good faith we should have suspected him of having mixed up the boat-race practice with a visit to BARNUM'S and a Freemasons' Dinner. But rowing technicalities are notoriously obscure, and we have therefore printed the account exactly as we received it.—ED.]

Putney, March 11th.

OVERNIGHT orders had been given that the Cantabs were to embark precisely at 12 o'clock, and at this hour, amid the trumpetings of the elephants and the combined noise of the now thoroughly awakened menagerie, the Skeleton Dude took his seat in the new Sims boat, which was promptly shoved off from the Leander hard. Scarcely a breath of wind ruffled the surface of the Worshipful Master's face, as after the usual preliminaries he rose to propose a toast which, to use his own expressive words, had been suggested to him by the Bearded Lady in the privacy of her boudoir. GIBBON, who was keeping the stroke beautifully long and even, was now clocked to be rowing exactly 34 to a bumper of champagne and no heel-taps. This sentiment evoked thunders of applause, which was only checked when our American guest met a nasty cross-wash at Hammersmith Bridge, where he dropped to 30, which was maintained as far as Santiago, the Spanish Fleet having been wiped off the water. The prices are as usual, half price being extended to children between four and ten years of age, who are admitted to the Cambridge Crew daily, either in the morning or the afternoon.

Later on Oxford tried a few spurts, but nothing of any importance was very trying to the feelings of every loyal freemason, who thus found himself compelled to stroke a winning University for the fourth time, notwithstanding which the dwarfs and other living human prodigies were as amusing as they always are to GOLDIE, the Cambridge No. 3, whose speech was voted the success of the evening. Altogether this entertainment may be pronounced one of the most magnificent ever given between Putney and Mortlake, the stroke being well rowed out and the crew finishing with any amount of milk punch specially provided for this banquet by the orders of Mr. FLETCHER, their coach, who is perhaps not quite so large as the once celebrated Jumbo, but is now certainly the largest African elephant in the world. The health of the secretary was then drunk with three times three and musical honours, and the proceedings were continued till a late hour of the night, when the Oxford crew were met on their return journey from Mortlake.

ALMOST—"ALONE, HE DID IT!"

In a Society weekly it was stated in a paragraph concerning musical news at a fashionable resort, that a certain composer "had the theatre pretty well to himself last night, the programme being composed entirely of works of his composition." So apparently the eminent one not only composed the works performed, but also composed the programme (marvellous effort of genius!), and then "had the theatre pretty well to himself." What an admirable audience! Fortunately, a little lower down we read, "the theatre was full," which saves the otherwise rather exceptional situation.



Employer (who simply won't take any excuse for unpunctuality). "YOU ARE VERY LATE, MR. JONES. GO BACK AT ONCE, AND COME AT THE PROPER TIME!"

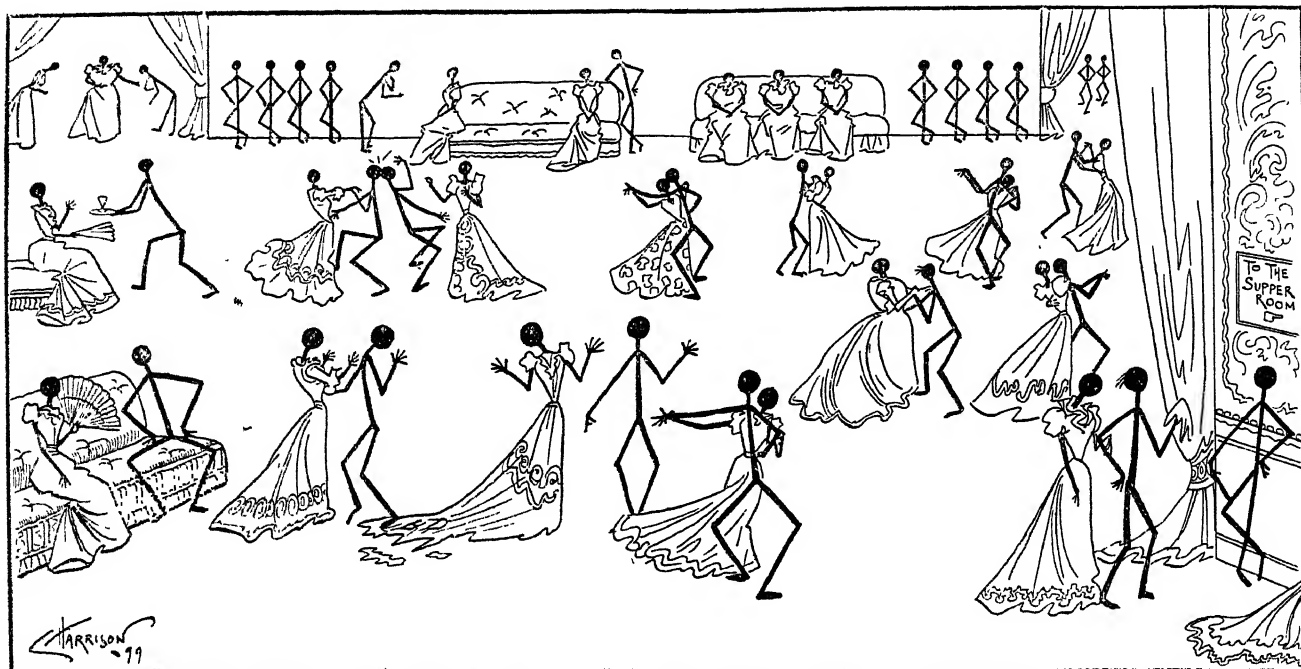
THE SINE QUA NON.

WHEN I was very young, and had
Scant sense, but love-affairs in plenty;
In short, when as an undergrad.
I'd all the *savoir faire* of twenty—
A girl might then be bold or staid,
She might be dull, she might be witty,
A duchess or a dairy-maid—
For me she'd only to be pretty
But when I got to twenty-five,
And in the man the boy was sinking,
My mind began to grow alive
To sundry things—I started thinking!
Then beauty I set down as nought,
No pretty girl could please me ever,
I worshipped Intellect—and thought
A girl ought only to be clever!

Now brains and beauty I have found,
If e'er Life's weather should be dirty,
Poor anchors, hardly holding ground;
And this is now my creed at thirty—
A girl may have, for all I care,
Good looks, or cleverness alarming,
Or both, or neither—but I'll swear
That all she needs to be is—charming!

One Way of Fasting.

Miss Kate (to Mr. JOSKIN). You don't know how glad I am that Lent has begun.
Mr. Joskin. Why?
Miss Kate. Because there are no more stupid dinner-parties and balls. We only go to theatres and restaurants now.



DOTS AND DASHES. A LITTLE DANCE.

MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATISED NOVELS.

III. PHROSO. BY ANTHONY H. FR.

[To guard against misconception, we may mention that this is *not* the version recently presented in America.]

ACT I.—SCENE—*The Hall of the Stefanopouloï in the island of Neopalía.* Lord WHEATLEY and DENNIS SWINTON discovered.

Dennis. Well, CHARLEY, how do you like your island?

Wheatley. Not bad.

Dennis. Not bad! I call it spiffing. Why, the islanders tried to cut our throats the day we landed, and they've been trying to shoot us ever since. What more do you want? It's as good as Zenda.

Wheatley. Your disposition is regrettably frivolous, DENNIS. You treat the whole situation with levity. (DENNIS winks.) Confound you, I wish you wouldn't wink like that.

Dennis (airily). All right, old fellow. Don't mind me!

Wheatley. I don't mind you. It's PHROSO I'm nervous about. You're winking again, DENNIS.

Dennis. I'm not, 'pon honour. But what's the matter with PHROSO? You haven't quarrelled, have you?

Wheatley. Quarrelled! I wish we had. No such luck. Ever since she proposed to me that day the Neopalians were thirsting for my blood, I've not had a moment's peace. She's always after me.

Dennis. Well?

Wheatley. Well, it's very inconvenient and highly indecorous. WATKINS thinks so, too.

Dennis. I don't think I should trouble about WATKINS.

Wheatley. Oh, yes, that's all very well: but a man should always be a hero to his valet, if he can. And WATKINS has a very high ideal of how an English nobleman should behave. So, when he sees me apparently in the middle of a desperate flirtation with PHROSO—ahem, the Lady EUPHROSINE—he naturally disapproves.

Dennis. I don't see what it has to do with WATKINS.

Wheatley. You see, WATKINS is my servant, and he naturally feels responsible for me, and as I'm engaged to BEATRICE HIPGRAVE—

Hush! here he is. [Enter WATKINS, in livery.]

Watkings (icily). A lady to see you, my lord!

Wheatley (with elaborate astonishment). A lady, WATKINS? Ah well, show her in. [Enter PHROSO.]

Phroso (passionately). My CHARLEY!

[Embraces him ardently. WATKINS glowers.]

Wheatley. My dear PHROSO! WATKINS!

Phroso. Eh, what?

Wheatley. Before the servants! Really now!

Phroso. Send him away, then.

Wheatley (diffidently). You may go, WATKINS. (Exit WATKINS.)

PHROSO, you really must be more careful. WATKINS is easily shocked. He'll give me notice if you go on like this.

Phroso (indignantly). Monster, you do not love me!

Wheatley (hurriedly). My dear PHROSO, what an idea! Of course I love you. How can you think of such a thing! (PHROSO prepares to fling herself into his arms again.) No, not again, PHROSO. Be calm, I beg.

Phroso. Very well. (Seats herself.) Come and sit by me. (WHEATLEY does so meekly.) And now, when do you think we are going to be married?

Wheatley. Married? Oh, not for a long time yet.

Phroso. You're wrong then. We're going to be married to-morrow! The Neopalians mustn't be kept waiting any longer. So I've fixed to-morrow afternoon.

Wheatley (frozen with horror). To-morrow! Oh lor!

ACT II.—SCENE—*The same.* TIME—*Next morning.*

Dennis (with bland cheerfulness). Well, CHARLEY, looking forward to the wedding? (WHEATLEY groans.) Cheer up, old man.

Wheatley. You're very heartless, DENNIS.

Dennis. I knew how it would be when you came to Neopalía. When a man's engaged he doesn't go off to a desert island without getting into a scrape of some sort.

Wheatley. Neopalía isn't a desert island. I wish it was.

Dennis. It's hard luck on BEATRICE HIPGRAVE, I must say.

Wheatley. Do you suppose I enjoy it? These modern young ladies are too much for me. How was I to know when I came to Neopalía that a lady would propose to me before I'd been in the island a week? And take no refusal, too! Dash it, it's too bad.

Dennis. What does WATKINS think?

Wheatley (despondingly). Oh, WATKINS has given warning. I knew he would. He told me he could not remain in the service of a nobleman who was engaged to two young ladies at once.

Dennis. Bravo, WATKINS!

Wheatley. Yes, I knew you wouldn't sympathise with me. Nobody sympathises with me. You're so abominably cheerful, and WATKINS is so abominably disapproving, and PHROSO is so abominably affectionate, that between you all I'm perfectly miserable. (Enter WATKINS.) Well?

Watkings (gloomily). A lady to see you, my lord.

Wheatley. Con—I mean, show her in. (Exit WATKINS.) PHROSO again, of course. This is simply persecution.

Dennis. You shouldn't have encouraged her.

Watkings (showing in a lady cloaked and veiled). This way, Ma'am.

Wheatley. In disguise, too. I do wish PHROSO wasn't so skittish. I hate girls who are skittish. [Exit WATKINS.]

Dennis. You can't leave her standing there, CHARLEY. Be a man. Be affectionate.

Wheatley. Won't you sit down, dear? Let me take off your

cloak. (*The Lady throws off her cloak and raises her veil.*)
BEATRICE, by Jove!

Dennis. BEATRICE HIPGRAVE! I'm off [*Exit hurriedly.*]
ACT III.—SCENE—The same. TIME—An hour later. DENNIS is sitting in a chair reading a book. Enter WHEATLEY, cautiously.

Wheatley (*whispering*). DENNIS.
Dennis (*putting down book*). Hullo, what's up?
Wheatley. Everything's up—blown up. DENNIS *winks sympathetically*. You're winking, DENNIS.

Dennis. Merely a quiver of the eyelid, old man. Quite unconscious. A habit of mine.

Wheatley (*irritably*). I wish you'd keep your eyelid under control. It's a bad habit.

Dennis. Very sorry, CHARLEY. What happened after I left? How did you get on with BEATRICE?

Wheatley. Oh, swimmingly. She was most affectionate. You see, we hadn't seen one another for weeks. I packed her off as soon as I could to take off her things. Then, as ill-luck would have it, who should come in but PHROSO.

Dennis. How did you get on with her?

Wheatley. She was most affectionate, too. In fact, it was all right as long as I had her alone. But BEATRICE came back sooner than I expected and found us together.

Dennis. Poor CHARLEY!

Wheatley. Exactly. I introduced them, hoping they would fight it out. But they didn't. They made friends at once, and both turned upon me! As if it was my fault!

Dennis. Oh, come—

Wheatley (*savagely*). Shut up! I know what you're going to say and you're quite wrong. I never gave PHROSO any encouragement. Or BEATRICE either, for that matter. However, they wouldn't believe me, either of them. So after weeping on each other's necks, they went for me, both of them. There's no counting on women. And now PHROSO's gone off to rouse the Neopallians, and they are coming to cut my throat. Hallo, here's one of them.

[*Enter CONSTANTINE. WHEATLEY hastily puts a table between them.*]

Constantine. Villain, you have robbed me of my bride.
Wheatley (*indignantly*). I assure you, my good man, I have done nothing of the sort.

Constantine. You have. You have robbed me of PHROSO. She and I were engaged.

Wheatley. My preserver!

[*Flings himself into CONSTANTINE's arms.*]
Constantine. Sir!

Wheatley (*without heeding him*). Now I can face PHROSO and her Neopallians. By Jove, here she comes!

[*Enter PHROSO, backed by picturesque riff-raff. She does not notice CONSTANTINE.*]

Phroso (*menacingly*). Now, Lord WHEATLEY!

Wheatley (*in an aggrieved tone*). PHROSO, you have grossly deceived me. You have trifled with my affections.

Phroso. What do you mean?

Wheatley. You have been pretending to love me all this time, and I—(*proudly*)—I think I may say I have striven to reciprocate the attachment. And now I find you are—like me—engaged to another!

[*CONSTANTINE comes forward.*]
Phroso. CONSTANTINE!

Wheatley (*with dignity*). Under these circumstances, I cannot consent to receive any more of your attentions. I shall return to London, and marry Miss HIPGRAVE. And I consider, Madam, that you have treated me with shameful perfidy.

Dennis. Bravo, WHEATLEY!

[*Winks solemnly at him. WHEATLEY frowns in return. Curtain.*]

"O 'TEMPORA'! O MORES!"

"The influence of American journalism is increasingly evident in our daily papers... The style of the leading articles, even in the *Times*, is changing... There is a more conversational, almost a slangy tone about them. It is interesting to anticipate the future results of this influence."

[*A Weekly Review.*]

I.—Sample of a "Times" Leader, before the "Influence" began to Work.

"We may be excused for feeling that the trend of events makes a change in our present policy an imperative necessity. The Chinese authorities again are throwing their unhappy country into confusion, while we are seemingly content to make no more effectual protest than a series of diplomatic representations. Surely the Government must be aware that these, *per se*, are absolutely useless if the typical Mandarin is really to be influenced. Nor can we share that happy confidence in the disinterestedness of Russia's interposition which apparently prevails at the Foreign



ORTHOGRAPHY—AT BRIGHTON.

"ROYAL RANGERS—NO. NOR RIFLES—NO. I QUITE FORGET WHAT HIS REGIMENT IS."

"BUT, MATER, I HEARD HE WAS IN THE ARTILLERY."

"THAT'S IT! I KNEW IT BEGAN WITH AN R!"

Office, and there are not wanting indications that our interests will be gravely jeopardised unless those in authority will grasp the need of action before it is too late. The Chinese officials must be given to understand that the choice of two alternatives only is open to them, and that they must decide between giving up their present untenable claims, or rendering themselves liable to the practical and disastrous consequences which any further obstinacy on their part will involve. That, we venture to think, is the whole gist of the matter."

II.—The same Article re-written, say, Two Years hence.

"Look here, you know, this game's about played out. Why, these blessed Chinese are painting the whole bally place red, and all you Government rotters are doing is to make 'diplomatic representations.' Garn! As if any brass-faced pigtailed Mandarin cared a red cent for truck of that kind! And if you really flatter yourselves that Russia's acting on the square—well, you must be a set of fat-headed nincompoops, and that's all about it. You may take it from us that *Ursa Major* is a downy animal, and has a card or two up his sleeve more times than not. If you don't look out, we shall be badly left. So just buck up, and give these Chinese beggars the straight tip, once for all. Let 'em see that either they've got to climb down in double-quick time, or else we shall give 'em beans—long-pod, extra-size beans, of the most extraordinary value. There, now you know what we think. So-long!"

"SECONDARY EDUCATION."—This is, of course, a matter of Primary importance. There are a lot of "Secondaries" holding office in the City of London. Will these members of the Corporation have to go to school again and pass examinations? And, *à propos*, why not start compulsory examination for admission to the rank and dignity of alderman? Instead of proceeding by election, let the office of Lord Mayor be open to competitive examination. Grand subjects suggest themselves. How to make and eat Turtle Soup? How to arrange a Lord Mayor's Show, etc., etc.



Barnard Partridge fecit
Miss Jones (who has kindly offered to hear Mr. Green his part for the coming theatricals). "Now, WHAT'S YOUR CUE, MR. GREEN?"
Mr. Green (bewildered). "MY CUE!"
Miss J. "YES, YOUR CUE—WHAT THEY SAY JUST BEFORE YOU MAKE YOUR ENTRANCE, YOU KNOW."
Mr. G. "OH, I SEE. THEY ALWAYS SAY, 'COME ON YOU SILLY ASS, CAN'T YOU?'"

DEPRECIATIONS.

VII.

NICHOLAS II. DICTATES A PEACE PAMPHLET.
(*Diversion created from time to time by arrival of despatches.*)

PEACE! Gentle Peace! her crest with olive crowned,
Time out of mind the poet's passionate dream,
And, from CONFUCIUS forward, still the stone
Philosophers have sought to stay their heads
As with a pillow—'tis the hobby-hope
To which our soul is singly consecrate!
How says the Baron TENNYSON thereof?
"Ah, when," says he, "shall universal
Peace
Wink like a sky-sign far across the land,
And like a flash-light wide athwart the
sea?"—
Or words to that effect. [Come in! What's
this?
Army Manœuvres in Manchuria?
Our six-and-forty thousand going strong
And full of fighting? Good; we'll round
the tale
To fifty for the nonce.] Resume your pen.
As I was saying, in the well-known phrase
O'th' venerable *Chadband*, "What is Peace?
Is it a hawk? Nay, on the other hand,
It cometh home untoe us like the dove;
Therefore, my brethren, Peace be with us."
[Yes?
From Oman? Ah! Coal-holc-i'-th'-
corner incident!

One wishes our allies, whose love we hold
Precious as roubles, managed these affairs
With something more resembling our
aplomb.
Well meant, 'tis true, and might have
served our turn,
Had not a nation drunk with avarice
Contrived to cork their Muscat-grape, and
play
Kottabos with the dregs. Ourselves propose
One of these sunny days to take and bottle
Our own Imperial brand of fruity port
I' th' self-same ocean, as a pick-us-up
When trooping Eastward, should occasion
rise.]
So to our muttons. Oh! how beautiful
Upon the Ural mountains are the feet
Of him that—[Well, what is it? BERESFORD
Back from his rounds of *commis-voyageur*?
And talking to the paper-men of Peace
And Commerce kissing through an open
door,
And such-like silly nonsense? See he says
Port Arthur's bastions are looking well,
And Wei-hai-wei will cost a deal of cash.
That's true. We might have saved him
trouble there,
Being informed on this and other things
Less obvious to the eye of tars on tour,
Nor mentioned in the guide-books.] We
proceed.
Then shall the nations lie down in a row,
The lion and the lambkin, cheek by jowl;
The eagle cooing to the bear; the babe
Stroking the weaned cockatrice—[Come in!

Chemin de fer de Newchwang? 'Tis a case
Where we must make the fist of iron felt
Beneath the gloss of diplomatic kid!]
Where was I? Ah! "the weaned cocka-
trice."

These samples will suffice to shadow forth
A zoological Utopia
Recalls an earlier Eden (bar the babe).
So from the seed o' th' dying century
The makings of a fine millennium
Bud at our bidding. [Well, what have you
there?

A missive from our brother GERMANY?
So ho! the fellow writes in cynic vein!
Approves our project; hopes to play a part,
None stronger, in the said millennium
When that most admirable era dawns;
Meanwhile inclines to keep his army up
To th' customary pitch, or slightly higher;
Gun-patterns of the latest, powder dry,
Watch on the Rhine, and goose-step as
before!

This from the stout enthusiast who stood
Only the other week in Salem town
Under a white umbrella crying PEACE
Down half the ringing wires of Christen-
dom!
Heavens! what hypocrites some people are!
'Tis sickening.] We dictate no more to-
day.

A DISH THAT DISAGREES WITH MOST PER-
SONS WHEN TRAVELLING.—The Chops of the
Channel.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 15, 1899.



THE FIGHT FOR THE FOOT-PLATE.

BRITISH ENGINE-DRIVER. "IT'S MY ENGINE, AND I'M GOING TO DRIVE IT!"

RUSSIAN ENGINE-DRIVER. "NO! IT OUGHT TO BE MINE!—AND IF IT WEREN'T FOR MY LOVE OF PEACE, YOU'D SEE WHAT I'D DO!"

JOHN CHINAMAN (*Station-Master*). "ALL LITTLE! FIXEE AS YOU LIKEE! MEE NO CARE CUSSEE!"



"PIN-PRICK" POLICY.

Millie (aged twelve, with painful reminiscences of how she had been treated by their eldest Sister, who is seated with her Fiancee in the background). "I SAY, NELLIE, FLO IS GOING TO BE MARRIED, AND I HEARD MAMMA SAY SHE IS TO HAVE TWO HUNDRED POUNDS FOR PIN-MONEY! I'M AWFULLY GLAD SHE'S GOING TO LIVE AWAY FROM US!" Nellie. "WHY?" Millie (indignantly). "WHY! FANCY WHAT A LOT OF PINS SHE'LL HAVE! AND"—(horrified at the idea)—"IF SHE STOPPED AT HOME, HOW SHE'D SCRATCH US ALL!"

CRYPTIC JOURNALISM.

A PROTEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—May I ask you, as Public Enlightener, if you can suggest any valid reason why purchasers of certain penny and even sixpenny weekly newspapers should be tantalised by columns of dark and apparently personal comments and queries? I mean the sort of stuff that's headed (say) "Ondits of the Week," "Gossip by Our Own Gad-about," "Queer Queries," and so forth. To borrow the favourite epithet of one of these periodicals, such oracular remarks run the risk of being considered "unfunny" by the plain man in the street or the club smoking-room, to whom they appear about as luminous as the "lights" of an acrostic. Not being in the know, like, I fancy, a good many others, I am more exasperated by these enigmatic allusions than impressed by the writer's superior knowledge of what goes on behind the scenes. But perhaps, after all, they are only a device to fill up space, and may relate to imaginary, or, at least, very uninteresting members of society. Let us, for

explanation's sake, turn out a few examples of this kind of journalism:—Under the heading of "Eavesdroppings," for instance, we overhear That a very pretty woman was seen the other night at a West End Restaurant.

That a smart young sprig of nobility was in attendance.

That, as usual, Mr. HUSBAND was in the wings of a theatre not a hundred miles from Charing Cross.

That proceedings will ensue.

That we shall see what we shall see.

That it would be odd if we didn't.

That a certain financier has lately been going the pace.

That Mrs. FINANCIER'S diamonds are only paste.

That the bailiffs are in.

That you never know.

That there will shortly be a wedding in high life.

That she would much rather have the Guardsman.

That he never meant what he said.

That, as things are going, there will be a pretty kettle of fish.

That the damages will be one farthing.

That suburban trains are dreadfully crowded in the evening.

That she sat on his knee coming home.

That they had changed hats.

That they do say she was only a governess.

That there has been high play lately at Monte Carlo.

That certain banking accounts have been overdrawn.

That blackmail has a very ugly sound.

That chestnuts are in season.

That QUEEN ANNE is dead.

And so on. We might reel off these occult remarks by the yard, without anybody being much the wiser, and so I remain

Baffled as ever, ZEDWHYERS.

A DILEMMA.

["Herr BORKEDAL, an eminent Norwegian physicist, recently attempted to demonstrate that . . . the great furnace of the universe is rapidly burning itself out, and unless it be very soon stoked up from some unexpected quarter, our children, or at furthest, our grandchildren, will witness its extinction."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

OH, Sun, when frigid prophets paint
Your beams as growing still more faint,

Until all heat is lost,
We coolly wink the other eye
As evil thus they prophesy,
Convinced it is a "frost."

Since of some former forecasts we
Retain a vivid memory,
And of our trepidation
When they presented to our view
The lurid prospects of a u-
-niversal conflagration.

Who then the question shall decide,
If frozen we must be—or fried
Some years (or æons) hence?
'Twixt ice and fire still loth to choose
(Since either way we stand to lose),
We'll—split the difference.

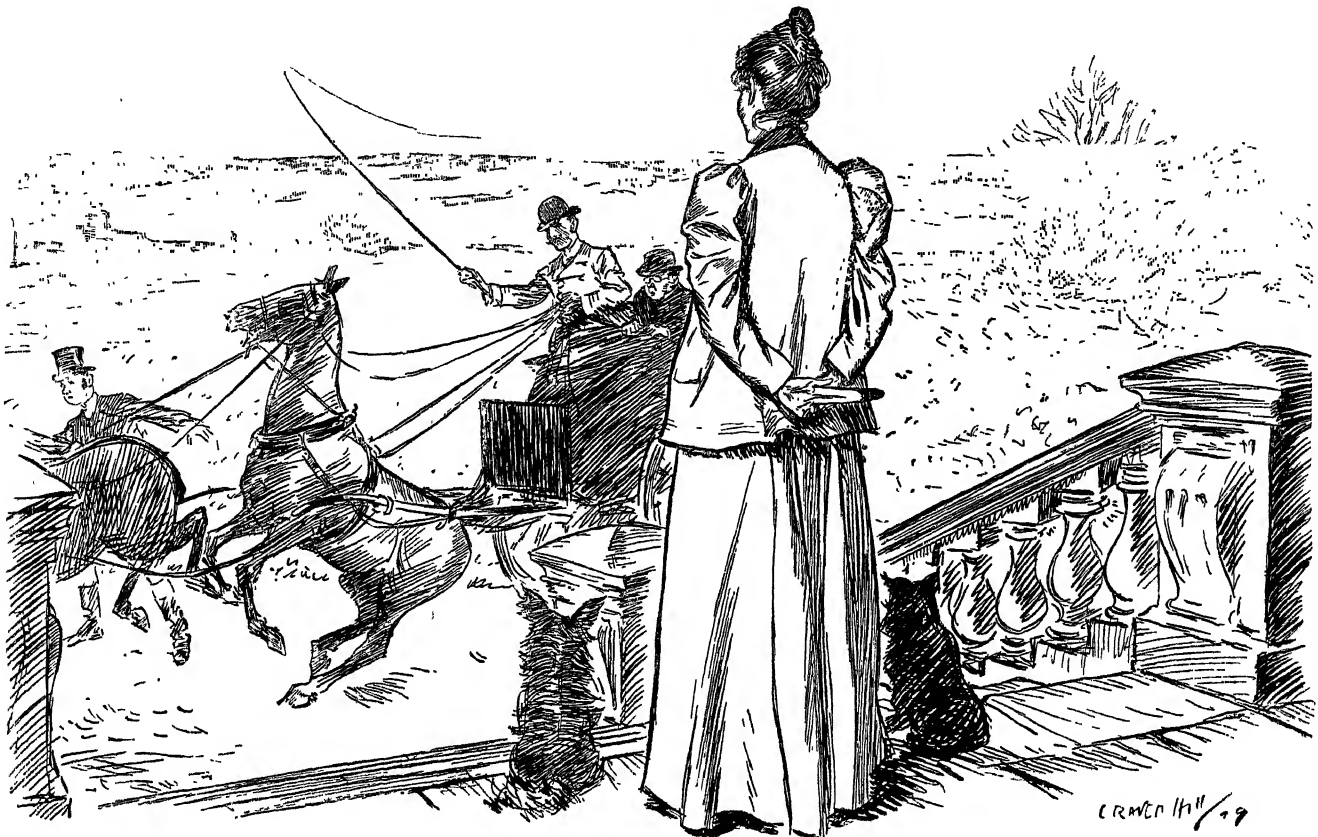
CURIOUS ANOMALY.—The earliest callers in London are *late* arrivals.



LETTING THE MUS-CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

["The settlement of the Muscat incident has been accomplished in a manner entirely satisfactory to our interests and our dignity."—*French Official Note*.]

"I here is nothing to prohibit France from having a coal store at Muscat."—*Mr. Brodrick's Statement*.]



Hostess. "WELL, AU REVOIR."

Nervous Visitor (seated in trap). "AU REVOIR—(sotto voce)—I HOPE!"

THE PENITENT PIRATE.

["Abuse of the 'penny dreadful' has become a magisterial commonplace. It is time that attention was turned to those tales of pirates and highwaymen which, bearing the names of well-known writers, are considered to be suitable gifts for our children . . . their influence in no case can be good, in many instances it must be extremely harmful."—*Daily Paper*.]

WITH growing suspicion TIMOTHY PRIGLET eyed the rakish-looking craft lying on the horizon, and his fears increased when the frigate *Albatross* (in which TIMOTHY was serving as junior midshipman) altered her course and gave chase to the stranger. Without delay he sought out the captain, who, recognising TIMOTHY's beautiful moral character, was always delighted to receive advice from him. Yes, said the captain, there was no doubt about it—yonder craft was manned by pirates!

"How terrible!" exclaimed TIMOTHY. "Pirates, you know, are men whose principles are really quite dishonest. They have no business to appear in a story of which I am the hero. What do you propose to do?"

"To blow them to smithereens," replied the captain, promptly.

TIMOTHY shuddered. "Certainly not!" he cried. "That would mean fighting, and fighting is very wicked. Kindly lend me your speaking-trumpet, and when we get nearer the pirate I will manage the business for you."

The captain obeyed rather sulkily; the truth is, that he had been accustomed to figure in stories of the bad old kind, and thoroughly enjoyed fight.

By this time the two vessels were close to each other, and TIMOTHY put the speaking-trumpet to his mouth.

"Are you a pirate?" he inquired.

"Of course," was the reply from the commander of the other ship. "Don't you see my black flag? Or if that doesn't convince you, I'll give a bloodthirsty yell. There isn't a pirate afloat who can beat me in that part of our business. And in a few minutes your ship will be in flames, and you will have to walk the plank!"

"Nonsense," said TIMOTHY, "I'm the hero. Heroes don't walk the plank."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," replied the pirate. "Of course not. Didn't recognise you at first. Of course, if you're the hero, the fight will go the other way. For several pages the air will be thick with smoke, the masts will fly into splinters, and the scuppers will run with blood. Then, just when your captain loses all hope, you'll lead a desperate boarding-party, and knock us over with cutlasses and marlin-spikes. We shall all be hung, and an hour later the sullen waves will roll over the spot where lately the *Black Maria* floated. Bless you, I've been through the business in dozens of books. Are your guns loaded with grape? If so, we may as well begin."

"Stop!" commanded TIMOTHY. "Nothing so horrible is going to be allowed in this story. Have you considered what the effect would be upon our readers? Do you know that a leading daily paper declares that its influence might be extremely harmful?"

"No," said the pirate, with some surprise, "I haven't seen the papers for some time. So that's the latest idea, is it? Well, I've never had any fault found with me before in all the years I've been at the business. Isn't there to be any description of our fight?"

"There's to be no fight to describe," TIMOTHY explained. "To read accounts of fighting is very bad for little boys. In ac-

cordance with the principles of modern enlightenment, we will submit our respective claims to arbitration. Will you kindly row across to this ship for the purpose?"

Tears of remorse furrowed the pirate's weatherbeaten cheek as he stepped meekly into his boat. "Many a year I've been at it," he murmured. "Seen service, I have, with a score of writers . . . and after all, I'm nought but a harmful influence. Well, we must move with the times . . . like enough I shall ship as chaplain next publishing season!"

END OF A DIPLOMATIC FARCE.

Played in London and Paris simultaneously.

Mr. Cox. I am delighted to find we agree.

M. Cox. My dear friend, I am enchanted to see you.

Mr. Cox. We were both in the right.

M. Cox. It was that wicked Sultan who was in the wrong.

Mr. Cox. You have got what you wanted?

M. Cox. And you have retained what you desired?

Mr. Cox. And black according to you is white.

M. Cox. And white what you call black.

Mr. Cox. Then you are indeed my long-lost brother and *M. Cox.*

M. Cox. And *Mr. Cox.*

Both. Are satisfied!

[*Curtain.*]

Oriental Card-Sharpping.

["Russia is engaged in a game of bluff in the Far East, and plays her cards to that end."—*Morning Journal*.]

THIS may be true, but if *Mr. Punch* were consulted on the matter, he would not hesitate to state that Russia's more favourite game is "beggar my neighbour."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

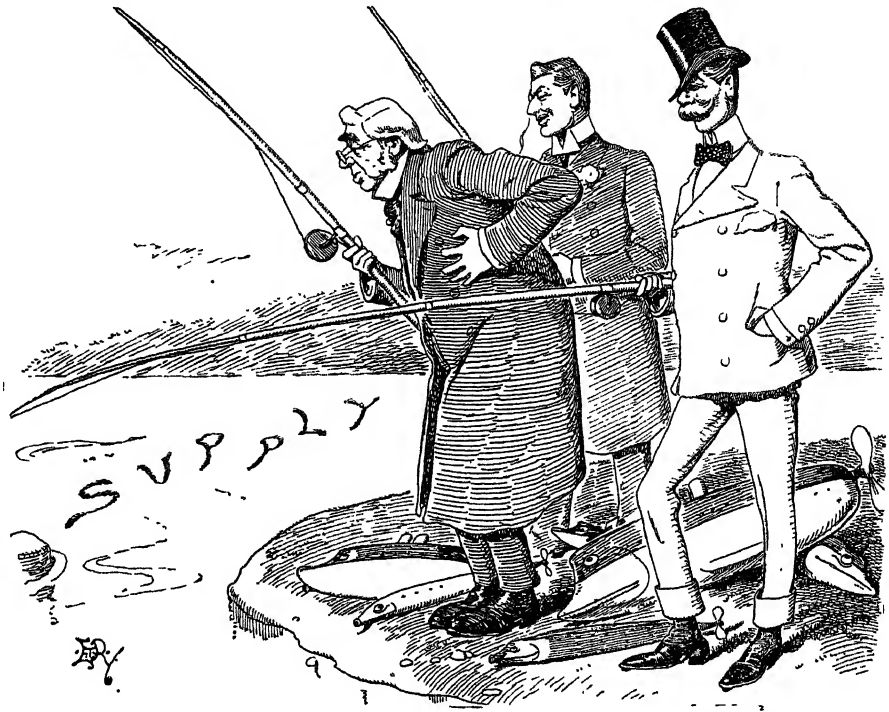
House of Commons, Monday, March 6.—Don't hear much of Private HANBURY since he got his stripes and ranks as Corporal. Time was when, in company with TOMMY BOWLES and that other young roysterer, the Blameless BARTLEY, he used to hear the chimes at midnight and after. Now he sits in silent majesty at end of Treasury Bench. Sometimes a frown clouds his massive brow as he wonders how TOMMY can prattle so about the Votes. Occasionally he turns and stares at the Blameless One, when he wants to know about those Old Age Pensions. Certainly it was a mistake to omit B. B. from the list of guests invited to the State Concert,—or was it a State Ball? Now omission corrected, what more can a man want? Corporal HANBURY can't understand the spirit of indiscipline that leads these private members, whether above or below the Gangway, to haggle with Finance Secretaries about twopence halfpenny in the Votes, still less to presume to dictate to the Leader of the House in what order he shall present Ministerial business.

To-night the Corporal broke his long silence: showed that his keen eye for a job, his mastery of facts and figures, his gift of lucid statement, which distinguished him when a private member and paved his way to the Treasury Bench, remain in full force. His Telephone Bill a thorough business measure; his exposition a model of clearness. Only once did he venture to scatter a posy on the mound of matter-of-fact statement. That happened when inspired by reference to the personality of that friend of man, JAMES STAATS FORBES, J. S. F., amongst other minor matters, is Chairman of the National Telephone Company. As such he conducted the earlier negotiations with the Post-Office. Worst of before the Select Committee on a particular point, or as nearly worsted as he ever is in that arena, JAMES STAATS meekly retired with the remark, "The moral law is enough for me."

"It is only fair to say, with regard to Mr. FORBES," said Corporal HANBURY,



"THE SIMPLE SHEPHERD."
(Mr. J-s St-ts F-rb-s.)
(After a sketch by Mr. H-nb-y.)



HAULING THEM IN. WATER IN GRAND CONDITION FOR FISHING.
(Mr. G-sch-n, Mr. M-c-tu-y, Mr. A. Ch-mb-n.)

"that his voice is always the voice of a very simple person indeed, almost like the simple shepherd in Arcady, but the hands are the hands of a very able Chairman of a Company in the City."

A pretty idea that, bringing to the mind, as in a flash of sunlight on the camera, the bland smile, the kindly regard, the face almost boyish in its innocence, of the famous chairman.

SARK says he believes that JAMES STAATS, though of course he did not actually sit as the model for JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S "Angels' Heads," was in the painter's mind when he sketched that immortal picture. I point out that's impossible. Picture painted more than a hundred years ago; JAMES STAATS doesn't look more than fifty.

"May be," says SARK, in the tone of the unconvinced; "but in the ways of the world he's more than a hundred. Besides, you will admit that HANBURY is quite right in his leading idea. A face like that wants the cherub's wings painted in; lacking them, there is a sense of incompleteness."

Business done.—Telephone Bill brought in.

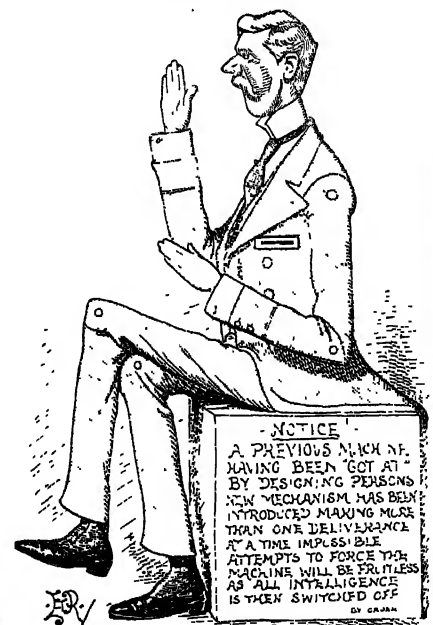
Tuesday.—Nothing more pleasant than the personal good feeling and good temper that underlie political warfare in Parliament. Two members who have been violently attacking each other across floor of House between six and seven in the evening two hours later may be found sitting in friendly converse at the same dinner-table.

Illustration of this state of things forthcoming to-night. Ministerial Whip nominated five members to sit on Joint Committee with Lords to enquire into position of staff of officers in both Houses of Parliament. No Irish member on the list. Irish members protest, not so much because of slight to their country or of personal desire to sit on Committee. It is all on account of the MARKISS. He, they say, in tremulous tones, doesn't personally know an Irish member. Now here's a chance. Put on Committee, of which the MARKISS will be Chairman, Dr. TANNER or REDMOND Cadet. Then the

MARKISS will realise what he has lost through long years of, perhaps unintentional, certainly effective, isolation.

The MARKISS, of course, not here to speak for himself. If he were, easy to guess what he would say at prospect thus opened up. In his absence his colleagues don't like to take on themselves authority; so golden opportunity glides on and is lost, possibly for evermore.

Business done.—LLOYD GEORGE moves resolution declaring that system of primary education in England and Wales demands immediate attention of Parliament. By majority of 204 against 81 House thinks not.



The New Brodriek Anti-Badgering Automatic Machine.



DECIDEDLY MIXED.

Rector's Daughter. "OH, LADY HORTON, WE HAVE STARTED A HOCKEY CLUB. I DO WISH YOU WOULD ALLOW CORA TO JOIN!"

Lady Horton. "HOW ENTERPRISING! AND DO YOU PLAY A MIXED TEAM?"

Rector's Daughter. "OH NO, NOT AT ALL. I ASSURE YOU THEY ARE ALL VERY NICE PEOPLE!"

Thursday.—JOKIM, at table explaining Navy Estimates, temporarily a changed man. The light-heartedness that sometimes touches the fringe of frivolity; the bubbling spirits; the playful banter; the instinctive tendency to see the comic side of things, which mark his daily bearing in the House, and have earned for him his pet name, all vanished. Grave to solemnity; bowed down with burden greater than man can bear. Truly no joking matter that JOKIM has in hand. Navy Estimates up again by nearly three millions. JOKIM remembers what happened last year and year before when British expenditure on ships and arms augmented. Continental nations promptly increased their fleets, and we must needs go one better.

Even more miserable than JOKIM is ST.

MICHAEL, sitting lower down the bench, wondering where in the name of All Angels it's going to end. ST. MICHAEL thinks bitterly of the £1,700,000 a year allotted the other day out of the taxes to the British landlord; of the £300,000 a year provided under the Irish Local Government Act for Irish landowners; of the £600,000 a year contributed to the funds of church schools. How far off seems the time when such things were possible, and yet how near! Not so near as Budget Night, when ST. MICHAEL will have to face the music, with the notes of income very low, and the notes of expenditure exceedingly high.

"A weary world, my TOBY," he murmured. "I begin to lose all hope in man."

We lift our eyes upon his works and ways,
And disappointment chills us as we gaze"

Business done.—JOKIM introduces Navy Estimates for coming year. A little bill of £26,594,500, being an increase of £2,816,000 on the unprecedented expenditure of last year.

Friday.—Never saw House so surprised as when KILBRIDE was discoursing on Food and Drugs Bill. Measure includes provision legalising, under certain conditions, sale of margarine. This opposed in interest of British butter. KILBRIDE, himself a tenant-farmer, whose proud boast is that he was the first man evicted in Plan of Campaign, defended Margarine Clause.

"The fact is, Mr. SPEAKER," he said, with confidential nod towards the Chair, "75 per cent. of the margarine coming to this country is used for cooking porpoises."

House plainly puzzled. Obviously, if porpoises were being prepared for the table, stewing in butter, or its substitute, would be a desirable process. But no one remembered observing the dish on a bill of fare. Perhaps KILBRIDE was alluding to some West of Ireland custom. Only the other night LUCKY discovered that distress in those parts is due directly to the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic has its compensations as well as its disappointments. Possibly at high tide it deposits on the beach the playful porpoise, which is straightway carried off to the nearest cabin, cunningly treated with margarine, and dished with the mealy potato.

Then there flashed on puzzled members the solution of the mystery. What KILBRIDE meant was "cooking purposes." The homely word declaimed in fine North Galway accent becomes the sportive fish.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

A Reproach from the Khalifa to the Tsar.

Why is the world so bright to-day?

Why is the world excited?

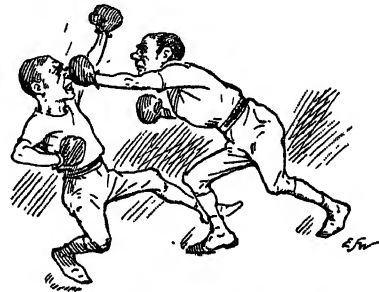
Because we'll have peace,

And battles must cease,

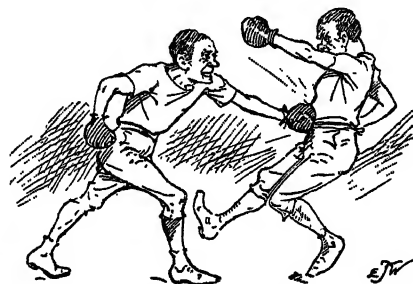
But why wasn't I invited?

SPLITTING DEMAND.—Ordering two whiskeys and one soda.

SHAKSPEARIAN ILLUSTRATIONS.



"Now on the beak."



"Now in the waist."

Tempest, Act I., Sc. 2.



A DIVERSION OF MEANING.

Smart House-maid. "SO YOU ARE THE NEW GARDENER, ARE YOU? WELL, YOU LOOK PRETTY DIRTY, I MUST SAY!"
Gardener. "AH, BUT OI LOOKS A LOT PRETTIER CLANE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A *Diplomatist's Wife in Japan* (HUTCHINSON) has made the world brighter by sending from home to home, as she prettily puts it, a batch of chatty letters. Nothing better illustrating social life in Japan is known to my Baronite, who happens to be familiar with the people and the places, and is interested to learn that the old P. & O. Steamer *Verona*, in which fifteen years ago he also steamed through the Inland Sea, is yet at her post. Mrs. FRASER has been fortunate in enlivening her own sparkling style with the reproduction of some 250 sketches, many by Japanese artists. There are some delightful little things by KYOSAI, which in their humour, vividness, and power of producing effect by the fewest strokes, are singularly like the work of one of Mr. *Punch's* young men. If our dear PHIL MAY had been born a two-sworded man—which Heaven forbade—he would have done work exactly like these gems by the great Japanese artist. What with the pictures and the literary style of the letters we have here wafted across the seas, not only scenes from life in Japan, but the very atmosphere in which they move. The publishers turn out the two handsome volumes in a style worthy their contents.

The latest volume of *The Liberal Magazine* (42, Parliament Street) is what it modestly claims to be, a political record for the year 1898. It is more than that. It is a storehouse of facts and figures bearing upon the questions of the day, indispensable to all who deal with public affairs. It is avowedly designed for the use of Liberal speakers and for those who go down to the country in trains to further the Liberal cause at by-elections. My Baronite, looking through its pages, teeming with pointed extracts from public speeches delivered in both political camps, believes it to be not less precious to the Unionist seeker after truth and timely illustration of his argument. It also, and this not the least service, teaches him what topics to avoid. A marvel and a model of the boiling down of the political chatter of the year. Nothing important seems to be left out. Yet, including a record and diary of political events, all is compact within 580 pages. Wherein lurks a moral for hon. and right hon. gentlemen who think it impossible, being on their legs, to deliver their message within the space of an hour. A full index crowns an edifice of rarely good design and workmanship.

There can be no better device for popularising SHAKSPEARE, especially among the educated classes, who talk so much yet know so little of the "Divine WILLIAM," than that of issuing his plays and poems in small-pocketable and, therefore, conveniently portable volumes, so clearly printed as to offer the least possible difficulty to almost any sight, with or without glasses. The travelling student will admit that in *The Temple Edition of Shakspeare* (published by DENT & Co., of Aldine House), with its historical and literary prefaces, its instructive notes and useful glossary, he has, at a merely trifling cost, the means ready to hand of insuring to himself for every journey the best companionship in the world.

Quoth the Baron—"Read *One of the Grenvilles*, a novel writ by S. R. LYSAGHT, and published by Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. in one volume." His characters, and his brief analysis of them individually in various phases of their career, are as amusing as his story is interesting. His two principal male characters do not deserve to be enrolled in fiction as "heroes," nor has either of his "heroines" any right to a rank superior to that of ordinary girls more or less in love. But it is the touching story of *Mab* and her besotted father, the character of the philosophic *Roger*, with his love of gipsy-like life, and his perfect contentment with his freedom as a bachelor, and, above all, to the scenes on board *The Pegasus*, with its delightful group of characters, the old Admiral and his staunch friends, the swivel-eyed lieutenant, *Nance*, his niece, and the obstinate old Colonel, that this novel must owe its present success and its permanent place as "one of the best." The chapter in which the warm-hearted old Captain's last cruise is described, approaches that masterpiece of simple pathos, the death of *Colonel Newcome*.

Whilst others root out poor LOUIS STEVENSON's waste-paper basket, and publish unconsidered trifles, unfinished stories, or—according to my Baronite's prejudice—worse still, yoke him in labour with persons who have no claim to the distinction save the incongruous one of marriage connections, Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS go back to some of his earliest and best works, reproducing them in handy and cheap form. Of these are *An Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey*, books which started an unknown young man on the path of fame. There is nothing new to be said in the way of comment about these old familiar friends. Those who have read the books before will read them again in their new attire. Those who have never read them have joy at hand.

The Cardinal's Page (CHAPMAN AND HALL), by JAMES BAKER. Ahem! "Not to-day, BAKER." It is a romance, *tempo* 1415, dated within the first half of the fifteenth century; consequently strange mediæval language must be looked for, and, when found, made a note of. Of such there be, in this book, many queer examples, among which will be found the word "squash": not, however, in connection with the modern beverage concocted of lemon and ice imbibed *per* a straw, but as expressive of the consequence to a falling human body precipitated through space downwards into a charnel pit. Pleasant, very. But this is only an incidental horror just to whet the appetite: and at those who love to sup, dine, lunch, or even breakfast on such "raw material," the Baron winks his other eye, and says, "there's more where that comes from." The story begins well, and during the earlier chapters the interest of the story is sustained; but anon 'tis lost in the hurly-burly of fighting, shouting, butchering, banging, catapulting, bowing-and-arrowing, clanging, slashing, imprisoning, escaping, re-capturing, releasing, and *da capo* with confusing variations through which the crafty Skipper will dodge his wily way, endeavouring amid crowds of bewildering pages to discover what will ultimately become of the Cardinal's page, and what on earth has become of the Cardinal himself who plays hide-and-seek throughout the volume. THE B. DE B.-W.

PRESS DEVELOPMENTS. (À LA MODE DE PARIS.)

The Germ.—The President took a walk. *Development.*—The President visited the Foreign Office, from whence he dispatched directions of a hostile character to the Court of St. James's, the Quirinal, and Madrid. He next appeared at the War Office, where he signed commissions in blank for "simple soldiers" who had cheered the army; then to the Office of Marine, where he approved of twenty novel designs for submarine boats. Then he had a long interview with the Russian Ambassador, and arranged for the partition of China, the annexation of Egypt, and the establishment of the Tsar at Calcutta. He ended his day by employing the whole of his secretarial staff in taking steps for a general war—the Paris Exhibition, however, not to be interfered with, and the prosperity of France to be secured.

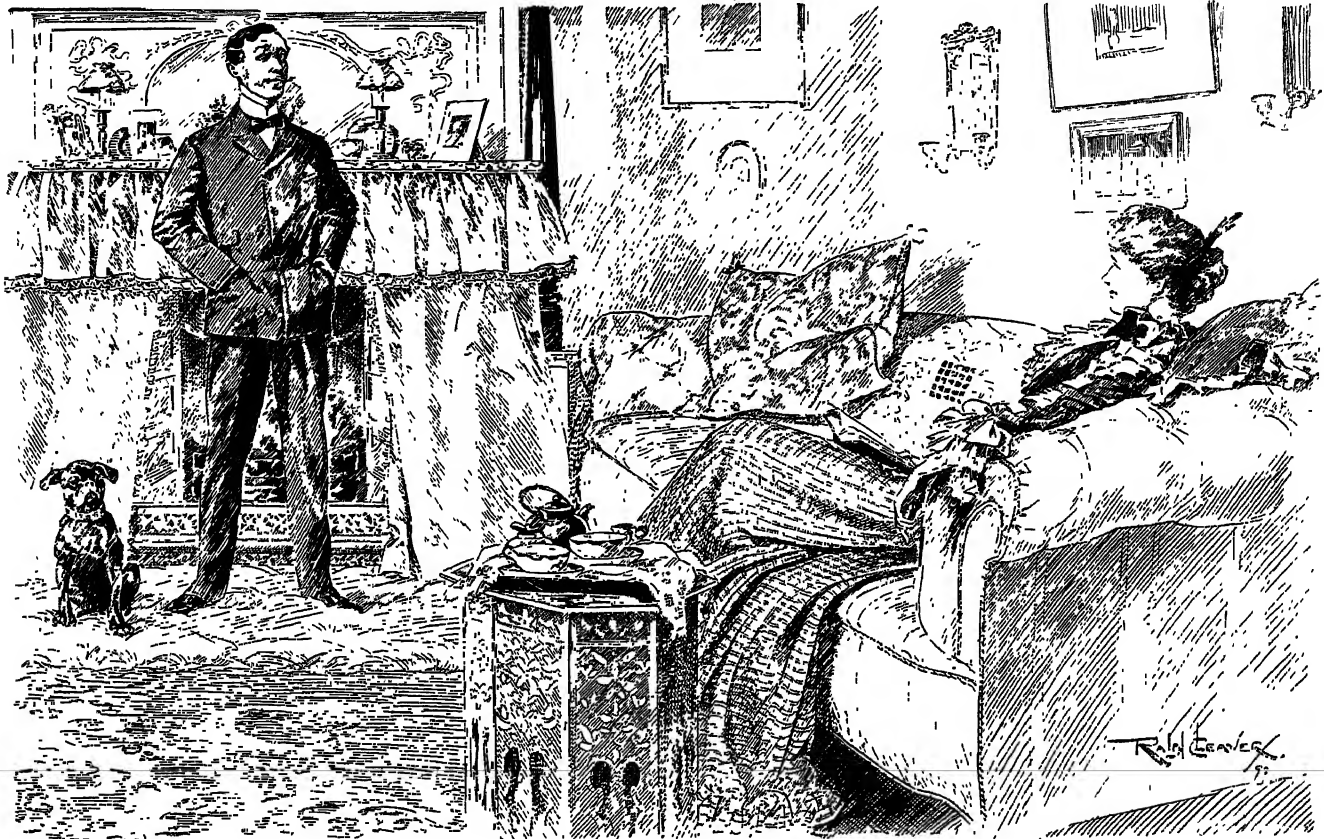
The Truth.—The President took a walk.

BUSINESS.—"ACHETEZ *Kelk-chose*," telegraphed Sir W.-L.-M. AGN-W from the sunny South of France, in time to secure some of the best at a recent sale of valuable pictures.



"SANCTUARY."

Lord H-lsb-ry (to 'Bookie'), "BET AWAY, DEAR BOY! WE'RE WITH YOU!"



Her Husband (going on the Continent). "LOOK HERE, ARABELLA, FROM NOW YOU AND I WILL SPEAK NOTHING BUT FRENCH."
Arabella. "OUI." *Her Husband. "WHAT DID YOU SAY?"*

THE MORAL DOCTOR.

["The palmist of the future will attain the proud position of a moral doctor. He will preside over the cradle of the infant, and by an exact reading of the puny hands, determine the career of future generations."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

A MORAL doctor I,
 A man of palms and fingers,
 Who read the fate that lingers
 In misty by-and-by.

Then bring your babes to me,
 I'll read with art most magic,
 Their futures, bright or tragic,
 According to my fee.

This infant—(half-a-crown,
 And not a penny more for him!)
 My tears are trickling down
 At what I see in store for him.
 I fancy he will be
 Addicted much to vanity,
 And here a cross I see
 That indicates insanity.
 At school he'll take to cribs,
 And peccadilloes numerous;
 He'll break a dozen ribs,
 And dislocate a humerus.
 This Mount of Mars portends
 A very Satan's limb in all;
 He'll murder all his friends
 And die a hopeless criminal.

A very different future here!
 (A guinea fee to start withal.)
 A talent singularly clear,
 A genius for art withal;
 Dramatic instinct too is found,
 And language, not inferior

To WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, I'll be
 bound.

And possibly superior.
 Yet one must be most circumspect
 To train him up judiciously;
 The least appearance of neglect,
 And all will turn out viciously.
 He wants a wise and loving friend
 My treatment to enforce for him—
 I cordially recommend
 My fifty-guinea course for him.

A moral doctor I,
 A man of palms and fingers,
 Who read the fate that lingers
 In misty by-and-by.

WHAT PRICE CRAWLERS?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I thought that the Commissioner of Police had determined to put his foot down on crawlers. Judge then of my surprise when standing by the Shaftesbury Fountain at Piccadilly Circus (which has been apparently erected for the benefit of flower vendors, newspaper boys, and general loafers), when I counted to-day within the space of five minutes no less than thirty-three creeping cabs impeding the general traffic. Six, and even eight, empties followed one another in a line. I suppose, after all, it is a question of Hansom as Hansom does, and Scotland Yard does not care a shilling fare what happens to the nervous pedestrian. Again, behold in support of this theory, the Clapham and Bayswater roads on Sunday mornings.

Your obedient but scared servant,
 THOMAS TODDLER.
Trippington Lodge, S.W.

THE KILT.

["The Christian Association of Paterson, New Jersey, have refused to let their hall to a Scotch Society . . . they entertain a moral objection to the kilt."—*Glasgow Herald*.]

Scots, wha hae the kiltie worn,
 Scots, wha laugh the breeks to scorn
 As but fit for Cockney-born,
 Wi' his sorry shanks,
 Hae ye heard th' insultin' lie?
 Let the traitor Yankees die!
 Up and smite them, hip and thigh!
 Up and smite the Yanks!

Gin a man, instead o' legs,
 Gangs on shapeless wooden pegs,
 Dinna blame him, gin he begs
 Breeks tae hide his shame;
 But wha boasteth shapely shoon,
 Comely calf an' knee sae broun,
 Let him show to a' the toun
 That he has the same!

Thae fause Yanks, wi' knees o' snow,
 Why are they for cryin' "Oh!"
 'Tis because they daurna show
 How their legs are built.
 Weel, their wrath we will defy,
 In their prudish ears we'll cry,
 "Breeks may vanish, trews may die,
 Live the bonny kilt!"

"THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER."—
 Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS "dreamt that he dwelt in Music Halls," of which he was once "the hope and the pride," and so he has now returned thither, and been heartily welcomed after his long absence in Stage-land.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH JACK'S NEW HORSE? HE WON'T START."

"DON'T KNOW; BUT THEY SAY HE'S BEEN IN AN OMNIBUS. PERHAPS HE'S WAITING FOR THE BELL!"

MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIZED NOVELS.

IV.—A LADY OF QUALITY. By Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT.

(An alternative Version to that now being presented at the Comedy Theatre.)

ACT I.—SCENE—The Smoking-room at Wildairs. Sir GEOFFREY WILDAIRS is sitting over the fire reading the "Spectator." Enter CLO WILDAIRS in "rationals." PERIOD—1899.

Clo. Hullo, Dad. You here?

Sir Geoffrey (testily). Yes.

Clo. Pretty bobbish?

Sir Geoffrey. I can't think where you pick up those slang expressions, CLORINDA. In my day they were considered very bad form.

Clo. Ah, we've changed all that.

Sir Geoffrey (with some heat). So it appears. "Where are the skirts of yesteryear?" (Sighs.) I do think, CLO, you might keep those breeches of yours for the drawing-room. In the smoking-room they are positively indelicate.

Clo. Think so? Funny old Dad!

Sir Geoffrey. In my young days . . .

Clo (yawns). I say, Dad, I wish you wouldn't be so reminiscent. Why refer so often to a deplorable past? Much better be modern like me. I don't object to your wearing trousers!

Sir Geoffrey (rising angrily). Upon my word . . .

Clo. Sit down, Dad. I've got some news for you. Whom do you think I met this morning?

Sir Geoffrey. I'm sure I don't know. Some one disreputable, I suppose.

Clo. Sir JOHN OXON. I had a boxing-match with him at the Cock and Hen Club. Such fun. I knocked him out at the end of the third round.

Sir Geoffrey. Good Heavens! A boxing-match?

Clo. Of course. Why not? Girls must do something, you know, besides darning stockings.

Sir Geoffrey. But you don't darn stockings.

Clo. Quite right, Dad. No really nice girl ever darns now. It's not the thing.

Sir Geoffrey. Look here, CLORINDA. Do you want to marry Sir JOHN OXON?

Clo. Rather! I should think I did.

Sir Geoffrey. Then I'll give you a piece of advice. Give up rational dress and boxing-matches, and all that kind of thing. No man will marry a girl who knocks him out at the end of the third round. It isn't likely.

Clo. Jove, I believe you're right. Farewell, rational dress, I'm afraid I shall have to give you up. Thanks for the hint, Dad. I'll go upstairs and put on skirts.

ACT II.—SCENE—The Rose Garden. A sun-dial in the centre of the stage. Enter Clo, gorgeously attired in skirts.

Clo. Will he come? I wonder. I believe Papa was right, and breeches are a mistake—for me, I mean. JACK and I haven't seen so much of each other lately, and I can't say I have ever detected in him the least tendency to propose. There he is. Hi! JACK!

[Enter furtively, Sir JOHN OXON. On seeing CLO, he attempts to go out again, but his courage fails him, and he advances sheepishly.]

Oxon. Is that you, CLO?

Clo. Of course it is. You know we always used to meet here by the sun-dial.

Oxon (aside). Worse luck.

Clo (aside). He doesn't seem very glad to see me.

Oxon. It's a fine day.

Clo. Ripping!

Oxon (aside). Ripping! What an expression for a young lady to use!

Clo (aside). This won't do. I must bring him to the point. (Aloud.) I say, JACK. When are we going to be married?

Oxon. Married! My dear CLO. What an idea.

Clo (angrily). It's a very reasonable idea.

Oxon (curtly). Sorry I can't agree with you.

Clo (ominously). Take care.

Oxon (edging away from her so as to place the sun-dial between them). Keep your temper, CLO, or I shall go away.

Clo. What's your objection to marrying me?

Oxon (jestingly). Well, you see, if I marry a wife, I want to be

able to beat her. Whereas, if I married you, you would be able to beat me.

Clo (insinuatingly). But I shouldn't do it, JACK, really.

Oxon. I'm not so sure.

Clo (crossing to his side of the sun-dial. He dodges and gets the other side). You used to be fond of me, JACK. [*Reproachfully.*]

Oxon (blandly). I'm immensely fond of you, *Clo*, but marriage!

Clo (passionately). You shall marry me. I'll make you.

[*Clenches her fists.*]

Oxon. I tell you I won't. That's flat.

Clo. Villain! [*Rushes at him. He dodges round the sun-dial.*]

Oxon. Ah, would you!

Clo. Just wait till I get at you!

Oxon (still dodging as she pursues). Not if I know it.

Clo. Coward! You know I can't catch you in these skirts. If I only had on my rationals!

Oxon. But you haven't. [*Mops perspiration from his brow. Exit.*]

Clo. Why did I change my clothes in the First Act? It was all Papa's fault. I'll give it him when I get home. [*Exit viciously.*]

ACT III.—SCENE—The Drawing-room at Wildairs. There is a ball in progress, but the guests are all in another room. Enter cautiously Sir JOHN OXON.

Oxon. Safe at last. Nobody here. *Clo* has been following me about all the evening. These modern women are so determined. By Jove! here she comes. If she finds me here she'll murder me.

[*Crawls under a large sofa just as she enters with the Duke of OSMONDE.*]

Osmonde. At length we are alone. Miss WILDAIRS, I have something particular to ask you.

Clo. What is it, Duke?

Osmonde. Ever since I saw you in the hunting field, when you wore rational dress, and rode over the hounds, I have passionately admired you. Will you be my wife?

Clo (aside). A proposal at last, and from a Duke too. (*Aloud, coyly.*) This is very sudden, Duke.

Osmonde. Ah, I have been too rash, too presumptuous. I will go away. [*Going.*]

Clo (hastily, grasping him by the coat-tails). No, you don't, Duke. I am yours.

Osmonde (kissing her rapturously). My darling!

[*While they embrace, Sir JOHN OXON emerges cautiously from under the sofa.*]

Clo. Who's that?

Oxon. It is I, Sir JOHN OXON. I thought it would be safe to face you now.

Osmonde. Safe?

Oxon. Yes. She proposed to me this morning, and when I refused her she wanted to knock me down, but as she's accepted you now, I suppose she won't want me any more.

Clo (seizing him by the collar). Now I've got you. (*Shakes him violently.*) Leave us, Duke. This gentleman and I have something to say to one another. [*Exit Duke.*]

Oxon (whimpering). I say, shut up, *Clo*. You're throttling me.

Clo. I'll do worse than throttle you.

[*Sitting down on sofa, and grasping a slender riding whip.*]

Oxon (in horror). *Clo*! What are you going to do?

Clo (grimly). You'll see. (*Turns him over her knee and proceeds to whip him soundly.*) I'll teach you to tell people I proposed to you.

[*Burst of music drowns Sir JOHN's shrill cries as doors open and guests troop in from ball-room. Tableau. Curtain.*]

THE EIGHTS AT PUTNEY.

FLING out the flags at Putney, the hour is drawing near,
The hour beyond all other hours the greatest of the year,
When with a swish and rattle, and straining side by side,
Loosed from the leash the ships leap past on Father Thames's tide.

The morning fogs at Putney are bitter in the mouth,
And bitter when the night draws on the weary oarsman's drouth;
And, oh, the chill nor'-easters they lash you like a whip,
When doggedly you drive the boat from Putney to the "Ship."

But wearily or cheerily the day's work must be done,
Or blanketed by clinging mists, or smiled on by the sun;
And, though the blast beat fiercely and white-caps break in foam,
Swing out and, oh, swing back to it, and sweep the finish home.

Now feet upon the stretchers and balance as you swing,
And reach, reach, reach, my merry men, and take it with a spring:
Your hearts may thump, your muscles ache, your breath come short and fast,

Yet keep it long and row it strong, and hold it to the last.

The Brotherhood of Oarsmen, the noblest in the land,
Ancients of Cam and Isis, shall clasp you by the hand,



"SHE WAS NOT A GOLFER."

Husband. "WHAT ON EARTH HAS HAPPENED TO MY DRIVER?"

Wife. "OH, I COULDN'T FIND THE HAMMER, SO I USED THAT THING. IT WASN'T MUCH USE, THOUGH."

Who when the fight is finished will tell with glowing face
The story of your glory and the record of your race.

So, by the golden memories encrusted thick with gems,
The gallant deeds of men who won or lost upon the Thames,
By all the high traditions bequeathed from sire to son,
Go forth prepared to do or die when WILLAN fires the gun.

MUSIC.—Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, whom we congratulate on getting over the "influenzie," is coming out strong at the Philharmonic with his piano-fortissimo players. There's M. SAPPOLNIKOFF, difficult to write, still more to pronounce correctly; Mr. L. BORWICK, with all the powder so associated with the name; and the celebrated Irishman from the fair land of Poland, yclept PADDY REWSKI. There's a Russian Composer, whose name we cannot either write or pronounce, but he's on the list (and other pianists are on the list too, with variations), and he ends in "OFF." Plenty of variety, so that the music-loving public may go there and get its "Phil." May a full Phil be rewarded by promises fully fulfilled.

TO THE G.C.R.

[The Marylebone terminus of the Great Central Railway was formally opened on March 9.]

We welcome you to London as the latest Road of Iron—
To Marylebone your terminus has found its way at length;
Here's greeting from the Johnian glades that classic "LORD'S" environ,

While Regent's Park, TUSSAUD's and Zoo salute you in full strength!

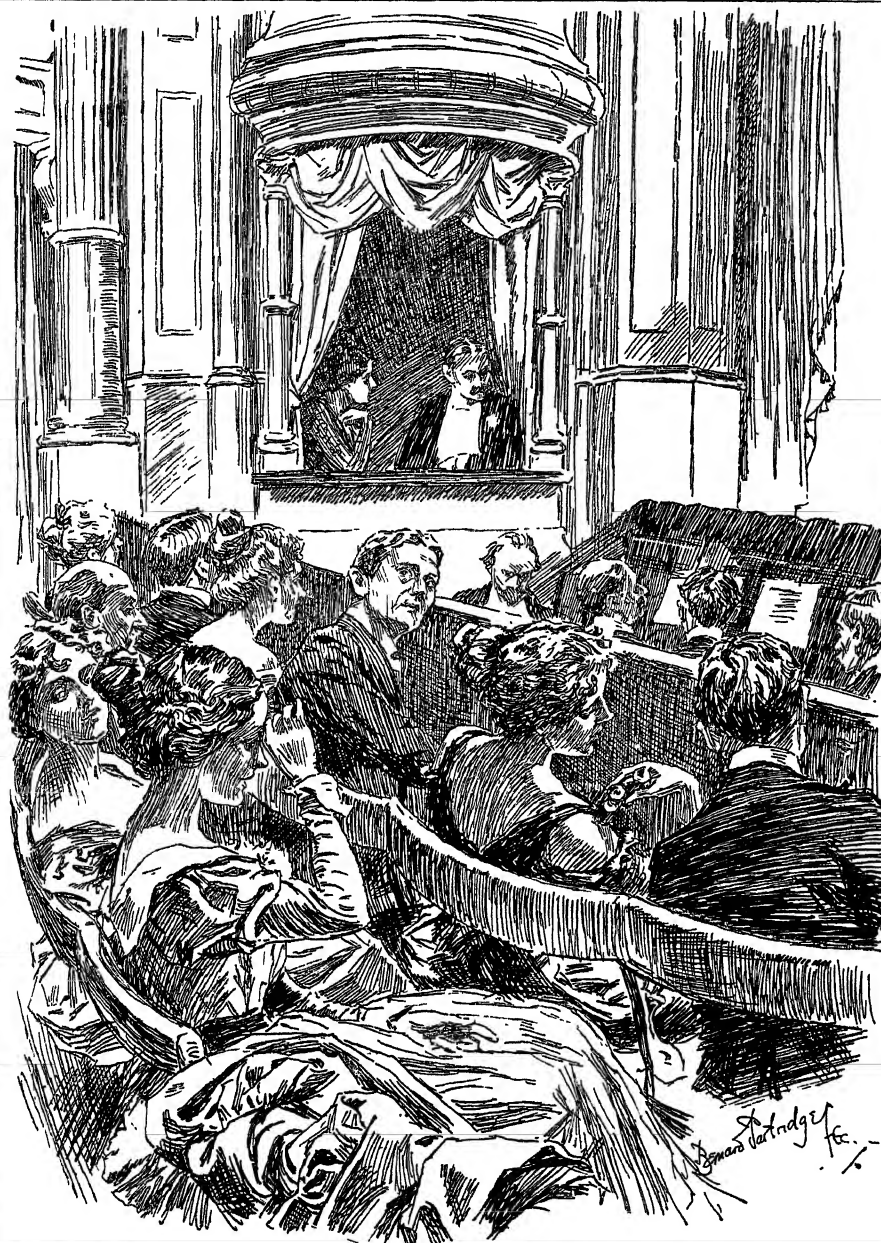
Smooth may your lines be from henceforth, and cast in pleasant places,

And may your way be permanent, your good luck be the same!
Then, running Northward, shall you win the autumn railway races
And boom initials which denote a really first-class name.

But why "Hotel Great Central"? Do we talk of Temple Middle,
Museum British, Palace Crystal, Theatre Drury Lane?

Why Gallic ways of naming are in fashion is a riddle—

It is another pin-prick to bewilder JOHN BULL's brain!



AT THE PREMIÈRE.

Lady in Front Row (to her Neighbour, towards the end of the Second Act). "WHO IS THIS MAN NEXT ME, WHO'S JUST COME IN,—DO YOU KNOW? HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE PAYING THE SMALLEST ATTENTION TO THE PLAY!"

Her Neighbour. "OH, I EXPECT HE'S A CRITIC. HE'S PROBABLY MADE UP HIS MIND LONG AGO WHAT HE'S GOING TO SAY OF THE PIECE; BUT HE'S JUST DROPPED IN TO CONFIRM HIS SUSPICIONS."

PAULINA KRUGER

TO HER FALSE LOVE WILLIAM,
WHO HAS JILTED HER FOR CECILIA RH-D-S.

(After a Song of O'Shaughnessy's.)

Has Spring ignored the crocus
And nipped the early bird,
Or to my optic focus
Has anything occurred?
My spirit flits in broken bits
About this humble cot,
Since you who lately loved me
Now own you like me not.

Within my linen-closet,
Lavender strewn above,

I keep entire the faded wire
In which you told your love!
How can I bear to breathe the air
Past that enchanted door,
When you who wired and wooed me
Now woo and wire no more?

Ah! once in halcyon weather
We hinted, each to each,
How we would bathe together
On Delagoa beach;
Not sundering lands nor burning sands
Should keep us out of touch;
You blew me German kisses,
And I replied with Dutch!

In vain I seek my psalter
And hum congenial hymns;

My throat is found to falter,
A languor takes my limbs;
I scarce enjoy my old employ
Of jumping on the Rand,
Since you, who loved PAULINA,
Now hold Another's hand.

I must admit that beauty
Is not my leading trait;
My voice, I grant, is fluty,
My manner far from gay;
Yet had your pride been satisfied
With something plain but chaste,
You would not now be grasping
CECILIA by the waist!

What has she done to win you
To those colossal charms,
If I have failed to pin you
In these compelling arms?
If Virtue's arts can conquer hearts,
What of the shining grace
I shewed when she sent privily
To spoil my speaking face?

Though false, as you are gifted,
Though somewhat indiscreet,
I doubt if passion lifted
My WILLIAM off his feet;
This was no plight of love at sight;
You bartered venal vows,
She for her Cape-to-Cairo,
You for your Kiel-to-Cowes.

Badly I burn for love's return,
Ah! send me one more wire!
One little line of solace
To help me to expire;
Else am I left a thing bereft
To wail my widowed lot;
Here, where you lately loved me,
Where now you like me not!

QUERY AS TO TITLES.—There are Law Lords, Temporal Lords and Spiritual. Are there any Arithmetical Lords besides "Lord ADDINGTON"? Is there a "Lord SUBTRACTINGTON" anywhere about? A "Marquis of MULTIPLYINGTON" or "Duke of DIVISIONSHIRE"? If so, they are not mentioned in WHITTAKER'S *Windsor Peerage*, nor in *Burke*.

LYRICAL OUTRAGES.

VI.—A CONUNDRUM.

Ah! Burglar BILL, the hour is still,
Night wraps the square and street,
And, well I wis, the peeler is,
Or should be, on his beat.
The cat that lay asleep all day
Pours forth a love-song shrill,
That echoes miles along the tiles,
But where is Burglar BILL?

The village maid "steals" through the
shade—

Nor she alone, I fear;
Yet Beauty shy is sought not by
The industrious Cavalier.*
The safe that late contained the plate,
The newly-emptied till,
Seem to confess his old "address"—
But where is Burglar BILL?

* Chevalier d'industrie.

MONUMENTAL ALIENATION.—Le Marquis D'ANVELL wishes to know if only "the works of deceased artists" are exhibited at the "GRAVES Galleries."

RESULT OF A RECENT LAWSUIT.—*Tout est perdu plus l'HONOR.*



CAPE TO CAIRO.

MR. C-C-L RH-D-S (*the "practical man"*). "THEN, SIR, MAY I TAKE IT FOR GRANTED THAT YOU HAVE NO OBJECTION TO OUR LINE RUNNING THROUGH YOUR PROPERTY?"

KAISER WILLIAM (*quite equal to the occasion*). "NONE WHATEVER. FOR A CONSIDERATION."



THE PROBLEM.

Sybil. "Now, WHEN MAMMA SAYS IT'S BETTER TO BE GOOD THAN PRETTY, IS SHE TELLING A FIB, OR DOESN'T SHE KNOW?"

A MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.—WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE foresaw the union of the L. C. & D. and the S. E. Lines when he wrote, "At home, meet in one line" (*Vide King John*, IV., 3), which will now be as the same Vates hath already expressed it, "Lines of fair comfort" (*Richard the Third*, V., 2). These two single companies rolled into one will proceed, if not by "leaps and bounds," which would be slightly unpleasant for the passengers, at least by a succession of "Hops," passing as they do through "the Garden of England," or rather, through "the Beer Garden" of England, which is Kent. On this notable coupling *Mr. Punch* has bestowed his benison.

BY AN OPPOSITIONIST AT ANY TIME.
EACH Government reminds me of the gout;
"In" it means mischief; it were better "out."

Mary Ann Keeley.

BORN AT IPSWICH, NOVEMBER 22, 1805. DIED AT BROMPTON, MARCH 12, 1899.

NAY! Drape not, in mourning, that House in the Crescent,
Whence Comedy's merriest Spirit has fled;
One Link more is snapped, binding Past with the Present,
So whisper! "Alas! Mrs. KEELEY is dead!"

The life, Art has lost, just a Century covered,
It was brave; it was gay; so 'twere needless to sob;
The Soul that, so long, o'er the playhouse, has hovered,
Has flown off, to join her dear, faithful, old "BOB!"

Dear Memories cling, round her name, with affection,
With you, oldest friend in the world, and with me!
We should vex her in passing, with tears, or dejection,
So here's to *Jack Sheppard*—the dashing and free!

What a range! From the sweetest *Nerissa*, to *Audrey*,
From "*Smike*" the pathetic to *Nydia*—blind!
No scamping with her, nothing vulgar, or tawdry,
Art, Laughter, and Tears, in herself were combined.

Lov'd nights at the Play! We remember them gaily,
With genius—hers—that her ninety years tell;
She made DICKENS live, with her impudent *Bailey*,
Nor let JERROLD die, with her *Polly Pall Mall*.

Ah me! But the leaves of Life's Autumn are falling,
I picture once more, that in Brompton I see,
Old "BOB" and the Missus, their triumphs recalling;
And hear LOUISE KEELEY sing *Annabel Lee*!

Oh! Boys of the present, don't sneer at our laughter;
Nor chase, with contempt, honest mirth from the land;
When theatres shook, from the pit to the rafter,
Believe us, such Art as the KEELEYS was, Grand!

Kind Soul! Oldest men, youngest children revered it,
The ties that we cherished, are severed at last!
Love! Charity! Mirth! Recollection endeared it!
So! Prompter Ring Down! "Mrs. KEELEY has passed!"

A Puzzle.

"Strayed, Blue half-Persian Cat. Reward."—*Times*, March 15.

Is it the head or tail half of this wonderful pussy which strayed, and what colour is the half which stopped at home? And as each half must have its fair and proper allowance of four-and-a-half lives, what will eventually become of the two half-lives if the two half-passies never again foregather, and— But *Mr. Punch* gives it up. A saucer of milk, please!

On M. Freycinet.

THE proverb says fine words no parsnips butter.
Should the French Minister of War then utter
Startling or soothing words, shall JOHN BULL say,
"Oh, don't mind *him*, he's only 'phrasin', eh'?"

"AUTOMATIC COUPLING."—Here are some questions for *Mr. RITCHIE*: *Firstly*, Will a special service, by kind permission of His Grace of CANTERBURY, be permitted for these "couplings"? *Secondly*, Will the Rev. *Mr. BLACK*, who is so fond of giving an "object-lesson," be consulted on the subject? *Thirdly*, Can "automatic coupling" legally take place at a registrar's office?

MR. PUNCH'S SUGGESTIONS FOR SPRING MILLINERY.



The Vesuvius.



The Golf Hat.



The Rabbit.



The Query.



The Apple Pie.



The Bill Hook.



Vicar. "WELL, GILES, I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOU ARE GOING TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF, AND I HOPE THIS ILLNESS WILL BE A LESSON TO YOU. NOW I SHOULD STRONGLY ADVISE YOU TO TAKE THE PLEDGE AND BECOME A TEETOTALER."

Giles. "I BE A-GOIN' TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF, BUT I DON'T KNOW AS I BE A-GOIN' TO BE QUITE A TEETOTALER."

Vicar. "AH, GILES GILES, HALF MEASURES ARE BUT POOR MEASURES."

Giles (with unnecessary emphasis). "THAT THEY BE, ZUR!"

CONSULAR CONVENIENCES.

"The duties of the British Consul are many and various. He is expected to find lost luggage, cash cheques for people who have 'run short,' advance money on notes of hand—in fact, he is at the beck and call of every British tourist."—*Daily Paper.*

RUNG up 4 a.m. by telegraph boy. "POLLY arrives 7.15. Kindly meet her." "Bother!" I exclaim, only in other words. "HENRY!" my wife expostulates. "What language!" "Well, read that," I remark, and toss her the telegram. Instantly her suspicions are roused. "Who is 'POLLY'?" "Haven't an idea." "I insist on knowing." "Wish I knew myself." This is a fact, but wife won't swallow it. "I believe she is one of your old flames. HENRY, you are horrid!" Wife very jealous. Evidently pictures charming little girl, blue eyes, sailor hat, and that sort of thing. By Jove, why not? Begin to think I ought to meet her.

Rise two hours earlier than usual. Wife astonished. "You don't mean to say—" "I really think I should, my dear. Evidently the poor girl knows nobody." "Why does she come then?" "Because she probably—" "Oh, don't argue, HENRY. I think it disgraceful, and I can only say that if you go and meet this POLLY, as you call her—" "As the telegram calls her"—"I shall leave the house!"

Try to be reasonable, but no go. Wife only loses temper. Prudence says, Stay at home; chivalry says, Go! Vision of lonely English girl, sailor hat, blue eyes, &c., too much for me. Leave wife in tears and hurry off to station.

Train just in—crowds of people. Look about for POLLY. Can't see any one who answers my idea. At last station-master tells me there is a lady asking for British Consul. Heart sinks as he points out bony spinster with wig over one eye. Advance nervously, hat in hand. "Pardon me, madam, but are you POLLY?" "Sir!" Evidently a mistake. Apologise profusely and hold out telegram. "Ah!" she cries, pacified, "the Consul! The very person I wanted. I have left my teeth behind at Geneva. If you would kindly wire for them to be sent on at once. I left them in a tumbler on the wash-hand stand in the room—I forget the number, but it's quite easy to find. You go up in a lift to the third floor, then down a long passage, turn to right, and then it's round the corner. And the name of the hotel is—. Dear me! I have forgotten it; but it is that big white one with the green verandah, with a beautiful view of Vesuvius—at least, they said so in the advertisement, though I could see nothing but the railway station. No, I believe I am thinking of Naples or Rome or Chamounix; but if you would

kindly wire there, I should be so much obliged."

By the time I have got on the trail of the teeth, the platform is empty. Apparently POLLY has not turned up. Just starting home when porter says, "All right, Sir. I've put it in the cab, Sir." "Put what?" "Why, the parrot, Sir." Porter explains that a parrot has arrived by 7.15 addressed to "British Consulate, to be left till called for." Go out to cab. Find that parrot has ripped up all the cushions. However, no help but to tip porter and cabman.

Home. Wife greets me with suspicious sweetness. "So you have met POLLY, darling." "Just what I haven't done," I growl. "Why, there she is with you," pointing to the parrot. "But come in. Here is another lady waiting to see you." As she speaks, second bony spinster rushes out, and threatens to embrace me. "So sweet of you to go and meet my poor dear POLLY. I lost her yesterday at Lyons, and they wired me she would arrive at 7.15 this morning. Of course, I couldn't go out at such an hour, unescorted, so I thought you would be kind enough to meet her. So sorry to trouble you, but you dear consuls are such conveniences!"

AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT.

"Professor MERKEL, of Göttingen, has procured the head of a peasant dating from the seventh or eighth century, and proposes to build on the skull layers of tissue representing the flesh. He hopes thus to reconstruct a tolerably correct type of early Teutonic humanity."—*Daily Chronicle.*

PEASANT of many years ago,

To olden times attention giving,

Science is curious to know

What you were like when you were living.

Your skull we therefore dig from where
A rude posterity had chucked it;
And then proceed with patient care
And artful skill to reconstruct it.

Fresh layers of tissue we impose,

Of skin we spread another suit on,

We fashion you new eyes and nose—

Till there you stand, an ancient Teuton.

And yet, alas! though thus complete,

We fear it possibly may strike you

That any peasant in the street,

Though modern, would be still more like you!

Assisting the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Benlomond (after reading in the "Times" that a deficit in the Revenue may be expected). Eh, mon! But it's the duty of every well-conducted ceetizen to prevent any increase o' the income tax by consuming a larger quantity o' guid Scots whuskey.

[Increases the Revenue of the Police Court on the following morning, when confronted by an unpatriotic magistrate.]

A Recollection—in time.

British Officer (to German Officer). Did your nation ever suffer from pin-pricks?

German Officer. Yes; we did, out of all reason.

British Officer. And how did you settle them?

German Officer (grimly). With the needle-gun.

WORSE THAN THE CRAWLING CAB.—The Van of Civilization. *[Police please note.]*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

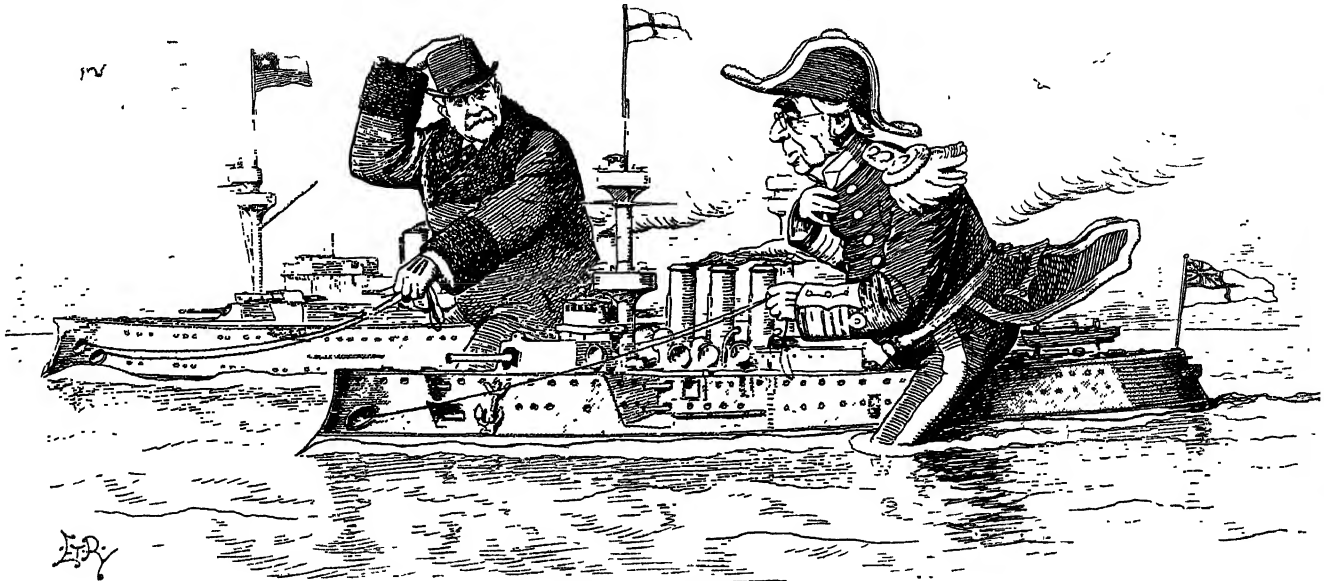
House of Commons, Monday, March 13.—The House weeping for the private member, will not be comforted. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN soothingly says he is, "after all," a human being. HEYWOOD JOHNSTONE, declining to

mince matters, calls him an anachronism. All arose out of events of Friday night. Some one had blundered about the printing of order of business. Consequence was that night set apart for Army Estimates was wasted.

"Oh, very well," said PRINCE ARTHUR, when situation was forced upon him. "If you won't let us take Army Estimates

to-night we can't help ourselves. But we shall appropriate Tuesday night."

Now, Tuesday night was the private and especial property of CHANNING, who had arranged to devote it to discussion of that alluring topic, tuberculosis. Here was the master of legions going to pocket his prized possession. SARK says incident reminds him of familiar scene in the pantomime.



BUSTLING HIM UP.

Sir E. J. Reed. "Come, Mr. GOSCHEN, this will never do. You're getting left behind in the matter of speed!"

[In a letter to the *Times*, Sir EDWARD REED, while approving in the main recent Admiralty designs, points out a lamentable lack of speed in recent cruisers for the British Navy as compared with those in Foreign Navies.]



JESSE AND THE "FLASH-POINT IN A FOG."

Kindly Jim, the Linkman. "Ye're right, Mum, these 'ere wapours is *very* confusin'; speeshally with them 'orrid boys all a 'ollerin' at yer. You trust yourself to me, Mum. I'll see yer right!"

There suddenly bursts forth row on the stage. Robbery and outrage are openly carried on in presence of belated policeman, who, observing small and harmless boy on outskirts of mob, pounces upon him and triumphantly hales him to the prison-house. Thus PRINCE ARTHUR, baffled in his attempt to get Army Estimates discussed on Friday, swoops down on the guileless CHANNING and carries off his Tuesday.

Protests unavailing; the big majority is mustered; tuberculosis, the private member, his rights and privileges, are ruthlessly swept aside.

What with influenza in the House and tuberculosis in the farm-yard, life is scarcely worth living. *Pour comble de malheur*, to-night news comes that dear HORACE PLUNKETT, going a-cycling, has come an ugly cropper. And there are so many others the House could have better spared!

Business done.—Navy Estimates.

Tuesday.—One result of the prevalence of the imperialist spirit other than the seclusion of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and Honest JOHN MORLEY, is apprehension of the growth and predominance of militarism in House of Commons. Example supplied the other night when General RUSSELL came down and abused us all because, when he arrived from West Coast of Africa, sick with malarial fever, he found no London doctor had experience of his case. It happened some years ago; judging from gallant General's cholera it might have been yesterday. Evidently wasn't going to stand that sort of thing. If it occur again would send a corporal's guard, have somebody up, and give him a round dozen.

To-night it was the Navy asserted itself in person of Captain PHILLPOTTS. Besides

having, nearly thirty years ago, galloped through Abyssinia, lunching daily off steak cut from the living ox, the Captain has to live up to reputation of his grandfather, the one time famous Bishop of Exeter. That in itself no slight undertaking. Did very well to-night. Talking about recruiting, he expressed satisfaction that, in managing the business, the Government "hadn't taken their tone from demagogues opposite." At this there was a howl of anguished indignation from landed gentry below gangway. The dauntless Captain, facing about, observed, "I have heard sounds like that in the tropical forests of Africa."

"Not a gentlemanly remark," as MADISON, one of the landed gentry alluded to, protested.

The retort is decidedly weak as compared with the provocation. Am afraid it shows how, already, the courage of civilians is being sapped by the growing arrogance of the mailed fist. We see in Paris the evils of unchecked growth of this baleful influence. The worst may be expected from the force of example. If the Generals and the Admirals are to ride rough-shod over the House of Commons, the auxiliary forces will not long be left behind. No one who, on occasion of the visit of House of Commons to Westminster Abbey in Jubilee time, saw Colonel CHARLES EDWARD HOWARD VINCENT, V.C., mounted in command of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, will forget the thrilling episode. It is a poor confession to make; now the danger is passed no harm will come of admitting that had the Colonel carried out what one time appeared to be his intention, and ridden into Westminster Hall on his haughty steed at the head of the procession, there was no black-coated man amongst them who dared have laid hand on the reins. Happily the Colonel did not push his advantage; remained on horseback outside, to the satisfaction of the crowd, who thought he was "Bobs" expanded after a long course of City dinners.

I mention these matters as suggestive rather of reflection than of immediate action. SARK is far from being an alarmist. I happen to know that he has been thinking a good deal of the matter of late.

"Don't," he says, "let us have any General-Staff business in the British House of Commons. *Consquez le militaire!*"

Business done.—Captain PHILIPOTS makes a sortie in Committee on Army Estimates.

Friday.—Something quite touching in TIM HEALY's coming to the rescue of JESSE COLLINGS, belated among the fogs and vapours of Petroleum Bill. House in malicious mood; evidently made up its mind to have a lark with Under-Secretary; incentive sharper since DON JOSÉ happened to be on Treasury Bench keenly observant of his protégé.

The scene realised sublimation of a good man struggling with adversity. JESSE feeling round in muddled endeavour to define "what is meant by the flash-point," was rudely jeered at by naughty boys on both sides. Effort as futile as if he were wandering over the three acres in thick fog looking for the cow. "I am not a scientific man," he pleaded, in tones calculated to soften the stoniest heart. They only laughed the louder. "All vapour is inflammable," he defiantly affirmed. Whereat storm of derision thundered round the benevolent visage peering through the fog at the Table.

When he sat down it seemed as if the Government would inevitably be defeated. The heather was ablaze with Scotch oil;



ENGLISH DICTIONARY ILLUSTRATED. 3.

"DISINTEGRATED." SEPARATED INTO INTEGRANT PARTS WITHOUT CHEMICAL ACTION.

revolt was marked on the Ministerial Benches; House crowded, seething with excitement. Then forth stepped that missionary of peace, that champion of the weak, that friendly helper of stumbling steps, whom an unappreciative world erstwhile knew as TRUCULENT TIM. He, of all men, rebuking the House for unmannerly treatment of an Under-Secretary was excellent. Subtler still, sped with shrewder intent, more instantly potent, was his citation of the letter received by him from "the Paris house of ROTHSCHILD." TIM mouthed the phrase as if he were ushering in the principal arrival at a *Levee*. Never before was favoured by letter from "the Paris house of ROTHSCHILD." What did it portend? Was his account overdrawn? or was there to the fore some unexpected act of benevolence? In its mind's eye the crowded House saw TIM, in the seclusion of his back parlour, tremblingly tearing open the missive. And what did he find? Why, an intimation that "the Paris house of ROTHSCHILD" were prepared to sell petroleum lamp-oil of a flash-point of 100 on terms with which American houses could not compete.

Throughout debate there had been hints of undercurrent of trade competition. Avowedly designed for safety of the poor man, there was suspicion of lobbying for and against the Bill, in the interest of rival oil purveyors. When the Under-Secretary flustered into insinuation on this line he was overwhelmed with angry shouts of "Withdraw!" Here was TIM, with his letter from "the Paris house of ROTHSCHILD," easily and instantly reaching the flash-point. It illuminated the whole scene, and what looked like a Ministerial disaster was turned into rout of the assailants.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Quid pro quo.

Actor-Manager (to Dramatic Author). What I want is a one-part piece.

Dramatic Author. That's very easily arranged. You be number one, and "part" to me.

TEMPUS EDAX RERUM.—Father TIME is always a Champion Oyster Swallower, as he devours sixty "seconds" every minute!



"WOT YER DONE WITH THE CAB, GUV'NOR?"

THE EASTER TRAVELLER'S VADE MECUM.

(Arranged for Needy Pleasure-seekers by a Wealthy Pessimist.)

Question. You have a short holiday and wish to spend it to the greatest possible advantage?

Answer. Certainly, that is my desire. I am tied to a desk all the year round some



"TO BE OR NOT TO BE."

"Ah, my Fatherland, this is not the least of the sacrifices that I have made for you!"

[The KAISER, who is the Lord High Admiral of the German Navy, has issued an edict forbidding Naval officers to wear moustaches.]

fifty weeks out of the fifty-two, and consequently strive for perfect rest during my brief vacation.

Q. What steps do you take to secure this relaxation?

A. I make a collection of cheap trips and select the programme which promises me the maximum of movement at the minimum of cost.

Q. Having chosen your route, what is your next move?

A. To prepare an estimate which sacrifices all the small comforts of life to the exigencies of travelling expenses.

Q. What do you consider the small comforts of life?

A. Decent rooms and sufficient food.

Q. And why are you obliged to abandon these homely luxuries?

A. Because the money I am able to set aside for board and lodging is only sufficient to secure apartments in fifth-rate hotels with refreshments to match the locality.

Q. What are the travelling arrangements?

A. They belong to the third-class platform, which means night voyages and unearthly early arrivals.

Q. What is the special advantage of night travel?

A. Exemption from the charges of an hotel.

Q. And the drawbacks?

A. Loss of sleep, and consequently chronic inertia during the first part of my "holiday."

Q. What privileges do you secure by a far-distant tour?

A. The right of spending the greater portion of my time *en route*, with an occasional pause for sight-seeing.

Q. Would you not obtain a better notion of what you visited with the assistance of a guide-book, in preference to a hasty personal inspection?

A. Probably; but then I secure the advantage of being able to say "I was there," to persons less fortunate.

Q. And would not photographs of the places visited be more instructive to you than the hurried view obtained for you by your tourist ticket?

A. Undoubtedly; but then again the

A NEW DANGER.

["Professor KOEPPE has cleared up the mystery of the 'Poisoned Fountain' at Wildbad-Gastein. He declares that the reason why a few sips at this spring will produce the most serious illnesses and all manner of complications is—its absolute purity!"—*The Globe*.]

WHEN I drank of any water where *bacilli* might be flourishing,

By way of a precaution, I invariably watched
They were treated well with whisky, for it made them no less
nourishing,
And certainly much safer. If not killed, the things were
Scotched.

But imagine my confusion now they say that perfect purity

No longer an immunity from danger guarantees,
While an absence of *bacilli* does not signify security,
But rather seems to indicate all manner of disease.

Here's a terrible dilemma! The Professor has no doubt of it

That water *minus* microbes as a poison seems to beat
Water *plus* a few bacilli; so there's only one way out of it—
Avoid it altogether, and just take your whisky neat.

A GOOD OMEN FOR THE FUTURE OF MUSIC IN LONDON.—"At the first meeting of the London Technical Education Board (which takes in hand singing, and notation, &c.), Mr. T. A. ORGAN was unanimously elected chairman for the ensuing year." The Organ will keep the L. T. E. B. orchestra in harmony, and then they must vote unanimously for the endowment of music in London. May they get a site of land, "and," adds *Mr. Punch*, "a sight of money to start with."

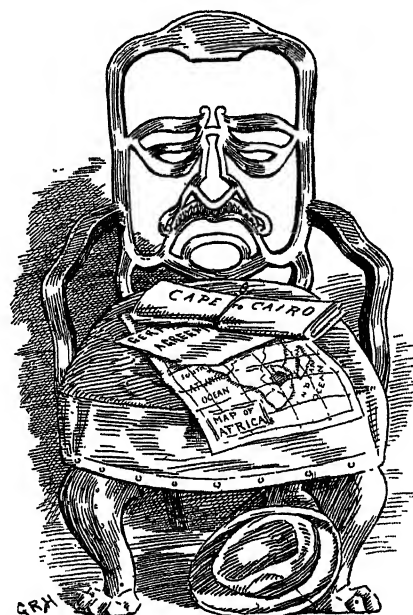
compensating advantage to which I have referred would be lost to me.

Q. But are you not honestly glad when your holiday is over, and you are able to return to your desk once more?

A. Possibly; but then I can talk of the pleasure I have enjoyed during my absence from England.

Q. Of course—if you have the time?

A. Yes, certainly—if I have the time.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—No. XI.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN COLOSSAL CHAIR.

A large, very strong modern chair, old English pattern, carved out of stout British oak, and clamped with iron; was seriously damaged in 1896, but has been repaired by an ingenious arrangement of telegraph poles and iron rails. Very hard to sit upon. Of a pattern disliked at Pretoria, but greatly in favour with arm-chair politicians and stay-at-home expansionists.

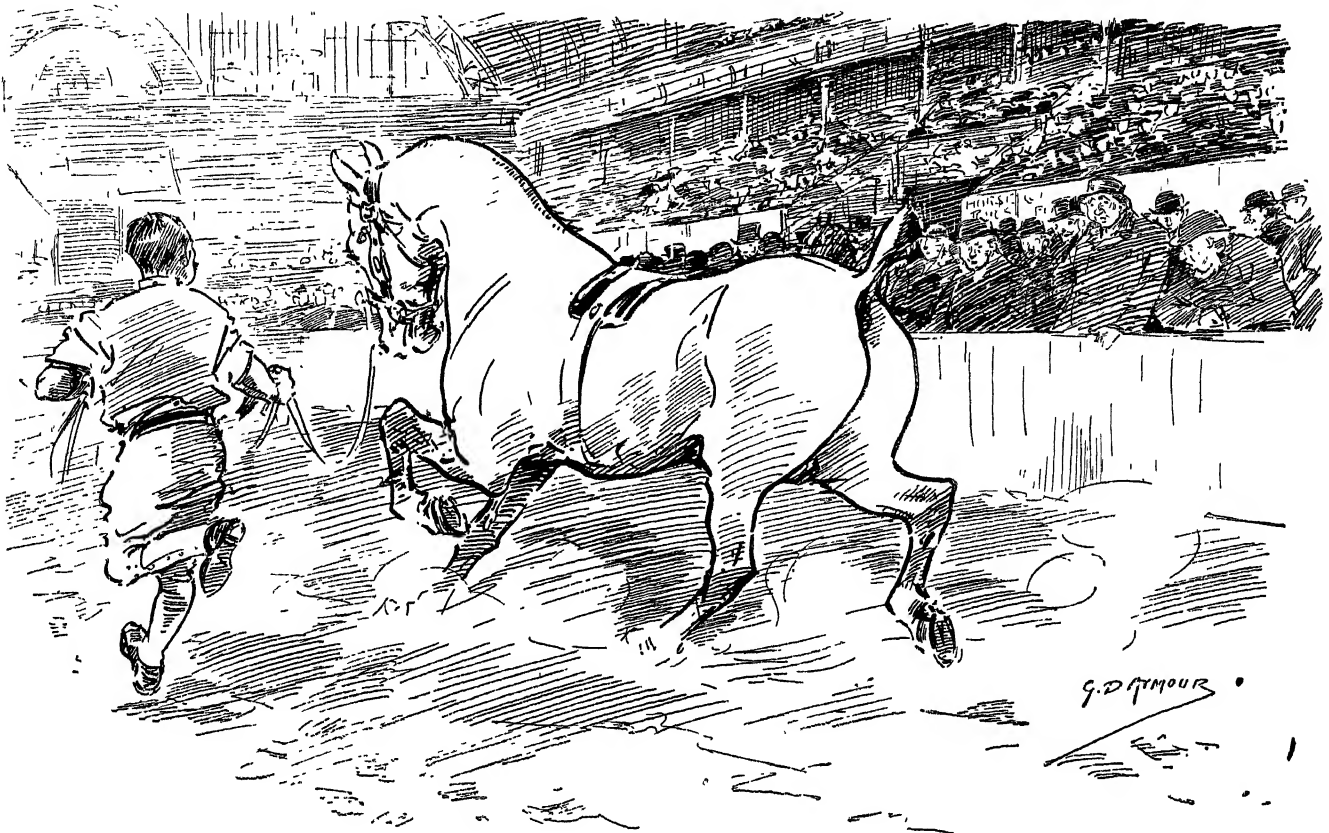


Bernard Partridge

"LEND ME YOUR AID!"

SCENE—The "Spring Gardens" of the L. C. C. Palace.

Music (the "Heavenly Maid," presenting her petition to London County Council). "MADAM, GRANT ME A SITE FOR NATIONAL OPERA, AND I WILL FIND THE NOTES—I MEAN THE MONEY."



'ARRY ON 'ACKNEYS AT HISLINGTON.

"HACTION! GOES LIKE A BLOOMIN' POLICEMAN—TAKES ALL THE ROAD TO 'ISSELF, AND DON'T GET NO FORRADER!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In *Betty Musgrave* (METHUEN), the authoress of her being, MARY FINDLATER, gives us the story of a brave girl endowed with considerable personal charms, whose strong sense of duty keeps her tied and bound to her wretched mother, an incurable inebriate, by whom she is dragged down into the gutter, or unpleasantly close to it, and forced to live in the very queerest "lower-middle class" society, of which some representative specimens are gathered together in a dingy suburban boarding-house kept by a sharp, keen-eyed, but kind-hearted matron, compared with whom and with whose establishment, *Mrs. Todgers* was socially a superior person and her house almost aristocratic. The characters of the boarders are cleverly sketched; and particularly life-like is that of the brusque but kindly lady-artist, sculptor, and painter, a woman "with a past" but with an improving present, and the prospect of a better future, who gives the heroine temporary assistance. The only mistake in the book is the incidental villain, of the "genteel" of exteriors, as if he had stepped into the novel out of quite modern Adelphi melodrama. Of course he is invariably "foiled," and severely thrashed, as such villains always should be in real life, and always are in drama, unless their punishment is placed in the hands of the police. As for the hero, he is a poor "pitiful sort of cuss," as not a few heroes possibly may be when one gets on intimate terms with them, and when we come to "know them at home," as is easily done in a novel. However, the virtuous heroine ultimately bestows on him her hand, much to the Baron's regret. May she be happy!

A *Duet with an occasional Chorus* (GRANT RICHARDS), by A. CONAN DOYLE, is a most delightful book, beginning with a courtship, and ending, at the expiration of the first year of the very happy couple's married life, with the advent of a most heartily-welcome little stranger. It is perfect comedy, with just, as it were, a growl of distant thunder presaging a storm that darkens the sky for a while, passes away, and then the sun shines on them more brightly than ever. The somewhat slangy, go-as-you-please, good-natured, manly brother, is a capital bit of character. The description of the Ladies' Browning Society, how they met and what they did, is genuinely humorous, good-naturedly satirical,

and quietly amusing. The easy, fascinating style in which it is written is, to the Baron's thinking, the very perfection of literary art. "It is real life and true pathos without exaggeration," quoth the sympathetic Baron de B.-W., leaning on his elbow and wiping away a tear. Mr. CONAN DOYLE, your very good health! You are the only man who, all alone, can give us "a Duet," and (what Mr. Box vainly demanded of Mr. Cox) "a chorus."

Mr. ARROWSMITH, of Bristol, has a keen eye for new young men, and has found one in the author of *An Opera and Lady Grasmere*. Mr. ALBERT KINROSS is perhaps new only to my Baronite, for he has to his name other stories with unfamiliar titles. However that be, in this little volume, that may be read right through in a hundred miles railway journey (especially on some lines), he tells a pretty story in liveliest fashion. The principal incident in the plot, conventional and in its unravelling obvious, is the worst thing in the book. The best, happily the best predominates, are the sketches of men and women we meet every day in London life, and the swift, brilliant painting-in of the scenes wherein they move.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

AT THE GLOBE.—The revival of Robertsonian plays is fast coming to an end, and then they will be heard no more. Out! Out! brief candle of light domestic comedy, you've had your day, and nights too, and now you have gutter'd away and will run no more. Even that most artistic "Hare-restorer" can do nothing more for you after this final effort.

At the Board School.

Inspector. Now, can any of you children state what is likely to be the future of China?

One Maiden (after a pause). Please, Sir, father says that China's like him.

Inspector. Like him! What do you mean?

The Maiden. Sure to be broken by the force of circumstances.

[Class dismissed immediately.]

THE TSAR'S TIP FOR THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.—General Peace—and it came off.



THE GRUB AND THE BUTTERFLY.

"ALL RIGHT, SIR. I'LL JUST WASH 'ER FACE, SIR, AND THEN SHE SHALL COME ROUND TO YOUR STOODIO, SIR."

"HERE'S A LITTLE GIRL COME FOR YOU, SIR!"

INFANT ASPIRATIONS.

Mr. Punch is indebted to the Editor of Messrs. NEWNES' latest magazine, *The Captain* (which he congratulates upon an excellent first appearance) for the idea of collecting "the early impressions of famous men as to the callings they had a desire to adopt on reaching the estate of manhood."]

BORN at Brooklyn, U.S.A., and cut out, by family tradition, for the Dissenting Ministry, it was my earliest ambition to be a Man of Blood. I longed to take the field on behalf of England, or Turkey, or some other distressed nationality, not my own. Experience has since taught me (and some of my own party) that the tongue may be a sharper weapon than the sword. Still, to have occupied no deadlier post of danger than that of Civil Lord of the Admiralty—how cruel a contrast to my youthful yearning for gore. Stay! I forgot the "Battlefields of Thessaly." Surely there, but for a stupid capture, I came near to my baptism of fire. And, indeed, to this day I keep my early instinct for the letting out of blood. I "come," just at present, "from Sheffield," and have been called a blade. I hope that I may, in an anæmic age of anti-vaccinators deserve the title. Yours, to the death, E. ASHMO-B.

"Male child, Balliol!" said my parents at my birth; and I was forthwith entered at that superior academical institution whose gifted *alumni* at once furnish the Governing Power of India, and practically compose the Oxford Eight. Invited, as a yearling, to name my profession, "I have arranged," I said, "to be Prime Minister." There were not wanting admirers who reminded me that the post in question was at the moment occupied, and not likely, for some time, to be at my disposal. "No matter," I replied, "I will spend the interim in completing my culture at Eton, Oxford, and the Pamirs. For form's sake, I will enter the House, and keep my hand in by filling a few of the junior Offices of State. If the hour is still not ripe, I may kill time by being a Viceroy or something of that kind." I ought to say that, at this juncture, I had not yet made the acquaintance of the present member for Cardiff, who would, I feel sure (see interview in *Chronicle*), have lent me the restraining influence of his unsolicited counsel. In his regrettable absence I followed my own notions of the right employment of leisure prior to the attainment of

my ambition; if such it may be called, rather than a natural choice.

Yours obediently, O. of K.

Original aspiration was to be a Missionary. Somehow drifted into Navy and got to be a Rear-Admiral. But only the other day boyish passion reasserted itself and I went out to China, where the heathen come from. Got rather jammed in a thing they call the Open Door, but am back again, feeling fit as ever. Friends tell me I have not done anybody much harm. So that's all right!

Yours cheerily, CHARLIE B.

My name is HENRY; on the Grampian Hills (Forfarshire end) I gambolled as a boy, attired sparsely in the ancestral sporran. Even at that early period my inclination turned in the direction of a "quaint and pleasing humour." This was remarked by the local gillies. "Yon bairn has a maist awfu' geest o' plesantry," they would say. As yet without other ambition than to tickle these simple minds that "joke wi' deeficulty," I had not then foreseen that this very gift would eventually raise me to the head of a great and solemn National Party. Yet only last Wednesday I was the guest of their unique Club, almost the highest honour attainable in this Vale of Tears. Either I spoke very well, or else we had dined exceptionally, for I see in a Radical paper that "laughter" occurred no fewer than four-and-twenty times during my speech. And this, too, exclusive of the facetiæ that were not seen till the next day. Yours humorously, H. CAMPBELL-B.

As a small Crown Prince We resembled common little boys in one particular—the craving for a large military moustache. The exigencies of birth developed Us into a War-Lord. Lately We have become another War-Lord, making two altogether; one for the Army and one for the Navy. Also We have issued a rescript doing away with nautical moustache unless accompanied by beard. This creates an uncomfortable dilemma for Ourselves. As regards facial hair, which of the War-Lords are We to obey? We have made a riddle about it, as follows: Why is Our moustache like a dilemma? Will wire the answer next week. WILLIAM K.

Ever since my first circus at Auld Reekie I determined to win the Derby, either with *Ladas* or something else. It took me years to do it; and meanwhile, I had secured The Durdans and become the prey of a not less laudable ambition. The temporary

distractions of high political office never altogether drew my heart away from a purpose so sympathetic to my sense of the whole duty of manhood that I have even felt the claims of Imperial Policy pale before its conquering appeal. I hardly like to mention it lest the obvious warmth of my desire for its attainment should imperil my chances. But the following letter, written by me the other day from Messina, may serve to throw a sidelight upon the object of my giddy hopes. It is addressed to the electors of the Epsom Urban District Council, and runs as follows: "I can only say that, if you see fit to do me the honour of electing me, I will serve you to the best of my ability." I do hope I may prove worthy of their trust. Yours deprecatingly, R-S-B-RY.

While still in long clothes, I had a passionate desire to be a school-usher, and put people right. Even in the nursery I was known as CARO the Younger. I am, of course, older now, but still handy with the rod. Leaders of large majorities have winced before me. Yours incorruptibly, L-N-RD C-RTN-Y.

It was an infant ambition with me to make a pun. Mature years, and a chequered experience on the Turf, never shook me from my first resolve. On Thursday last, before an appreciative House, I achieved! "Mares are ladies," I said; "why not have ladies as *Mayors*?" You take me? Good. Yours gratuitously, J. BL-ND-LL M-PLR.

My recollections of the first promptings of ambition go back to the date of my christening. "His name is ALFRED," said my nominator. "After England's Darling, you know," I burred, but not distinctly enough to secure recognition. Thus early did I prognosticate my ultimate greatness; though I had not yet decided what form it should take. I was not long left in doubt. A fortuitous rhyme, emitted in the course of teething, showed me in what line the bent of my genius lay. In vain they devoted me to the Law. The Child, notwithstanding this *mésalliance* with the Bar, proved to be the father of the Man. Born, so to speak, with a laurel-twist in my mouth, "I do but sing," like the tom-tit, "because I must." There are two meanings to this. Mine is the right one. Make what use you like of this communication. A. A.

From the day when I was old enough to walk on without my nurse's support, I said I would be a great actor and interpret grand passion. As the irony of fate would have it, I am just a successful Performer-Manager.

[The above letter bears the postmark of the Pall Mall District, but is unsigned.]

THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.

(A Page of Future History.)

MANY years ago a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of March 15, 1899, proposed an infallible scheme for the invasion of England. 1,500 boats, like river barges, driven by steam, could quickly cross the channel, and, being run ashore high and dry, could land in a few minutes an army of 170,000 men on the defenceless southern coast. The writer suggested that the landing should take place at an unexpected point, but he partly revealed this destination by saying, in reference to the sea-passage, "*en admettant qu'on choisisse Brighton, sept heures suffiraient largement.*" Of course the 170,000 warriors, after seven hours on the sea, would be glad to arrive at a large town, destitute of *cafés* no doubt, but consisting almost entirely of hotels and lodging-houses, where rest and recovery would be possible. The following account of the invasion is translated from the narrative of a French officer.

When war broke out, the 1,500 boats were assembled at Calais and Boulogne. After various delays every preparation was completed on a certain Sunday—it was Whit Sunday—and at midnight our flotilla started. It was the Invincible Armada of the twentieth century. At the moment of departure its destination was announced, and from 170,000 valiant Frenchmen there rose a mighty shout, "*à Briquetonne!*"

Although adverse winds and a rough sea delayed our progress, the flotilla passed Newhaven at half-past ten on Monday morning. We had seen nothing of the English fleet. The profound secrecy of our preparations had deceived the enemy. It was evident that we should land without difficulty.

As we approached Brighton all our telescopes were directed towards the shore, and a universal cry of surprise rose from those of our soldiers who were not entirely prostrated by sea-sickness. Those who were could only murmur feebly, "*Nous arrivons? Mon Dieu, quel voyage! Ça va finir bientôt!*" The others, they were but few, beheld the English shore black with troops. Treachery, ever with us, and tempted by the gold of despicable England, had revealed to our eternal enemy the secret of our attack. Her army was small and contemptible, merely some 50,000 men, but it was there, on the shore of Brighton, ready to receive us.

And we? Of that brilliant host of valiant warriors which



AN OPPORTUNITY.

She (coquettishly). "I READ THE OTHER DAY, COUSIN CHARLIE, THAT MARRIAGE IS DECLINING."
He (inspired). "OH, THAT'S QUITE WRONG. MARRIAGE IS — ACCEPTING."
[Seizes the opportunity and proposes.]

started at midnight on a glorious enterprise of irresistible conquest only about 250 were able to stand. The others, noble and valiant, as are all Frenchmen, were for the time incapable of anything. French army has always conquered; English army has always been defeated. But would it be possible even for 250 Frenchmen to carry ashore 169,750 suffering compatriots, and at the same time to disperse 50,000 English? No, a thousand times, no!

We stop. The officers in command resolve to retire. From 169,750 valiant, but feeble Frenchmen, there comes a cry of anguish and horror, "*Encore dix heures en mer? Jamais! Plutôt la mort! A Briquetonne!*" What is to be done? Behind us is the rage and indignation of a disappointed country, around us are our compatriots, prepared to die, prepared almost to mutiny if they had the strength, but not prepared to suffer yet another ten hours on the sea! Before us is the English army, contemptible yet numerous. Even bravest of soldiers cannot achieve the impossible. The invincible flotilla stops, turns, and slowly retires.

One submarine boat alone continues its onward course. Not mutiny, not disobedience causes this, but some defect in the steering apparatus, which has become immovable. Onwards to certain death rush our brave compatriots in the doomed vessel. Opposite the centre of Brighton she strikes the shore. In the presence of the English army, 50,000 strong, even ten valiant Frenchmen must surrender. Waving a white flag, they emerge from the interior. What do they see? Not the English army, but a vast array of English citizens hastily retreating, and, at the edge of the water, six stout English policemen, who arrest our brave compatriots as they land.

Too late the horrible error was explained. It was an English holiday, and all the travellers of the excursion trains were amusing themselves upon the beach. 170,000 Frenchmen, after that terrible voyage, had fled before a crowd of unarmed civilians and six policemen. Since then the invasion of England has never been attempted.



THE VERY LATEST DISCOVERY.

Amateur Astronomical Student (returning home, after attending scientific Bachelor Dinner, where "the reported discovery of a new Satellite of Saturn" has been warmly discussed). "WHERE AM I? LETSH SHEE—(considering)—EARTH'S GOT ONE MOON. MARS'S GOT FIVE MOO—JUP'TUSH NINE—I SHEE TWO MOONS. THEN—WHERE AM I?"

LONDON LAWS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is with infinite pleasure that I draw your attention to the fact that in the London Government Bill no clauses deal with such matters of vital importance to law-abiding citizens as:—

- (1) The abolition of crossing-sweepers and howling newspaper boys.
- (2) The ditto of blind men with thick sticks and flower girls with button-holes.
- (3) The restriction of crawling cabs and the racing of rival omnibuses.
- (4) The casting of orange-peel and banana-skins on the pavements.

- (5) The ditto of handbills into every available area and doorway.
 - (6) The carrying of ladders and long planks at the busiest time of the day.
 - (7) The ditto of coals at unseemly times.
 - (8) The posting of bills with the splashing of paste roundabout the hoardings.
 - (9) The ditto of letters and circulars in the letter-boxes of harmless citizens.
 - (10) The relaying of high-smelling asphalt in the day-time when it is possible to sniff.
 - (11) The ditto of wood pavement at night when it is impossible to see.
- I am glad that none of these have been dealt with—only mayors. ASMODEUS STYX.

THE APOLOGIA OF A NEUROPATH.

[“Insomnia has become a poetic commonplace in our modern age of nerves.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]

I CHAUNT no praise to tedious Spring,
In whose delights the vulgar glory;
No patriot ravings do I sing,
Or Jingo-brags of England's story;
To Nature's beauties I am blind,
I need no outer charms to fire me,
Because within myself I find
Matter sufficient to inspire me.

I run the gamut of my nerves,
Suck honey from my introspections;
Each mood I note, each passion serves
To give my lyrics new directions;
Till dread Insomnia, that still
Mandradora withstands and poppy,
If treated with sufficient skill,
Affords material for “copy.”

What then though with my own conceits
The public ear I still am boring;
Though of myself my art still treats
In lays that set Philistines snoring;
For though my best achievement tires
That does but vindicate its uses—
When verse that sleeplessness inspires
Upon its readers sleep induces.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

A Dramatic Contrast in Three Parts.

Past. Time—The Early Seventies. An Audience assembled during a Robertsonian Performance.

First Spectator. How delightful after the stilted heroics of SHERIDAN KNOWLES and FITZ-BALL.

Second Spec. Yes; and see, they are drinking real tea out of a genuine cup and saucer.

First Spec. And so natural to flirt over the shadow of a milk jug.

Second Spec. Yes. And how right of a man to run the risk of a divorce, rather than betray the shortcomings of his wife's brother.

Both. How good. And twenty years ago—how stupid!

Present. The Late Nineties. An audience assembled during a Pnervo Performance.

First Spectator. Delightful to find that what shocked our grandmothers suits our daughters.

Second Spec. Yes; and scenery real painting and not upholstery.

First Spec. Quite so. And one likes an epigram after the milk-and-water realism of ROBERTSON.

Second Spec. And as everybody's bad, more or less, why not show society at its worst?

Both. How good! And twenty years ago—bosh!

The Future. Time—The First Decade in the Twentieth Century. An Audience assembled during a Smithian Performance.

First Spectator. Much wiser to have deeds rather than words.

Second Spec. A pantomime is the thing. So much better to make people think, and let an audience find out what they are imagining.

First Spec. And fancy our ancestors tolerating problem plays and pieces of the penny plain and twopence coloured order of architecture!

Second Spec. This sort of thing is perfect.

Both. How good! And twenty years ago—what rot!



AFRICAN POOL.

MARKER. "STROKE AND DIVISION, GENTLEMEN!"

LORD S-L-SB-RY (to M. DELCASSÉ). "VERY WELL—WE'LL DIVIDE!"



Extract from *Diary of Minor Post*.—April 1. "No! WOMEN ARE NOT WORTH OUR SONGS OR OUR SIGHS. HOW SUBTLY RESPONSIVE SHE SEEMED. AS I MURMURED SOME LINES OF MY OWN, HER EYES WORE THAT FAR-AWAY LOOK, A TENDER SMILE PLAYED ROUND HER LIPS. LITTLE DID I GUESS THAT HULKING LONG-LEGGED BUTCHER FROM THE SOUDAN, CAPTAIN BAYARD, WAS OGGLING HER IN THE MIRROR! UGH!"

CUCKOO NOTES IN THE AVENUE.

MR. CHARLES HAWTREY, as *Hugh Farrant* in *The Cuckoo*, has added another character-portrait to his gallery of amusing liars. His quiet manner, with very occasional and only momentary outbursts of spasmodic love-making, is simply perfect. His chuckling enjoyment of his own utter absence of moral principle is intensely amusing. Whatever he has done, even the sternest jurymen in the audience finds him "not guilty," adding pleasantly, "and mind you don't do it again," yet earnestly hoping that as soon as possible the said strict moralist may be a delighted witness of CHARLES HAWTREY's most ingenious method of getting into, and out of, decidedly tight corners. He belongs to the stage of the time of the second CHARLES, when the actors were looked upon not as those who had a moral to inculcate dramatically, but simply as irresponsible puppets, placed by the author of their being in possible, and not absolutely improbable, predicaments. They adorned dramatic tales, and pointed no moral: except in a negative sort of way.

MR. BROOKFIELD (author and character actor) has made not only a very amusing adaptation of MEILHAC's indecorous and ingenious *Décoré*, but has had the somewhat rare good fortune of having his "comedy-farce" most efficiently "cast."

It might be wished that sprightly Miss FANNIE WARD (is this young lady *Americaine*?), as *Mrs. Penfold*, were a trifle more distinct in her rapid utterance, and also that she would emphasise the lights and shades of the character with an occasional exhibition of dignified repose; as it is, she is all flutter, like a pretty pet bird in a cage, suddenly startled.

MR. ARTHUR WILLIAMS is delightful as the commonplace corn-broker and confiding husband, just "letting himself go" for once

and away, on whose conceit the *demi-mondaine*, *Lady Alexandra Park* (played with a delicious sense of humour and without any exaggeration whatever by Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER), draws to the extent of two hundred pounds, which is the sum the amorous corn-broker has to pay for his moral lesson.

A philosophic treatise might be written on the place in creation of *Colefax*, the utterly absurd and thoroughly scoundrelly waiter; but to imagine that he, with such a hold on the reputation of a lady and a gentleman as he possesses, could be bought off for five pounds, is just the one and only mistake in what has been, up to this point, in the third act, a most carefully and ingeniously constructed plot.

A good word for the black king *Kamswaga* (Mr. CORYTON), but especially for his interpreter, convincingly played by Mr. H. STEPHENSON, whose make up is as admirable as is his patronising manner.

MR. FRED VOLPÉ represents that highly respectable *bourgeois*, the Mayor of Maidensbourne, apparently some relation to Sir EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY, to both of whom he bears a striking, yet puzzling, resemblance.

MR. CHARLES HAWTREY seems to have got a success that ought, if there's any "luck about the house," to run right away through the season.

CAMBRIDGE WINS!

A BUMPER to Cambridge! Great Zeus, how it stirs us
To see the light blue floating first o'er the life!
Fate smiles once again and no longer defers us;
One year makes amends for the losses of nine.

Week followed on week, and in all kinds of weather
They laboured undaunted, not daring to boast,
Till at last in a flash they all got it together,
And swinging and smiting sped home to the post.

We saw them take ship, and we saw them with glee row,
We saw how they spurted again and again:
So Cambridge, kind mother of sage and of hero,
Be proud of eight sons who have proved themselves men.

There was GIBBON at stroke, who, forgetting his namesake,
When they pressed him declined not, nor dreamt of a fall,
And enjoying the game for the glorious game's sake
Shot his hands off his chest like a ball from a wall.

At seven sat WARD. Did he think of his lordship,
The grandsire who all his young fancies had nursed?
And what thoughts had Lord ESHER of old days aboard ship,
When Oxford were beaten and Cambridge were first?

There was SANDERSON six, very long he in truth is;
At five was our ETHEL, whose surname is SMITH;
Though his nickname a girl's is, the rest of the youth is
All manhood and muscle and courage and pith.

At four we had PAYNE, to behold him was pleasure;
He was stalwart and sturdy and steady and strong;
And behind him swung GOLDIE, a treat and a treasure,
A chip of the old block who kept the stroke long.

At two was young CALVERT, the Antipodean;
From bow little CHAPMAN the prospect enjoyed:
And, since Eights must be steered, just to wind up my psalm,
I may add that their coxswain, a ripper, was LLOYD.

So a bumper to them! Give them triumph and glory!
Lo, their names and the fame of their prowess abide.
Since, whate'er be their lot, they shall live on in story,
The 'Ninety-nine Eight who at last turned the tide.

SEQUITUR ET NON SEQUITUR.—As a *Woman Stitches* should be a companion story to *As a Man Sows*; and *The First Bunker* should have come out before *The Last Link*. Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS, and Messrs. BLACK, may take the hint.

"GOING BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS."—The GERMAN EMPEROR is to hold a "*Great Spring*" Review. His Imperial Highness should be known as "Wiry WILLIAM." Who said "Boulder"? Oh dear, no.

"A LOCAL HABITATION AND A NAME."—Only give Music a "*Local Habitation*" in London, and she will soon make for herself "a name."

NOT A DESIRABLE ASSOCIATE AT POOL.—A cat with nine lives.



"SO YOU SEE, THERE ARE SEVERAL THINGS THAT WOULD INTEREST YOU, AND I'M SURE YOU WOULD ENJOY YOURSELF VERY MUCH. NOW, CAN'T I PERSUADE YOU TO COME TO OUR NEXT MOTHERS' MEETING?"

"WELL, YER LEDDYSHIP, YOU'RE VERY KIND; BUT I NEVER WAS A SOCIETY WOMAN!"

UP-TO-DATE.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer will put an additional threepence on the Income Tax.

The Secretary of State for War will double the present clerical staff at Pall Mall.

The Marquis of SALISBURY will retire from the Foreign Office in favour of Lord ROSEBERRY.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, at the request of SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, will resume the leadership of the Radical Party.

The London County Council will promote a bill for its own dissolution.

The City of London will cease to exist in compliance with a wish of the Livery Companies.

The Members of the Bar will seek amalgamation with the Junior branch of the profession.

The Cabmen will accept with enthusiasm the scheme for recording distances traversed, by automatic machinery.

The chief supporters of Charitable Institutions will insist upon their donations appearing anonymously.

And last of all, the above events will bear date and be recorded—on the First of April!

THE dear old lady says she went to a conversation at a Literary Society's, the other evening, when they performed a scene from *The School for Scandal* and danced the mignonette.

ORL WE'VE GOT TO DO.

["Influenza grows increasingly prevalent among the very poor. To escape it, says a West-End physician, all people have got to do is to live well, dress warmly, avoid depressing influences, and adopt a philosophic calmness and cheerfulness."—*Daily Paper.*]

Buck up! Don't look so blue, old gal,
Becos we've got the flu;
'Ere's orl we've got to do, old gal,
'Ere's orl we've got to do.

"Live well!" Jest order in a spread—
It's better for the brat
Than everlastin' mouldy bread,
An' not too much o' that.
Yus, say a pair o' soles—the best—
A nice young loin o' lamb,
An' p'raps the doctor would suggest
A glass or two o' cham.

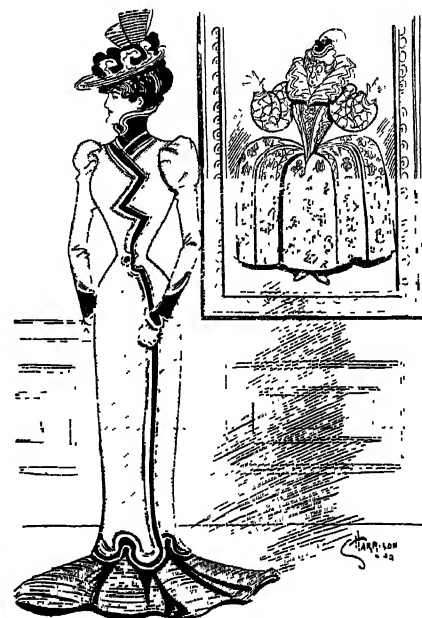
"Dress warmly." Once I 'ad a shirt,
But that were long ago;
An' these old breeks, they wouldn't 'urt
To be less draughty. So
A fur-lined coat our dear kind friend
'E might prescribe, an' you,
Old gal, 'e'd doubtless recommend
A boar an' sables too.

"Adopt a philosophic calm"—
So easy! Don't you find
Yer 'unger workin' like a balm
Upon yer troubled mind?
"Be cheerful"—wait until the brats
Be old the broker's men
A-turnin' out the attic— Rats!
Won't we be cheerful then!

Buck up! Don't look so blue, old gal,
Becos we've got the flu;
'Ere's orl we've got to do, old gal,
'Ere's orl we've got to do.

Should Women Smoke?

THE girl who smokes
No aid invokes
'Gainst those who would attack her,
She needs no swain,
Since it is plain,
She has one friend—to back her.



Queen Bess. "Gramercy! How is the poor creature to walk!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 20.—
DON JOSÉ is beginning to submit to conclusion that he must give up OOM PAUL.

their country to discomfiture of outsiders. Only thing to be done is to make friendly suggestions. Not much to be expected from them. Course been adopted before, and what had come of it? In a famous despatch, DON JOSÉ made the kindly enquiry, "How

of "Mr. GLADSTONE." When the proper time comes the SPEAKER, turning towards the Front Opposition Bench, calls aloud the name that for more than sixty years filled the House of Commons with marvel, not to speak of apprehension. There steps forward in response, not the venerable, still alert, figure the House knew this time five years ago. It is son HERBERT, broad-shouldered, ruddy, the very picture of manly health.

Earlier years of Parliamentary life of member for Leeds were hopelessly overshadowed by magnitude of the paternal mountain. It does not necessarily follow that a youth finding himself returned to House of Commons in company with his father is overwhelmed by the contiguity. The member for Sark remembers, some twenty years ago, how father and son respectively represented Banbury and Frome. BANBURY was venerable in years, and of old Parliamentary standing, having sat in the same Parliament with PALMERSTON in his prime. FROME entered the House nine years later than his respected parent. But after he took his seat the parent was nowhere. FROME took the floor. BANBURY stood timidly listening at the Bar, and after a while his white head meekly disappeared from the Parliamentary arena.

HERBERT GLADSTONE, whilst his father lived, was genuinely impressed with the incongruity of finding himself an "Hon. Member," technically on an equal footing with his illustrious Sire. He studiously avoided taking part in debate, and was quite abashed when he was made a Junior Lord of the Treasury in his father's Ministry. When the sun went down, and the stars might shine, Lord ROSEBERRY, with rare discrimination, gave HERBERT his chance by making him First Commissioner of Works. By his initiation of the improvements in Parliament Street he will through all time leave his mark on London. To-night, CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, following up ROSEBERRY's graceful policy, puts HERBERT forward to move rejection of principal Government measure of the Session.

Confidence justified by the speech. Its perfect success marred by undue length, ensuing on conscientious, fatal attempt to



OOM YOSEF AND THE RIGHT HON. PAUL KRUGERLAIN, M.P.

"If the personalities were reversed the drift of the game would appear more natural." (See Essence.)

Since he went to Colonial Office the irrepressible old gentleman has had peculiar fascination for him. What OOM PAUL thinks of DON JOSÉ is kept for the edification of the domestic circle Mrs. KRÜGER adorns. Hitherto DON JOSÉ has, in public, been comparatively reticent in the matter of foreknowledge of the old gentleman's hereafter. To-night he frankly descanted on the situation.

At the time of the Raid OOM PAUL, seriously alarmed, made a series of promises. Up to this day not one has been kept; whilst the grievances complained of have been rather aggravated than alleviated. This very morning there are reports from Johannesburg of renewed promises of reform. "These are," said DON JOSÉ, speaking more in sorrow than in anger, "entirely illusory." What is to be done? We can't go to war with the Transvaal because the Boers insist upon keeping a firm grip on

is Mrs. KRÜGER?" OOM PAUL promptly replied by presenting a prodigious bill for damages arising out of the Jameson Raid.

As SARK observes, the situation is subtly aggravated by the contrast between the two eminent statesmen. One alert, aggressive, inspired and supported by the latest resources of civilisation; the other, loose-jointed, ill-dressed, lethargic, sucking at his pipe, meditating amid cloud of smoke on the lavish expenditure in money and time incurred by people who use nail-brushes. If the personalities were reversed—if DON JOSÉ were OOM PAUL and OOM PAUL were DON JOSÉ—the drift of the game would appear more natural. As it is, it is not only strange, but really annoying.

Business done.—Driving the Estimates through.

Tuesday.—Strange, at first sight startling, turning over the Orders of the Day, to come upon amendment standing in name



The er—er—Membah for er—er—Dulwich.
Sir Bl—nd—ll M—ple.

leave nothing unsaid. But, more especially when the swimmer threw away the bladder of his compendious notes and struck out for himself, he did admirably. Not AMURATH an AMURATH succeeds. There can be only one "Mr. GLADSTONE" in the world's history. House of Commons, always generously inclined, gave gracious warm welcome to the son, standing at the brass-bound box at which his father, from time to time, had thumped away strong Ministries.

Business done.—Second reading of London Government Bill moved.

Thursday.—"A Blondel! A Blondel!" The battle cry first heard on the Plains of Palestine rang through the startled House to-night. Stout SALADIN, who often heard it in crusading days, has left on record the confession that it was "the only thing of the kind that really made his flesh creep." The spell has not lapsed in the slow movement of centuries. To-night, when Sir MAPLE BLONDEL-BLONDEL of Blondel (in the county of Middlesex) takes down the banner that for a thousand years has floated over the battlements of Tottenham Grange, and waves it, so to speak, in the teeth of the Treasury Bench, PRINCE ARTHUR, albeit buttressed on either side by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL and the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, visibly pales.

It is the old story, older than the Crusades. *Cherchez la femme.* Sir BLONDEL *cherche*, but cannot find her in the folds of the London Government Bill.

"What about the ladies?" he asks. "Can they be aldermen? Can they be mayors?" Here Sir BLONDEL condescended to introduce a joke that has been in the family for three centuries. "Women," he said, "are, I know, sometimes spoken of as Mares. As CHAUCER hath it 'the grey mare is the better horse.' But what I am enquiring about is M-A-Y-O-R-S."

The Knights in the immediate neighbourhood of Sir BLONDEL laughed immoderately. (Always well promptly to see a joke when



THE LAST FOX OF THE SEASON.

AND OLD TOM HUGS HIM AS IF HE LOVED HIM AND WERE LOTH TO PART WITH HIM.

the humourist is clad in chain armour and holds a drawn sword in his red right hand.) The dames in the iron-girt gallery at the end of the hall simpered. Suddenly changing his bantering tone and shaking a mailed fist at the Treasury Bench, Sir BLONDEL insisted on speedy answer to his challenge.

This PRINCE ARTHUR falteringly gave, and Sir Knight, graciously pleased to be gratified, sheathed his sword and strode forth to mount his palfrey, pawing the unresponsive paving-stones in Palace Yard.

Business done.—Further debate on London Government Bill.

Friday.—Still debating second reading of London Government Bill. The further we go into the matter, the more abundant the objections. PRINCE ARTHUR is becoming amazed at his own immoderation of error, alarmed at his illimitability of incapacity. Comforts himself with reflection that if, when the scheme for the creation of the world was introduced, Mr. LOUGH and Dr. CLARK had chanced to be about, they would have moved a series of amendments.

"Odd thing when you come to think of it," PRINCE ARTHUR muses, "significant, too, that the first person instrumental in carrying an adjournment on what he regarded as a matter of urgent public importance, was the Serpent in the Garden of Eden. Owing to his action our first parents irrevocably adjourned from its pleasing precincts."

Business done.—Government of London Bill read a second time.

NOTE BY AN ENTOMOLOGIST. — Monte Carlo and the New Forest are further apart than Monmouth and Macedon. Yet they have one point in common. "Painted Ladies" are to be found in both.

NOTE BY AN IMPECUNIOUS SCRIBBLER.—There is no cry more galling to the soul of genius than that of an omnibus conductor calling out "Bank! Bank!"



The (Birmingham) Moltke of the British Army.



NOT SO MAD AS HE LOOKS.

March Hare (to himself). "Hooray! No more harrying me for another eight months!"



[According to the London Government Bill, there is a prospect of Ladies being Mayors and Aldermen.]

THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE LADY MAYOR, WITH MACE-BEARER, SWORD-BEARER, TOWN CLERK, AND SHE-RIVES IN ATTENDANCE.

STEWARDS!

[The new remedy for sea-sickness is to wear red spectacles, which send the blood to the head.]

At the latest cure for *mal-de-mer*
Imagination boggles!
You'd never guess—they bid you wear
A pair of bright red goggles!

A nautical mistake is this
Some landsman has exhorted;
With two red lights you'd go amiss—
One *green* lamp should be sported!

Thus then equipped, you'll steer your
course
With confidence assured,
And never raise, in accents hoarse,
The doleful cry of "Stured!" (*sic*).

FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

Monday.—Just received the following from my nephew MAX:—

DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY,

Ass I wrote 2 or 3 weeks ago teling you we were esstablishing a School Debaying Society I thort you'd like to know how it got on well it was all rite at first I was a Consurfative as I sed I shoold be & made STINKER one too he wantid to be a Libral but I jolly soon made him shut up becos alltho hes a rotter his vote counts all the saim I spose theres lots of rotters in the reel Parlyment whoos votes counts all the saim isnt there well SMITH Major was Pressydent & tried to cock it over the rest of us hes an ass & just when I was speeking on a Reslootion "That Rusher is the Heredtry enummy of England" JONES Major larid sniggring ass he is well I kept quite carlm & sed if the Hon. Member (fancy *him* being a Hon. Member) means that as a ninsult Ile jolly well let him have it after school & then the Pressydent SMITH Major you know sed shut up & I sed I shant shut up Ile punch his head & then the fellers got round & sed have it out after four in the long feeld dont fite hear or POGGLES thats our form master will hear you & JONES Major tride to snear & sed he diddent want to hurt the Hon. Member but I sed that be blowed I was orfly riled & after school by gum I gave it him hot he had to shut up after the 24th round he sucked a Lemmen & I a

oringe between the rounds & he sed at last hed had enuff so we shook hands & we've bin orful frens ever sincoe I gave him my old bat the one that brakes evry time you play with it & one of your cigars UNCLE CHARLEY witch I collard wen we wear stoping with you & he *was* sick after it I tell you.

The Reslootion for discushion next week is "That Lord Sorlsbrys conduct of Forren afairs meats the approovle of this House" & ass Ime leading speaker for Lord S. Ime going round to sum of the litle chaps jest to give them a hint that theyd better vote for my side or Ile maikie it hot for them its surpriceing how easy it is to get fellers—eseshally litle fellers—to vote wen you jest do that & praps twist there arms a bit. If you like Ile send you result of discushion drop me a line—and you mite send us sum sossages at the saim time too I mean enuff for TOMMY & me to last a fortnight we dont mind them rather high.

Your affeckshunt nephew
MAX.



AFTER AN EASTERTIDE FESTIVITY—
ON THE INNER CIRCLE.

Guard. "Where are you for?"

Old Gent. "I'm oright—Edgware Road."

Guard. "Well, mind you get out this time. You've been round three times!"

ODE TO EASTER.

(With apologies to the North-East Wind.)

WELCOME, wintry Easter,
Shame it is to see
Odes and songs to Christmas,
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, bitter Easter,
Cut the early rose,
Freeze the nesting black-bird,
Nip the unguarded nose.
Tired we were of summer,
Voted zephyrs queer,
When the storms of Winter
Ought to have been here.
Easter, send us blizzards,
Frosts exceeding great,
Make amends for Christmas,
Turn us out to skate!

* * * *

Welcome, sunny Easter,
Mayst thou with thee bring
All the warmth of Summer
All the youth of Spring!
Welcome, balmy Easter,
Make the blossom blow,
Give the keen manœuvring
Volunteer a show.
Come with soft South-wester
Breathing mild and kind,
Kill the influenza,
Knock the microbe blind.
Easter, send us sunshine,
Sunshine every day,
Cricket, golf, and tennis,
Turn us out to play!

* * * *

Thus the bard greets Easter
With a double voice,
Gents, you pays your money,
Gents, you takes your choice;
For the good old weather,
Cold or hot, allow—
With the bard bid Easter
Welcome—*anyhow*!

Legal Enquiries.

Is it correct to describe a pair of old-fashioned spectacles as "*ancient lights*"?

Should an action on a "bill of sale" be brought in the Admiralty Court?

Is the acceptance of an invitation by letter a "promissory note"?

Are pipes and cigarettes "necessaries" for an "Infant"?



LOOTING THE CHINA SHOP.

Little Denmark. "HERE! I SAY! WHERE DO I COME IN?"

Wendell. 1899.

A DEPRECATION.

["Report has it that Parisian close-fitting skirts have reached a point which do not permit the wearer to sit down."—*Fashion column of Evening Paper.*]

CHURLISH DAMON! wherefore frown?
Why your angry brow be knitting
At the fashion of my gown,
Closely to the figure fitting?

Such a gibe I little heed—
Scorn your censures magisterial—
For I truthfully can plead
That its cost is not material.

Justly oft did you upbraid
DAPHNE (she must own with blushes)
For the fortunes you have paid
For her poplins, silks and plushes

Then forbear this once to use
Those bad words you are so pat in,
Now that buying gowns I choose
One at least that can't be sat in.

THE BLESSINGS OF SCIENCE.

(An anticipation of the days when the Government will have provided us all with cheap telephones.)

[Eminent Author discovered in his study, wrestling with the most crucial sentences of his new story. Bell of telephone on wall rings loudly.

E. A. (throwing down pen and walking across to the instrument). Dash that bell!—that's the sixth time it's interrupted me this morning! (Takes up tube.) Well, what is it?

Voice No. 1. One moment, Sir—only a moment. In the interests of science, which in this case correspond closely with your own, there is a question which, if you will pardon the liberty we take in so doing, we feel bound to put to you. That question, Sir, trifling as it may seem—

E. A. For goodness' sake, hurry up! Who are you? What d'you want to know?

Voice No. 1. We, Sir, are DIBBS & Co., Limited. And the question which we would put is simply this—Have you used Dibbs' Soap? Unrivalled in quality, creamy, superfatted—

E. A. (angrily). Go to blazes!

[Throws down tube and returns to his writing-table. After another two minutes bell rings again.

Voice No. 2. Are you there? It's Mrs. TOMKINSON, Gloucester Place.

E. A. (to himself). Who on earth is Mrs. TOMKINSON? Some friend of my wife's, I suppose. (Aloud.) Well, what is it?

Voice No. 2. We're very anxious about BOBBY. He didn't sleep at all well, and he simply won't touch his bread-and-milk this morning. I'm almost afraid it is measles, after all!

E. A. Sorry to hear it—but the fact is, that I'm rather busy this morning, and—

Voice No. 2. Oh, but even if you can't come round to see him, we want your advice. Do you think a dose of quinine or... Really, Doctor PILLBOX, I never heard such disgraceful language!... What? Not Doctor PILLBOX? Aren't you number twenty-four thousand and seventy-nine?... (Pause)... Oh, I am so sorry. I see, on looking again, that Doctor PILLBOX is twenty-four thousand and ninety-seven—most stupid mistake...

[E. A. flies back to writing-table. Bell rings again as he dips his pen in ink-pot.

Voice No. 3. Hullo!... Ah, there you



Famous Lion Comique (to his Agent, who is not much of a cigar smoker). "WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THAT CIGAR AS I GIVE YOU THE OTHER DAY?"

Agent. "WELL, THE FIRST NIGHT I LIKED IT WELL ENOUGH. BUT THE SECOND NIGHT I DIDN'T LIKE IT SO WELL. AND THE THIRD I DIDN'T LIKE IT AT ALL!"

are. I say, come and dine with us on Thursday, will you?

E. A. (after hurried glance at engagement-book). Thanks, very much.

Voice No. 3. That's right, then—eight o'clock.

[E. A. returns to his story; two minutes later he rushes back to telephone).

E. A. Hi! You there! Stop! I say, wait a minute! (No answer.) Hi!! (Silence. Drops tube and gazes despairingly round room.) Now who the dickens was it that asked me to dinner? Sounded rather like LAMBERT's voice—or was it TIMMIS? (Bell rings.) Yes, yes. (Eagerly.) I'm here—who is it?

Voice No. 4. Messrs. SETTEE, Sir, upholsterers and furnishers. May we remind you that our annual spring sale commences to-day? The favour of a visit is respectfully solicited. Substantial reductions in every department. All goods marked in plain figures.

[E. A. throws down tube, rushes back to his table, and begins to write. Takes no notice of the bell, which rings repeatedly,

and manages to complete four sentences before a continuous peal brings him to the telephone again—in a violent rage.

E. A. (fiercely). Oh, you're there, are you? Well, whoever you are, you may just go away and drown yourself. No, don't try to explain—go away, and leave me in peace—or I'll come round and murder you!

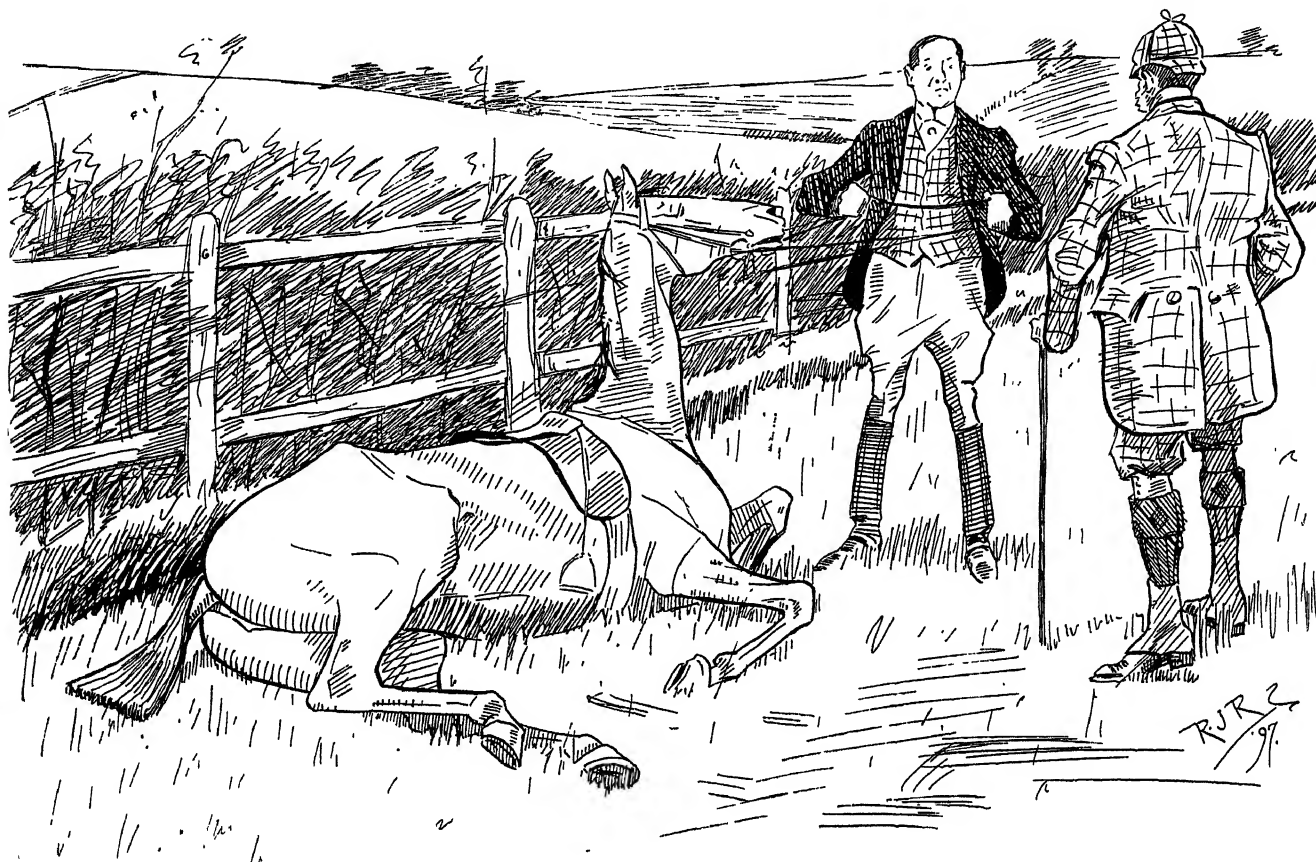
Voice No. 5. So that's the way you talk to your old Aunt LAVINIA, is it? That ever nephew of mine should take to drink—but I might have known it! Now I'm going to telephone to my solicitor, Sir, and ask him to make me a new will!

[As E. A. drops tube in horror, His Wife enters the room.

His Wife. Didn't you hear the lunch gong, dear? I hope you have had a nice quiet morning's work?

E. A. (groaning). Delightful!

THE STOCK BROKER'S VADE MECUM.—A book of good quotations.



Bystander (to Horseman, whose mount has fallen after refusing). "YOUR HORSE REMINDS ME OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE."
Horseman. "ROMAN EMPIRE! WHY?" Bystander. "BECAUSE HE HAS DECLINED AND FALLEN, DON'T YOU SEE!"

INFANT ASPIRATIONS.

[Being a further record of "the early impressions of famous men as to the callings they had a desire to adopt on reaching the estate of manhood;" with Mr. Punch's acknowledgments as before. N.B.—Apart from the first letter, there is no order of merit or other classification in the following arrangement.]

It was always my ambition to become *What I am*. I know of nothing finer. H-LL C-NE.

P.S.—The above letter is strictly confidential, as I cannot bear to seem to advertise myself. But if you *insist* on publishing it, please give it a prominent position.

My Early-Victorian aspiration was to be a dashing Cavalry Officer. I fancied the Inniskilling Dragoons. Even as it is, I am sometimes mistaken for a Balacava (Heavy Brigade) Veteran, owing to a slight suspicion of military swagger in my movements, the involuntary result of childhood's yearnings.

Yours plaintively, W. E. H. L-CKY.

My boy-heart was divided between the professions of a Cheap-jack and a Bill-poster. But, like so many brilliant young men from Oxford, I was entrapped into journalism, and finally settled into the Editorship of the Greatest Journal in the World. At first the dignity of its traditions prevented me from introducing into its pages any of the elements of my original ambition. But now, I rejoice to say, *tempora mutantur*. Our All-fired American Encyclopædic Syndicate has just concluded its Unparalleled Clearance Sale. Look out for the next chance—our Spring-Cleaning Job-lot of old Suburban Directories; also our cheap line in Half-calf Early Fathers, on the hire system. Come early with your first week's deposit, and see that we get it.

Awaiting your esteemed orders, G. E. B-CKLE.

P.S.—Have you tried a sample of our Old Times Gin?

As an infant I had a craving to become a Leader of Society. Later on, I penetrated the thin coating of hypocrisy which lies like an upper crust upon this seething pie of frivolity. By a natural revulsion of feeling I became a dramatic satirist, and held up to social foibles the revealing mirror of Cis-pontine Art. It is only when Society comes to my plays, and finds its own privileged actions, its own allusive speech, its own esoteric mode

of thought reflected to the life, that it learns what an impossibly ridiculous existence it is leading. It shall ever be my life-work thus to biograph with fearless accuracy the fleeting tastes of the world of Fashion. Yours, in the bonds of Art, H. A. J-NES.

With my first lessons in spelling, I resolved to become a Publisher. It seemed so pure, so beautiful a thing to be. But I knew I never could be good enough: so I became an Author, in the hope at least of catching some reflected grace from contact with my Ideal. But, alas! the image was found to have feet of putty and a face of brass. So now I throw things at it once a month in a magazine which I run express for the purpose.

Yours, very earnestly, W-LT-R B-S-NT.

From the time when I could sing my first Dutch hymn I wanted to be an Angel, and have wings. I can't think that this notion was very uitlandish. I sometimes have a fluffy feeling down my back; and when the moonlight falls on the veldt, my hat often gets mistaken for a halo. Also, I have reason to believe that Mr. CH-MB-RL-N once expressed a wish that I was already in H—n.

Your soaring Uncle, P-L KR-G-R.

I suppose I must have been in advance of the female movement of my day; for Oh! how I longed to be a woman-critic (or ought I to have said *critique*?). And now it can never, never be. For they say that critics are people who have failed in Art. So I can never be a critic. Yours, and humanity's, M-R-E C-R-LLI.

I admit that the love of Truth is an acquired taste with me, like Gorgonzola and bitters. Otherwise I closely resembled young WASHINGTON, being fired with a passion for my country. I wanted to see England grow greater and greater every day. So I entered the Diplomatic Service and became a foreign détaché. I know better now. H. L-B-CH-RE.

I think I was still in long-clothes, a mere handful of little endearing laces and frills and things, when I was wrought upon by the passionate desire of publishing a life of myself. You know the feeling? Something that tells you that the great world is waiting to learn your story from your own perfect lips? Then came my beautiful, beautiful, hair, and grew and grew till it overshadowed every other thought. In an oval mirror, I would sit and watch

my wan face looking "like a slip of the young moon glimmering through a pine-wood"; for so I have described it in my latest autobiography—first instalment just out, price six shillings. I hardly know how many lives of myself I have written by now. There are some things the public never tire of. They may be led away for a time by the British "brutality" of a KIPLING, but they come back in the end to the "young apostle of sentiment" (see my latest autobiography—first instalment just out, price six shillings).

Yours, more beautifully than ever,
R. LE G-LL-NNE.

I quite meant to be a temperance-lecturer. Yours, in haste,
PH-L M-Y.

My childish brain (I use the epithet in a purely temporal sense) was haunted by a terror not commonly experienced, as I understand, by the ordinary infant. It arose from the uncertainty surrounding the authorship of the plays attributed to a certain WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. I was obsessed by the fear that I myself might conceivably be branded with the suspicion of having produced the inferior work in question. I determined at my earliest convenience to publish plays of my own, in order to refute so monstrous a theory. I should have thought that the masterpieces which I proceeded to create—some nice, others nasty—would be easily recognised as being too subtle to have emanated from the blundering intelligence which evolved the so-called works of W. S. But it seems that, owing to their originality, none of them came into sufficiently obvious competition with the journeyman labours of the other gentleman. Also a great number of them omitted to have themselves put on the stage. However, I have now gone straight to the mark; and I trust that my new play—*The Temptations of Antony Caesar; or, Much Ado about Shakspeare*—will, once for all, clear me of the suspicion of being implicated in the authorship of *Hamlet*, &c.

Yours diffidently,

G. B-RN-RD SH-W.

[Telegram.]

Reverting to last week's letter subject facial hair in navy answer to riddle why is war-lord's dilemma like our moustache because it has two horns well rowed Cambridge WILLIAM K. Potsdam.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

TO THE VERY ILLUSTRIOUS MR. PUNCH.

VERY ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,—I have the honour to send you this letter, translated for me from my own language by an English friend.

For the first time I am visiting your great city. I arrived a few days ago, eager to see all the beautiful works of art which it contains. Since I was a boy I have heard of the English, and how some of them would almost go to war to preserve an old building or statue in my country. At Venice, at Florence, at Rome, the municipalities are ignorant and wilfully destroy many beautiful objects. But there are some Italians, like myself, who love the exquisite works of art which we have inherited. So when your countrymen, a few months ago, founded an English society to protect Italian monuments we were amused, but not ungrateful. I think that a certain Commendatore RICHMOND was one of the principal members.

You can imagine that I expected to see in the capital of a country so anxious, not to say so violent, in the defence of Italian art, every new building and statue as beautiful as possible, and every old work of art protected with the eager, not to say intrusive, zeal which is displayed by your country in reference to mine.

I have seen, Sir, the Temple Bar Memorial, and the statues on the Thames Embankment and at Westminster. I wish to see no more. In many Italian towns there are statues of GARIBALDI which are better. I have also seen your Palace of Justice and some other public buildings, some new streets, and Piccadilly Circus. The latter, which should have been a noble *Piazza Centrale*, is a hideous, shapeless space. It does not seem to me much more beautiful than the ugly *Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele* at Florence, which the English so loudly condemn. I have therefore seen enough of your new buildings. The Municipality of London is evidently no more artistic than the Municipality of Florence.

At last this morning I think to myself that there remain the old buildings, which are no doubt protected with love and reverence. I will visit the Cathedral of London.

As soon as I arrive I see that it is the masterpiece of a great artist. The beauty of the building is in its form alone, for there is no colour, as in Italy. I enter by the west door. The interior of the nave, also designed without colour, is superb. Here is a building which even the Municipality of London would not dare to touch.

I advance, and suddenly I perceive under the great dome a space mottled with colours so hideous, so incongruous, that even an



HIS SUNDAY OUT.

Sir E. L-w-s-n (out for a little Sunday exercise to improve his circulation). "FIND LONDON A BIT EXPENSIVE, DO YOU? GOT TO GET BACK TO SHEFFIELD, EH? WELL, WELL, RIGHT THING TO DO, DEAR BOY. TA-TA. VERY ODD I SHOULD HAVE STUMBLED ACROSS A SORT OF COUNTRY COUSIN OF MINE—SAME NAME, TOO—THE MOMENT I STARTED."

Italian house painter would hesitate to use them in the decoration of a restaurant. Pink, and green, and yellow! They are exactly the colours of the English lobster salad—the pink of the lobster, the green of the lettuce, the yellow of the sauce. The yellow shines in spots, the green glitters in misshapen panels, but the pink is formed by a red pattern on a white ground, resembling a cheap wall paper. Beneath, in gigantic black letters, is an inscription. Though I understand some English, I cannot read it, for the letters join and mingle together in strange and unknown diphthongs.

Even here, then, the Municipality of London has laid its desecrating hand! But no! I ask for information from a sacristan, and discover that this imitation of a lobster salad is the work of the Commendatore RICHMOND himself. *Dravolo!* It is he who would tell us in Italy how to manage our own business. As I hurry away I notice an alms-box inscribed, "For the Decoration of the Cathedral." Is it possible that any one can contribute?

To-morrow I return to Florence to inaugurate an Italian Society for the Protection of Ancient Monuments and Beautiful Edifices in England. Unless we, the lovers of art in Italy, interfere soon, the exterior of your beautiful cathedral may also become pink and green and yellow.

I have the honour to be Your Excellency's very humble servant,
LEONARDO TIZIANO BUONARROTI.

CHURCH AND STAGE.—Mr. Wise, of Liverpool, wished to know "why the Bishop did not act?" The answer, which we would suggest, is evident and satisfactory, *i.e.* "His Lordship is not an actor." Is "Wise" an assumed name? However, "What's in a name?" Nothing; even though it suggests wisdom.

RUS IN FINLAND.—The TSAR does not contemplate a perfect picture of Finland. He wishes it to remain un-Finnish'd.



She. "How much was old Mr. BASKERVILLE'S ESTATE SWORN AT BY HIS NEXT-OF-KIN?" He. "OH—A PRETTY GOOD LOT."
 She. "REALLY? WHY, I HEARD HE DIED WORTH HARDLY ANYTHING!" He. "YES, SO HE DID—THAT'S JUST IT."

"SEEING DOUBLE."

Yes, we admit the soft impeachment: we *did* "see double" at the Adelphi, and if ever there were a place wherein to see double, surely the Adelphi. of ἀδελφοί, is that place for choice. Two single gentlemen are, at this theatre, distinctly and intelligibly rolled into one, in the person of Mr. NORMAN FORBES, who nightly appears as *Louis XIV.* and *Philippe Marchiali*, his brother, very much to his own satisfaction and to that of a public which loves murderous, mysterious melodrama. 'Tis a grim old story, and if it is to be classed among the "blood and thunder" pieces, surely it requires a little "lightning"? Just a trifle of light comedy thrown in, and more brilliancy, especially in the finish, would be a great relief to this sad historical tragedy, which inspired the Anthony Hopeful story of *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

And we are forcibly reminded of this latter romantic melodrama under the Alexandrine management by the presence in the cast of that first-rate comedian, Mr. W. H. VERNON, who in King Street represented the arch-conspirator, *Colonel Sapte*, but here, at the Adelphi, he appears as another arch-conspirator, The Bishop of Vannes, "*in partibus melodramaticis*," *Monseigneur D'Herblay*. He is robbed of his rank in the bill, where his lordship is styled simply "Monsieur." The piece, excellently cast, is admirably acted, and if "our friends in front" had only been treated to some interspersed well-timed levity, and if it had ended with a blaze of triumph, just to celebrate the marriage (an important point) of *Louise de la Vallière*, charmingly played by Miss KATE RORKE, and *Philippe*, now *Louis de Franchi*, no, we should say, *Louis*, King of the French, we could have predicted the certainty of a long run and a "genuine Adelphi success." By the way, *Philippe*, impersonating *Louis*, might have started a new idea

and brought us down to the modern time of the Citizen King, *LOUIS PHILIPPE*. However, Mr. NORMAN FORBES cannot very well alter that now.

Little Miss VALLI VALLI is a most valli-able child-actress, appearing as the *Duc de Vermandois* (quite a little Duc!), son of *Louise de Valli Valli-ère*. Little Miss VALLI will soon be a-mountin' in her profession. Mr. ABINGDON, in high heels, silks, satins, and periwig, is as thorough a villain as ever he was in the most modern nineteenth-century costume. Miss GENEVIEVE WARD is most impressive in her short scenes as *Anne of Austria*. Her make-up and acting are both perfect. Excellent, too, is Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND as the Scotch nurse, though somehow the intended humour and pathos of the part alike miss fire.

A very strong and most effective situation at the end of the fourth act brings down the curtain to thoroughly hearty and prolonged applause. In Act V. those who, with *Mr. Justice Shallow*, ask, "And is old *Double* dead?"* will be answered in the affirmative; and then ought to come a brilliant scene, with "*Vive le Roi!*"

Mr. SUGDEN's make-up for *Cardinal Mazarin* is picturesque; only he ought to be satisfied with being a picture; as a speaking likeness he decidedly does not impress us. *Hé bien!* "Double, double, toil and trouble," must Mr. NORMAN FORBES say to himself; but if merit is to be rewarded, his labour will not have been lost, and he will be "doubly" grateful. Should he go "on tour" with this piece, of course he will commence with "Dublin."

* *Henry the Fourth*, Part 2, III., 2.

THE MADE OF THE MILL.—The winner of a boxing match at the National Sporting Club, Covent Garden.



“ALL THE COMFORTS OF A HOME!”

JOHN BULL (*Inspector of Transvaal School*). “LOOK HERE, MR. KRÜGER! I’VE JUST RECEIVED THIS COMPLAINT FROM THE BOYS. PERHAPS YOU’LL KINDLY INFORM ME WHAT IT MEANS?”

MR. KRÜGER (*Headmaster*). “COMPLAINTS, MR. BULL! I’VE HEARD NO COMPLAINTS! WHY, THEY’RE AS HAPPY AS THE DAY IS LONG!”



EASILY REMEDIED.

Mother (who has offered Bobbie some barley-sugar). "OH, BOBBIE, I'M AFRAID THAT'S TOO BIG A BIT!"

Bobbie (biting off and eating about half). "NOW IT'S NOT TOO BIG, MUMMY!"

THE ONLY WAY.

(A Fragment of a Romance of a Budget.)

"I MUST do it!" observed the millionaire gloomily, as he read an account of the requirements of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "The deficit is not the fault of the right hon. gentleman. It was to make England great and respected that the money was expended, and yet if there is to be fresh taxation the blame will be laid at his door. It shall not be!"

And then once more he wrinkled his brow in serious thought.

"Yes," he repeated, "it must be done, and yet I fear the pain."

Then he thought of the latest novel from a female pen.

"That should do the deed;" and he sat down and steadily began to read. He was weary, and his eyes closed. But he awakened himself by pinching his arms, and went on reading.

He read, and read, and read, and still went on reading.

Then he became distraught, and at length he died.

"Noble patriot!" exclaimed the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with tears in his eyes. "Had it not been for him the very existence of the Ministry might have been

in danger. Like a modern CURTIUS, he has jumped into the deficit!"

And the Chancellor of the Exchequer met the House with a bold front because his budget balanced, thanks to a considerable increase—at the last moment—in the Death Duties!

HOW TO WRITE A "PLAY NOVEL."

(From our Experienced Dramatist.)

KEEP as many of the names in the original as possible, and to some extent annex the dialogue appropriate to the characters. Change time and scene as much as you please. Alter the plot to suit the exigencies of the stage and the company. Be sure to have a prologue in which you can introduce what in your opinion the novelist has unwisely omitted. Preserve the title of the story, and obtain the consent of the author to your proceedings. Cut and contrive to any extent, and remember that what may be well for the library won't do for the stage. Knock the book about until its creator will find it difficult to recognise it, then serve it up before the critics, and be told on the morning following its production that you have taken a dainty dish and made a mess of it.

Another and better way. Write a play and then novelise it. As to date of appearance,

first come first served. But bear in mind that the treasury of the theatre is about six times as productive of profit as the counting-house of the Publisher.

PALMISTRY.

Rondeau.

UPON her hand the lines I trace,
And like a Seer of ancient race,
Foretell a tale of bane and bliss,
But while thus occupied, I wis,
I note the beauty of her face.

Her tiny wrists are lapped in lace,
Which only half conceals their grace,
And with respect I press a kiss
Upon her hand.

Then as my passion grows apace
I have a longing to embrace
This dear delightful Merry Miss,
But she will not permit of this,
Till I a golden circlet place
Upon her hand.

RE-DRESSING THE WRONGS.

(Parliamentary Gossip of a future date.)

["The State legislature of Wisconsin is at the present time engaged upon the consideration of 'a Bill for the Prohibition of Tight-lacing.'"]—*The World.*

It is clear that the Government have no light task before them if they intend to pass even a few of the principal bills included in their programme for the Session. The Small Shoes Amendment Act, for instance, is considered by some members to be far too mild a measure for carrying out a much needed reform. On the other hand, I hear that Lord CHARLES BERNESFORD intends to move its rejection when the bill comes up for second reading. His experience in China leads him to believe that the smallest size of shoe is by no means unbecoming.

The Divided Skirt Act, again, is sure to provoke a great deal of criticism. As at present drafted, it makes the wearing of this form of garment a penal offence.

Very general disappointment is expressed in the Lobbies that the Government has not announced its intention of dealing drastically with Ties. It is contended that the present size of the fashionable tie constitutes a grave national danger. What makes the omission stranger is that, by some technical flaw, ties are held to be excluded from the operation of the "Frills and Fripperies Act" of last Session. A huge demonstration took place at the Albert Hall last night, at which speakers of all shades of political opinion agreed in declaring prompt legislation in the matter to be necessary, and numerous petitions to the same effect are being received from all parts of the country.

As usual, there are a huge number of private bills to be brought in, though their chance of becoming law is remote indeed. Many of them come from those well-meaning faddists who wish Parliament to spend its time in providing a more efficient Army and Navy, and other equally unimportant details. These gentlemen seem incapable of understanding that while so many serious problems of dress-reform remain to be dealt with, it is useless to expect the House of Commons to waste its hours over such a trumpery matter as National Defence.



EASTER RECREATIONS.

Enthusiastic Skipper (to friend). "AH, MY BOY! THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED. IN A SHORT TIME YOU 'LL FEEL YOURSELF A DIFFERENT MAN!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PRODUCTION of a second essay is a critical time for man or woman who has, earlier, burst out of obscurity with a story that set the world a talking. In *A Double Thread* (HUTCHINSON), ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER comes well out of the ordeal. As a story *Isabel Carnaby*, though in plot less elaborately constructed, is perhaps the better. It certainly has more flesh and blood in it. Miss FOWLER's failing, a serious one for a novelist, is occasional inability to individualise all the characters that crowd her pages. She does not so much create men and women as she labels lay figures, and, from an overflowing store, distributes among them smart things to say. The smart things are very good, often in the quickness of their insight, the profundity of their wisdom, the glow of their humour, and the epigrammatic turn of their phrasing, reminiscent of GEORGE ELIOT. The difference is that whilst every one of GEORGE ELIOT's men, women, and children breathe and live and have their distinct being, there are groups of Miss FOWLER's puppets who are mere names. In *A Double Thread* the best characters are two of minor account—*Clutterbuck*, the gardener (a fresh, original study), and the Rector, *Philip Cartwright*. Miss FOWLER would have vastly increased the human interest of her story if, after the desertion of *Miss Harman* by that pragmatical prig, *Captain Le Mesurier*, she had married her to the Rector. To my Baronite's fancy the gem of the novel is the story, exquisitely told in a dozen pages, of how the Rector loved and lived and did not marry. Miss FOWLER has not, as yet, nearly fulfilled the promise of her start. That it was a bold, high flight appears from the circumstance that a study of her second novel suggests comparison with GEORGE ELIOT. *A Double Thread* at least sustains the promise.

In styling his melodramatic story *The Silent House in Pimlico* (JOHN LONG), FERGUS HUME has chosen an attractive title, which is somewhat discounted by its publisher's choice of a cover. Two shadows on a blind, however mysterious in the narrative, only remind us of *Les Ombres Chinoises*, which are still the cause of much merriment. But let not the doubting reader be put off by the shadows, for the substance of the story will be found, by those who revel in crime and its detection, to be most exciting. The trail is crossed again and again, and just as we think we are to

hear the "view halloo!" we are put off the scent and have to start afresh. The construction of the plot is very ingenious, and the hero, a near relation to SHERLOCK HOLMES, distances the professional detective who is generous enough to take up the running just at the point where the amateur breaks down. As a lively bit of sensationalism *pour passer le temps* the Baron can honestly recommend *The Silent House*. THE BARON DE B.-W.

LYRICAL OUTRAGES.

VII.—ALL FOR—MONEY.

O TALK not to me of a name great in story,
A name that is money's the essence of glory;
And a "good thing" producing per cent. five-and-twenty
Is worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns if your clothes are all shabby?
They would be like a peerage conferred on a cabby;
My head scorned them when young, and it scorns them now hoary,
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

O Fame!—if thy smiles ever seemed to me vital,
'Twas less for the sake of high honours or title,
Than to make the Investor disposed to affect us
On the strength of my name in some doubtful prospectus.

Fortune only I've sought, and (no matter how) found her—
Some people have called me "unscrupulous bounder"—
But my bank-book shows all that is bright in my story,
I know it is cash, and I feel it is glory.

WILL "the Guinea Public," as the astute interviewer said to Lady RANDOLPH *à propos* of her *Anglo-Saxon Magazine*, meaning those of the public who have a guinea to spare, keep up the demand for this luxurious light literature? There are always a lot of "guinea-pigs" ready to accept shares and office on every and any direction. But these are guinea-pigs who take, but do not spend, the guinea. We hope there are lots of spare guineas about, and that her ladyship will find her new literary field "ripe with golden grain."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 27.—The Right Hon. JEMMY LOWTHER, M.A., Alderman for the North Riding of Yorkshire, sitting meditative in his corner seat below gangway. First section of Session drawing to close. Easter holidays at hand; wondering where he'll go to church on Good

in glazed white hat, with mauve and orange necktie, white waistcoat, and dust-coat. JESSE COLLINGS, in similar picturesque garb, in attendance, book in hand.

That, of course, optical delusion dissipated by rubbing the eyes. But no mistake about the bet. COURTNEY, grieved beyond control that House should be deprived of opportunity of hearing FAITHFUL BEGG to-morrow night descant on woman's rights, rises in wrath and a buff waistcoat to denounce

purposes of adjourning over Easter, or meeting at usual time to proceed with discussion of motion relating to woman's rights. "I'll back the adjournment."

"What's the odds?" JEMMY shouted, and, jumping up, pulled suspicious-looking book from his breast-pocket.

"Order! Order!" cried the SPEAKER, and the worthy Alderman, recollecting in a moment where he was, secreted the book, and resumed his seat.



MR. BALFOUR'S HOLIDAY NIGHTMARE!

He dreamt he was starting off in a carriage with Mr. C-RUN-Y, Sir J-HN G-RST, and Mr. M-CL-N, all of whom he has invited to spend the holidays with him. The climax was reached when the eagle eye of Sir ELL-S ASHM-D B-RTL-RT detected a vacant seat and he joined the party.

Friday, when his reverie broken in upon by startling sound. Is it? Yes—no. Can it be? It is!

PRINCE ARTHUR standing at table of House of Commons offering a sporting bet! In moment of excitement JEMMY sees h's right hon. friend perched on empty champagne case set in the stricken field, arrayed

PRINCE ARTHUR's infringement of rights of private members. Here's where the sporting offer came in.

"I am quite ready," said PRINCE ARTHUR, "to leave this matter to decision of private members. Government Whips shall not interfere; members go as they please on question of meeting at noon to-morrow for

London Betting.—Westminster and Suburban; 100 to 1 against Woman's Rights running to-morrow night. The price remained on offer.

Tuesday. Business done.—Adjourned for Easter Holidays. S. Y. L., as the American widow engraved on her husband's tomb, meaning, "See you later."

THE GOOD OLD (SUNDAY) TIMES.

["The *Sunday Times*, which, *inter alia*, contains an allusion to *Verdant Green* in *Tom Brown at Oxford*, refers to the past glories of Brasenose, when it bumped its fellow-colleges on the Cherwell."—*Daily Paper*.]

Ye bells of Oxford, mellow chimes,
Most musical ding-dong,
Inspire with melody my rhymes
The while beneath these knotted limes
I muse upon the good old times,
Forgotten—ah, how long!

In fancy's eye, methinks I see
The gallant eight of B.N.C.
Careering up the Char;

Isis they scorn, and like a salmon
They leap the rollers there (no gammon!)
Swift as a shooting star.

Scared like a shoal of startled fry
The men in Parson's Pool do fly,
Dive, vanish, scurry helter-skelter,
Swim, flounder to the bank for shelter
Until the boat is by.
To race on Cherwell is an art
Whereof no longer any knowledge is,
Yet B.N.C. with dauntless heart
And straining sinews forward dart
To bump their fellow-colleges.
O Char, most tortuous of streams,
Where is the daring cox that dreams
To navigate thy course that teems
With weed and stump and dam?

O idle toil! It were less vain
To row a bump-race in a drain,
Or even on the Cam!
Then am I drunk that I should see
These startling feats of B.N.C.?
I think—and doubtless you'll agree—
I rather think I am.
O good old times! O golden days,
The subject of my rhymes!
Mine eyes in wonderment I raise
When I reflect upon your ways,
O good old (Sunday) Times!

LEGAL ENQUIRY.—If I give my landlord a month's notice to expire, on the 10th of the month, shall I make myself liable to a charge of manslaughter?



The Despondent Amorist. "IT'S NO GOOD, OLD MAN. SHE SAYS THAT HER DECISION IS IRREVOCABLE."

The Cheerful Cynic. "THEN CHEER UP, MY BOY. A WOMAN WHO HAS THE AUDACITY TO MAKE SUCH A STATEMENT AS THAT CAN'T POSSIBLY KNOW HER OWN MIND!"

ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS.

THAT I have the artistic temperament, no one, I think, who knows me (and has suffered from my habit of being late for dinner) would for a moment deny. The power of creation, too, is in me, I feel sure, though other pre-occupations and a certain curious dislike to exertion has until now precluded my making my mark.

True, I wrote a poem once—the quaintest Arabesque—mistaken for a parody, and as such printed by some stupid journal, where it had its measure of success. Sometimes I whistle and hum melodies that surprise me by their originality, and that I cannot help thinking, if carefully orchestrated and elaborated, might—who knows?—revolutionise British music. I still keep, framed, a pencil sketch done when a mere boy about seven. The subject is, I think, a windmill, but about this I am not sure. There is no doubt that the signature is my own—CECIL CARINGTON, very clearly written—though there are critics who think it may not be a genuine CARINGTON, but merely a work of the same school done perhaps by one of his masters.

I have myself no very clear opinion on the subject, but if it has any value, that value must reside in the fact that the drawing is unique. If I did it, it is the only one I have ever done in my life. You will see, then, that when a great wave of ambition swept over me and I resolved at any cost to leave my footprints on the sands of time, the one difficulty was—which art to choose.

I decided on literature.

I would make a name, a great name. I would stand side by side with FLAUBERT, shoulder to shoulder with TOURGENIEF, back to back with BALZAC. And at the same time I would do something entirely new in that I would immediately assert myself by appealing at once to the multitude and to the *élite*. I would

fascinate and instruct the populace by the same work of which the handful of great judges would say, "Here we recognise a master-hand." I would combine the depth and wisdom of a MEREDITH with the exquisite style of a STEVENSON, and the strange, popular charm of a CORELLI.

"What a good idea!" my wife said, when I communicated my intention to her. "Will you do it this morning, dear, while I am writing out the invitations for our dinner-party?"

"I will begin. I have my idea for a clear-cut gem of a story. But please write your invitations in another room."

"Oh, no, dear. You mustn't disassociate your wife from your life-work. I should simply love to be in the room while you are writing a great work of genius and earning fame and glory. Besides, I shall want your advice about whom to ask, and any addresses that I may forget."

"I assure you, DOROTHY, it is never done."

"What nonsense, CECIL. What about MILTON? Didn't his daughters help him?"

"Ah, that was quite different. You see, MILTON was blind. And I never heard that they helped him by writing invitations and consulting him while he was writing *Paradise Lost*."

"Well, Mrs. BROWNING, Mrs. CARLYLE, and Lady BYRON, didn't they share in their husbands' pursuits?"

I saw I had to give in, so consented.

I had definitely settled that my story should have an "artistic ending." With the care and elaboration of a true artist, I had, in my mind, polished and re-polished the final phrase. To strike the note, to leave the impression on the reader—that is what one should strive to do. I could not think of anything yet but the *last* sentence; but the rest would come to me. And I wrote down this phrase, the cadence of which should carry my name down through all the ages. "Outside, the sea murmured.—*Finis*."

"CECIL, dear, do the HENDERSONS live at 105, or 106, Cadogan Terrace? We simply must ask them—although I loathe her—because they sent us a horrible wedding-present. Besides, I want her to see my dress from PAQUIN. Besides, they are rather a charming couple in a way. I am sure you would like *him*, because he collects postage-stamps and recites to music in the style of CLIFFORD HARRISON, which makes him rather an acquisition—not that I would allow him to do it in *my* house, would you, dear? Now, would you, dear?"

"Outside, the sea murmured," I repeated to myself, frowning, and lighting a cigarette.

"CECIL, dear, I hope you won't mind my asking ARTHUR CAVENDISH. Of course he bores me because he rather lets one have it about the Popes, and CÆSARS, and the German Emperor, and that sort of thing; but he is awfully cultured and clever, and handsome and *chic*, and a sort of celebrity. And people can go about saying, "Who do you think I met at the CARINGTONS?" ARTHUR CAVENDISH."

"Outside, the sea murmured," I repeated again, taking a turn round the room. I was beginning to lose the thread of my idea. "Outside, the sea—"

"Really, CECIL, I do think you make a mistake, shutting yourself up for such *hours* with your work. It can't be good for the brain to stick to one subject so continuously. I know what it will be. You will be overworked, and have to go out of town in the middle of the season. I've finished now, and I really think you ought to come out for a brisk walk in the Park. Glory and fame and all that are all very well, but I do think it is one's duty not utterly to neglect one's wife and one's home. Not that I am jealous of your art, darling. On the contrary, I should like to spur you on and inspire you. Still, you must remember that you have *some* social obligations. Literature is quite nice at times, my dear, but then you know there is a time for everything."

"Perhaps you are right, dear," I said, laying down my pen. It is curious how exhausting the strain of mental work is. The greatest minds need some relaxation, and I thought that perhaps I should find some inspiration in the rhododendrons.

SO LIKE HIM!—Last Monday Sir CHARLES SCOTTER ("CHARLES his friend," and everybody else's) was the recipient of a testimonial from some thirteen thousand L. & S.-W. employees, subscribing from one penny to one shilling, the maximum fixed, in the form of a portrait of himself, "done in oils," by Mr. H. T. WELLS, "Oil Wells." Let WELLS alone to do a good portrait, and this one had no need to be a "speaking likeness" while the original was present to address the crowded and enthusiastic meeting; but, when alone, the portrait will "speak for itself." With great skill the artist has depicted the L. & S.-W. R. lines, lines of careful thought, on the countenance of the distinguished sitter. Sir CHARLES made a first-class speech, and a tender allusion to the orphanage children, who were among the donors. *Ad multos annos*, Sir CHARLES!



Groom (a collision has just occurred). "MASTER'S SORRY YOUR CART IS BROKE; BUT HE SAYS IT WASN'T HIS FAULT."
Linksr. "No, MISTER TOP'AT, IT WASN'T. IT WAS YOURS FOR LETTIN' 'IM DRIVE!"

THE DANCER.

TRIOLET.

I LOVE to see the dancing girl
 Perform her pretty pirouette,
 So lightly does she twist and twirl.
 I love to see the dancing girl,
 With twinkling feet and arms awhirl,
 A sight not easy to forget,
 I love to see the dancing girl
 Perform her pretty pirouette.

THE MODERN HERO.

NEEDLESS to say whom we refer to—needless to say that the undivided attention of London is at this moment concentrated upon the

SMALL, BUT STURDY FIGURE

of TIMOTHY TIBBITS, the intrepid page-boy, who, on Thursday of last week, conveyed a note from his master in Berkeley Square to a house in the most distant wilds of Olapham

IN LESS THAN THREE HOURS!

No sooner had the news of the errand which TIBBITS was to undertake electrified the town, than fifteen reporters, four photographers, and a representative of a wax-work exhibition, were seen hastening with all possible speed to Berkeley Square. The youthful hero was discovered

IN THE KITCHEN

with an open *Bradshaw* before him, and a peppermint lozenge in his mouth. He looked, perhaps, slightly pale—and who could wonder at this, bearing in mind the stupendous task he had undertaken? But he managed to hide his emotion wonderfully, and even smiled at the questions put to him.

"YES, I SHALL DO IT RIGHT ENOUGH,"

was his marvellous reply to those who enquired whether he really had any hopes of succeeding in his gigantic endeavour. Although only twelve years of age, many an experienced traveller might have envied the celerity and ease with which Master TIBBITS made his preparations for his journey. Wisely he declined to hamper himself by taking any luggage. Indeed, a bag of peppermints in one pocket, and a couple of oranges in the other, constituted

HIS SOLE EQUIPMENT

for the journey. Needless to say, his fellow-servants assisted his preparations with the greatest enthusiasm, and it was with visible emotion that the family butler raised a whistle to his lips and

SUMMONED THE HANSOM

which was to have the honour of conveying TIBBITS for the first stage of his journey. The driver of the vehicle selected proved to be a Mr. JOHN JEHU, of Bermondsey, and we hope to publish an illustrated interview with that gentleman in our next number. Numerous other cabs were quickly obtained for the photographers and reporters, and at 11.27 precisely, amid terrific cheering from the large crowd which had assembled to witness the departure,

THE PROCESSION STARTED.

No noteworthy incident occurred until the Strand was reached. Here there was a delay of some twenty minutes, as TIBBITS' hansom was

BOARDED BY THE EDITOR

of an evening paper, who insisted on learning

the hero's views on Vaccination, the London Government Bill, and the Modern Drama. Moving on again, the perils of Waterloo Bridge were successfully negotiated, and shortly afterwards the procession

DREW UP AT THE STATION.

We reserve for a future number a full account of the scene on the platform, with the

PATHETIC INCIDENTS

of TIBBITS' final leave-taking. When at last the tail-light of the train had disappeared, slowly the assembly dispersed, with many gloomy forebodings of disaster. Some did not hesitate to describe the enterprise as simply foolhardy. But, just one hour later,

FEAR GAVE PLACE TO JOY

when a telegram was received, announcing that the heroic undertaking

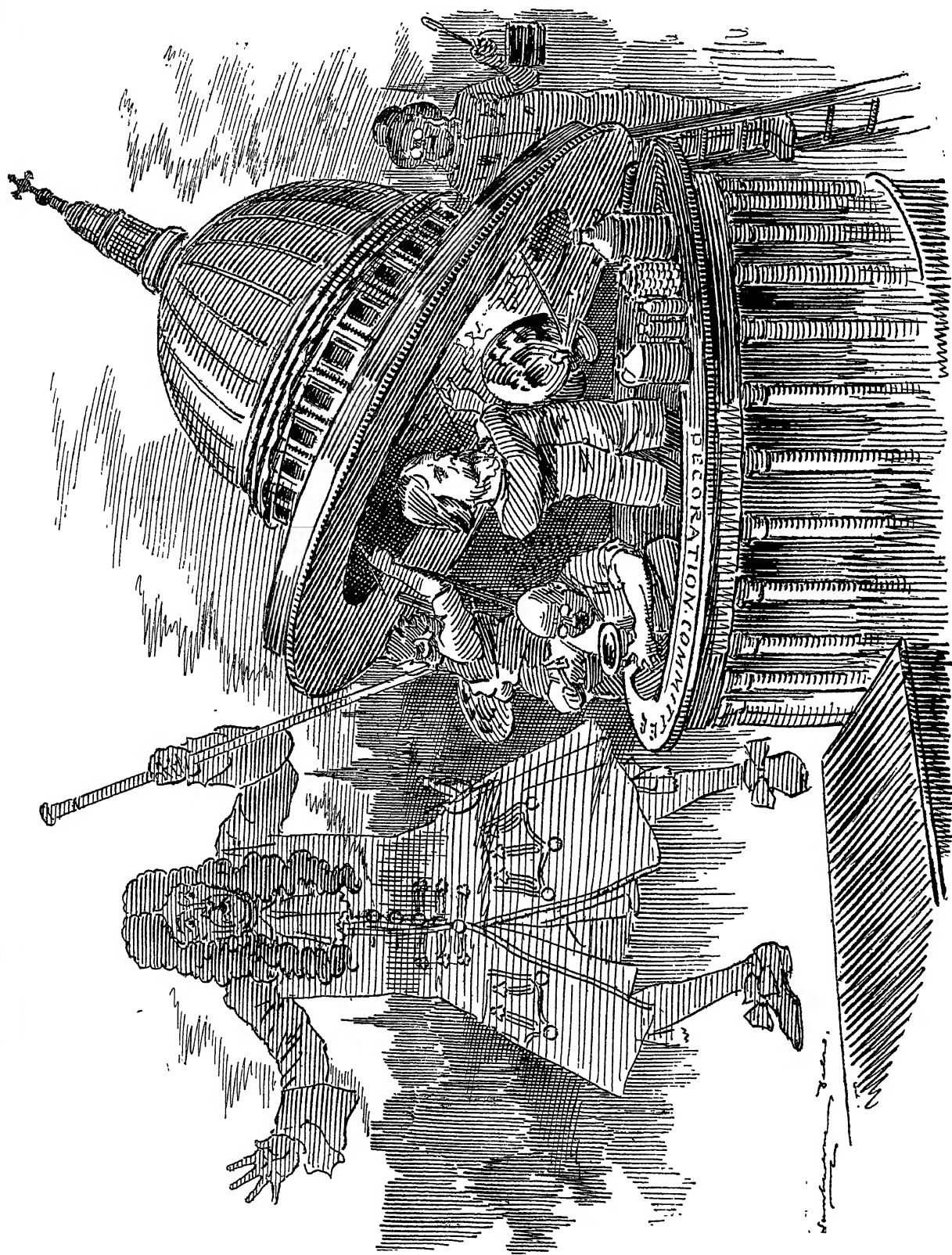
HAD BEEN SAFELY ACCOMPLISHED!

London breathed again. Arrangements were quickly made for an illumination, and in Berkeley Square a

GRAND DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS

fitly expressed the general rejoicing that success had crowned Master TIMOTHY TIBBITS' unrivalled feat of heroism. For a full description of these demonstrations, as well as for a detailed account of the return journey, consult our future issues.

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE!—"Punch in the hands of the house-breakers." So ran a paragraph in one of the evening papers, but it turned out, on further inquiry, to refer to the widening of Fleet Street, and we breathed again.



THE DOOM OF ST. PAUL'S.

Shade of Sir Christopher (objecting to Sir W. R. CHAMBERLAIN'S "improvements"). "Oh, Willie, Willie, how well could we have missed you!"

THE GIRL CADDIE OF GUERNSEY.

[On the Guernsey golf-links girl caddies are employed.]

At Guernsey there is a most beautiful course,

The golfers there do not have laddies,
Instead there 's a curious custom in force
Of only employing girl caddies.

At Guernsey, supposing you ever get
"holed,"

You never fly into a passion,
At once by a charming girl caddie consoled,
You smile in superior fashion.

At Guernsey the caddies are most picturesque

And smart in their bright Tam o' Shanters;
Curmudgeons complain the idea is burlesque,
But nobody heeds these old ranters.

At Guernsey intending to "putt" on the
"links,"

I started one day like a stupid,
But ere I returned with my caddie, methinks
The links had been put on by Cupid.

FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

"Most enterprising of my nephews, I'm sure. Wonder what they will try next?"

DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY,—Weeve startid to write (I meen me and STINKER you know) a Ensycloppeajer not like the times one but one of Rooral Sports well weeve dun the first too subjecks Archry and Bicecling witch I send you inklosed and will fourward you the rest from weak to weak I think ittle be a grate sucksess at all evence weel go round and maik all the littul fellers bye it. If there small enuff (the fellers I meen not the Ensycloppeajer) thers no differculity about maiking them bye it Ile see to that you might remember abowt the sossidges wen you rite we are quite out of them

Your affeckshunt nephew MAX.

Archry.—Archry is rot whats the good of archry wy wile a fellers striking attitewds & fitting an arow to his bow anuther feller could nock him orf his perch a duzzen times with a rifool a chap hear at this school arches with his sissters wen he goes home for the hollidays sily ass Archry consists of a Bow and arow and a Targit you aim at the Targit and miss it and have to go and pick up the arow yorself witch is an orful tag and then you have to wate untill all the uther rotters have had a shott befor you have a turn again no give me Cockshys at an empty Bottel say I.

Bicecling.—This is better tho the one Ive got only a Bone-Shaker but still as I have to shair it with STINKER its quite good enuff fancy the littul ass fell orf it on his hed and twissted the weel out of shaip I dunno if he hert himself I never arsked him he is a rotter he enoide me so yestiddy I had to slog him well now about Bicecling its a nobel sport tho not anshent like the o'limpyun gains the romans playd in Greace &c. and now they have indiaruber tires that you blow out only not with your mouth but a pump you know If you go to bye a bike they say price 28 lbs on the list but theyll talk about ½ or less praps they reelly are beasely cheets youde better get a Spider bike SMITH major ses they are the best.

P.S. Ive ject herd that SMITH majors the son of old SMITH—well of course hes the son of old SMITH I don't meen that at least I do meen that but I meen that hes the son of old SMITH whos intrested in the sail of Spiders so bewear of his I meen SMITH majors reckermendashon see?



Tail MA/99.

Scrimble. "SO SORRY I'VE NONE OF MY WORK TO SHOW YOU. FACT IS, I'VE JUST SENT ALL MY PICTURES TO THE ACADEMY."

Mrs. Macmillions. "WHAT A PITY! I DID SO MUCH WANT TO SEE THEM. HOW SOON DO YOU EXPECT THEM BACK?"

SOME SUBJECTS FOR TAXATION

In order to meet the Existing Deficit.

ADVERTISEMENTS of any kind of Pill, of whatever size, colour, value or efficacy.

Pictures in newspapers of Babies who have thriven on So-and-So's Germ-pap.

Nursemaids who propel Perambulators along crowded pavements, instead of airing their charges in some retired part of the Park.

Ladies who stop omnibuses two seconds after the horses have started, especially up an incline.

Individuals who must needs go out and have a drink between each Act of a play, in order to disturb and tread on the toes of as many people as possible in a theatre.

Society persons, anxious to advertise themselves, who worry artistes into giving

gratuitous services in aid of some totally superfluous and undeserving object.

People who relate the story about the man who put spinach on his hair at dinner.

Parties, male and female, who can afford to insert absurd pieces of poetry in the agony columns of the Times.

Weather-prophets, palmists, astrologers and other practitioners on human credulity. Flat-earthites, Baconians, Anglo-Israelites, and similar cranks who are devoid of humour.

Football-maniacs whose only idea of sport is to hustle or lynch the referee.

Fashionables of restricted intellect who would die rather than not wear the latest hideous shape of turn-down collar, or the *dernier cri* in ties.

Persons who don't take in Punch. And finally, wearers of Matinée Hats.



QUERY.

"MUMMY, WHY HAVEN'T YOU GOT FEVERS ON YOUR MOUF, LIKE DADDY?"

FOREWARNED; FOREARMED!

Or, The New Art of Self-Defence.

It was in the dead of night, and I awoke to hear stealthy movements below, and to smell the fragrance of an excellent cigar—one of my own. I instantly realised that there was a burglar in the house, and remembered that I was the only male inmate, but it never occurred to me for a moment to lock my door and hide under the bed-clothes. On the contrary, I welcomed an encounter in which I knew that all the odds would be on *my* side. So, just as I was, in my pyjamas, without a poker or anything, I slipped down to my study (where the smell of cigars seemed to come from), and walked in. There was the burglar, just mixing himself a second whisky and soda. He was rather a bigger burglar than I had expected—but that was immaterial to me. A selection from my plate-basket lay ready for packing on the table by his side.

"I fear," I began, with withering sarcasm, "I am interrupting you?"

"If I was you," he replied, with perfect composure, "I should be more afeared o' ketching cold in them things."

"Never mind that," I replied. "I come for a purpose. I think it is only fair to warn you at once that you are practically a lost man."

"None o' that, guv'nor!" he said, and sprang to his feet. "No whistling fur no cops, or else—!"

"I shall not summon any police," I said, with a quiet consciousness of power. "I shall deal with you single-handed!"

"Will yer, now?" he replied, looking me up and down. "Lor! fancy that!"

"You are probably thinking," I said, divining his thoughts at once, "that I don't appear a very formidable antagonist?"

"Well," he said, "yer don't look no bloomin' SANDOW, and that's a fact. Still, yer *may* be a reglar little lion, like, when yer rovs'd. Or agin, yer mayn't. There's no tellin'!"

"Before we put it to the test," said I, "I feel bound to mention that I am the master of a new system of self-defence which places

you entirely at my mercy. You may spare yourself considerable pain, and even a broken bone or two (for I shall not hesitate to go to any extremes) if you yield at once."

"Let's see what you can do fust," he said.

"You shall," I replied. "I will begin by showing you a method of conducting 'an undesirable person' (for I must say I consider you a *most* undesirable person) out of a room. I shall take you into the drawing-room, where we shall have more room for experiments."

With these words, I suddenly seized him, to his unfeigned surprise, by the left wrist with my left hand, and pulled him towards me; then, turning sharply on my heels, I locked his arm in mine by a simple but effective manœuvre, and marched him, unresisting, into the passage. "You see," I remarked, pleasantly (for there was no use in losing my temper with the poor devil), "I'm putting a strain on your joints which they are, anatomically and mechanically, unable to resist. If you struggled, I could easily break your elbow."

"I thought you was goin' to take me into the droring-room?" was all he said. "Upstairs *we're* goin'."

I had already noticed it. "The *principle's* the same," I said. "You've had to leave the room, anyhow."

"Right," he said, "but we don't want to go wakin' up people with these 'ere parlour games o' yourn. Let's go back, eh?"

And somehow, whether by the unconscious influence of my will or from other causes, I did find myself back in the study shortly afterwards. "I think I forgot one of the directions," I said. "I altered the position of my legs—I ought not to have done that."

"Ah," he said, "I thought yer left *sumthink* out. D'yer know any *more* little tricks like that?"

I remembered a rather neat way of "overthrowing an assailant who attempts to strike you in the face." "Yes," I said, "just try to hit me in the face—don't be afraid."

"I don't want to *urt* yer," he said.

"Do as I tell you," I said, imperiously. He struck out—not a very formidable blow—and I guarded with my left, so as to receive the blow on my forearm (which I did, quite correctly).

"Now observe what follows," I said, smiling. "I slip my hand, with a quick, clean movement, up your arm, grasp you by the wrist, and—"

"And *what?*" he asked.

I was obliged to admit that perhaps I had not made sufficiently sure to "grasp my adversary at the first attempt." "However," I added, "you see the general idea of the thing." He said he saw that, and thought it first-rate. "Now," said I, "I'll show you another little dodge. Just catch me from behind and pinion my arms."

"Like this 'ere?" he said. He was holding me rather too tight, but I said it would do very well.

"I'll tell you exactly what I propose to do," I explained. "I shall bend my knees first, which will cause your hold to slip over my shoulders. I shall next free my arms, a movement which, according to my instructions, I shall probably have no difficulty in executing, drop on my right knee, pull you over my shoulder, and deposit you on the ground before me with a heavy thud—Now!"

There *was* a heavy thud—but *he* didn't make it. I don't know when I have been more surprised.

"It's very singular," I could not help saying, "but by all the rules, I ought to be on top of *you*!"

"Ah," he said, philosophically, as he sat on my chest, "things will 'appen rum sometimes. Like to try it agin?"

"No, not that one," said I; "but there's rather a pretty trick I could teach you, if you'll let me get up."

"Allays willing to learn, guv'nor," said the Burglar, and assisted me to rise.

"Turn your back to me," I told him, "and let me seize you by the collar. You will find that, without any exertion of strength on my part, I can throw you. I'll tell you *how* I do it afterwards."

He obeyed, and I placed one foot just behind his knee, and pressed and pulled simultaneously, which *should* have deposited him instantly on his back. But either I pressed harder than I pulled, or pulled harder than I pressed—all I know is that I presently found myself turning some kind of somersault over his head.

"You fell very clever that time," said the Burglar, gravely. A coarser nature might have been tempted to smile; but, criminal as he was, the man was not without natural good-breeding. "Ow d'yer manage to do it without 'urting yourself?"

As a matter of fact I had not managed to do so. I doubt if it would have been possible; but I said carelessly that it was just a knack. "But that's nothing," I added. "I must show you one more dodge: you lie down on the floor and let me get hold of your foot, and see what happens."

What *ought* to have happened was that I should, by twisting his foot, have turned him over on his face, then held him behind the knee, and exerted leverage so as to force his foot backwards—which would have rendered him utterly powerless. What actually *did* happen was that he kicked me rather severely in the stomach.

"Why, you ain't *done?*" said the Burglar, "Lord! I'm just beginnin' to enjoy myself, I am!"

But I was getting a little discouraged. "No," I said, "we won't play any more, I think. To tell you the truth, I've been rather taken in by some articles in one of the magazines by a man called BARTON-WRIGHT. He calls his precious art of self-defence 'Bartitsu'—I call it confounded rot!"

"It ain't rot," said the Burglar, "it's all right enough, that is!"

"It *can't* be," I said, "if it had been, you wouldn't have had a chance against me!"

"You done very well for a beginner," he said, kindly, "and you're game enough. But, yer see, I've bin readin' up them rules too, and practisin' of them wiv a pal, so it's no bloomin' wonder—"

I wrung his hand warmly—I couldn't help it, so touched was I by the chivalrous delicacy with which he at once restored my self-respect and my belief in Mr. BARTON-WRIGHT.

"Thank you," I said, "you're a good fellow for telling me. I could *not* understand why I wasn't more successful!"

"Don't you fret, guv'nor!" he said. "If ever I see a morril vict'ry in this world, it was you won it. And now I won't keep you up no longer. Don't come to the door in them pijammers. I can let *myself* out."

I was so pleased with the honest fellow that I actually reminded him he was forgetting the plate, and he was so pleased with *me* that he positively declined to carry off anything but a spoon and fork as a *souvenir*.

It is true he chose the only two which had a hall-mark; but I do not grudge them to him. For now I *know* that I really can rely on Mr. BARTON-WRIGHT's system in any emergencies of this kind. And that, to a man like myself, of small stature and no particular *physique*, is such an inexpressible comfort.



HIGH PRINCIPLES.

Raphael Green (*proudly clasping his epoch-making work, "The Rescue of Andromeda," to Driver*). "DRIVE TO BURLINGTON HOUSE, PLEASE." Ultra-modest Caddy. "No, SIR, I REALLY COULDN'T DO IT. WHAT WOULD MY FRIENDS SAY IF THEY WAS TO SEE ME DRIVIN' THAT DOWN PICCADILLY?"

BORES.

(By One of Them.)

THERE are various kinds of bores; there is, for instance, the wild boar, and the tame bore, and it is the latter who drives you wild.

The hide of the wild boar is covered with short, strong bristles, which can turn the point of a spear; the hide of the tame bore is, however, absolutely impenetrable. Wild boars have long ceased to roam about in this country, although a number of them are preserved in an enclosure in Windsor Forest; tame bores are still to be found in great numbers roaming about quite freely, and many of them are very well preserved.

Except when disturbed in his haunts, the wild boar does not, as a rule, attack human beings; the tame bore, on the other hand, seeks out his victims and runs them down even when they are most anxious to avoid him.

Years ago, in the mansions of the mighty, one of the chief dishes at Christmas time was Boar's Head, which was carried in state into the dining-hall, accompanied by musicians and mummers, and set upon the table with much pomp and ceremony; but even to this day at some fashionable dinner parties a bore's head is occasionally seen at the table.

In conclusion, I should like to point out with pardonable pride that I have successfully resisted the temptation to allude to the boas of feathers or furs worn by ladies; and I have not even so much as hinted at the boa-constrictor.

OUR OLD FRIEND AGAIN!—During the recent contest in the Harrow Division of Middlesex, Mr. LEWIN COX was cheered by a telegram from Mr. BALFOUR. So Ballot Box and Competitor Cox ought to have been satisfied.

GLAD TO HEAR IT.—That the report as to the illness of the AMEER was a mere report.



Village Gossip. "DID YE 'EAR AS OWD SALLY SERGEANT'S DEAD? 'ER WHAT'S BIN PEW-OPENER UP TO WICKLEHAM CHURCH NIGH ON FIFTY YEAR." *The Village Atheist (solemnly).* "AH! SEE WHAT COMES O' PEW-OPENIN'!"

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

(Muscular Women Series.)

[Dr. ARABELLA KENBLY in *The Nineteenth Century* calls attention to the demoralising effect of athletics upon women. Her friend, "CLARA," used to be elusive; she is now muscular. The signs of the times seem to call for a remodelling of the old poetry on the lines of later developments.]

I.—LUCY GRAY.

(New Style.)

WELL I remember LUCY GRAY
In skirt of two-some cut,
For on the links one Medal day
I boshed her winning put.
And often through an oversight,
When she was still alive,
My head delayed her pellet's flight
And spoilt a spanking drive.
Hard by a sporting course she kept,
All sandy from the sea;
No keener artist ever stepped
Upon a human tee.
You still may hear strong-men at play
Blaspheming on the green,
But I regret that LUCY GRAY
Will never more be seen.
"My child, your tastes are very low!
They hurt your mother's heart;
O take your sampler up and sew,
Or bake a little tart!"

"That, mother, I will never do!
Last night I lay and dreamt
I'd do 'The Pit,' to-day in two,
Or die in the attempt."

The mother gave her child the look
Which Lucy could not stand;
At once she said "Ta-ta!" and took
Her weapons in her hand.

Blithe as the young opossum flits,
With many a sturdy hack
She cut the living turf in bits,
And failed to put it back.

A blizzard blew at 4.15,
The sky was black as coal;
Her ball was on the eighteenth green,
But never in the hole.

Her loving parents, when they found
She came not home to tea,
Sought for her round the solid ground,
And slightly out to sea.

The wind blew landward, rude and raw;
'Twas time to be in bed,
When on the eighteenth tee they saw
Poor LUCY's bulger's head.

"A fozzled drive!" the father cried;
"Pray heaven she did not swear!"
But close at hand the mother spied
Great hunks of LUCY's hair.

Then, by the bull's-eye lantern's glow,
Advancing from the tee

They found the shaft that lay as though
Snapped clean across the knee.

They moved towards the bunker's edge
That blocked the eighteenth hole;
And there they marked below the ledge
Signs of a hob-nailed sole!

Across "The Pit" they pounded hard
On these abnormal prints;
While niblick-furrows, every yard,
Provided further hints.

And now in drift and driving sleet
They lost, with many a groan,
The speaking trace of LUCY's feet,
And scarce could lift their own.

At last when both had long gone lame
And fairly spent their force,
Up to the eyes in sand they came
On LUCY's bunkered corse!

They found her ball, at rise of sun,
Dead, too,—against the hole;
It was the final shot but one
Had freed the panting soul!

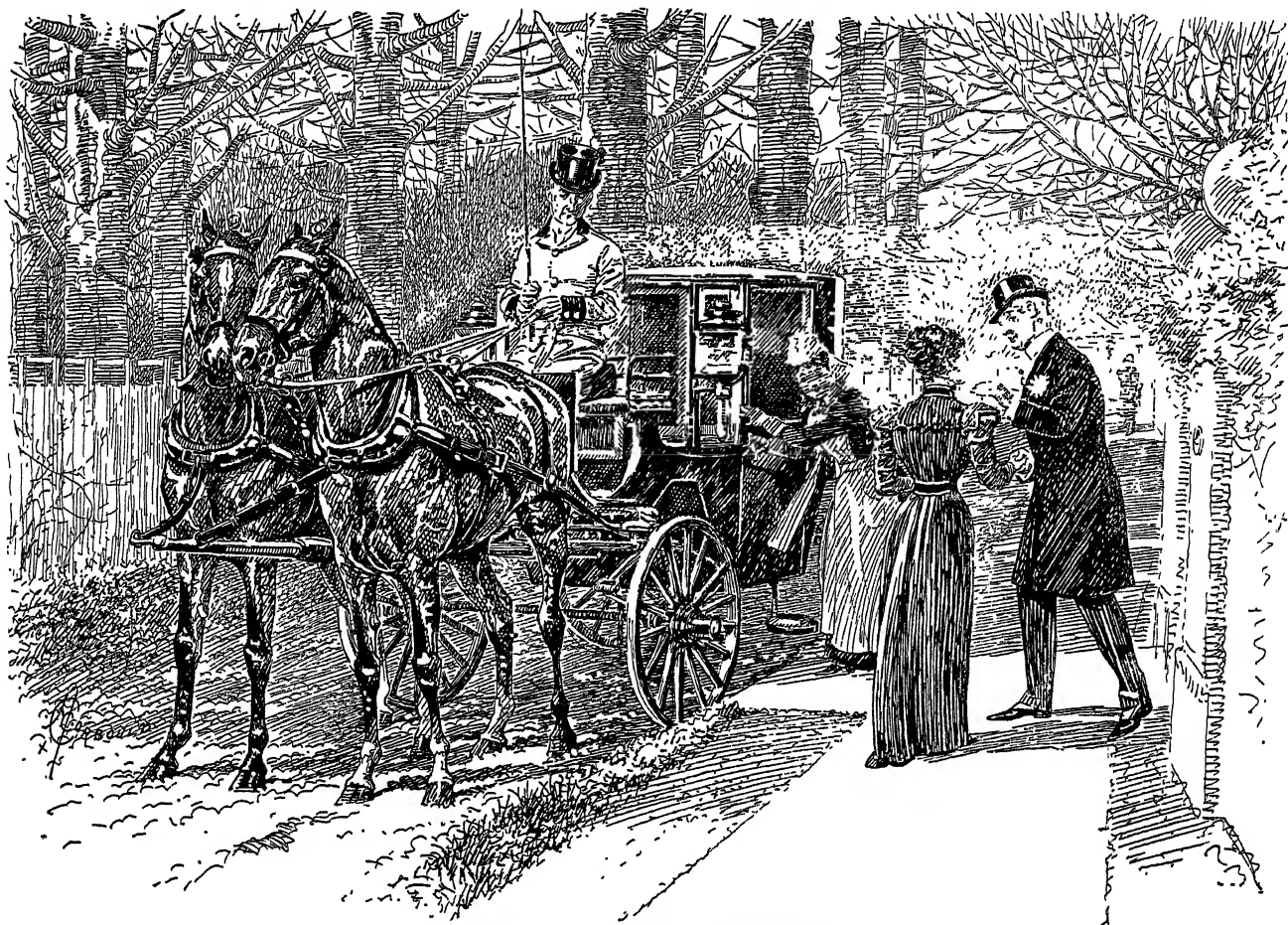
Yet have I known of some who swore
The child might yet be seen;
They still could hear her thundering "Fore!"
Shatter the eighteenth green.

Then such have taken wings and fled,
Nor ever looked behind;
Fearing to see her bulger-head
Come whistling down the wind.



“JOHN’S COMFORTER!”

JOHN BUTL. “WHAT! I’M IN FOR ALL THIS DEFICIT! WHAT’S TO BECOME OF ME IN MY OLD AGE?
SIR M-CO-L. H-CES-B-CO. “WELL—WHEN YOU’RE OVER SIXTY-FIVE, P’RAPS MY FRIEND, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, WILL SEE HIS WAY TO ALLOW
YOU FIVE SHILLINGS A WEEK!”



"SUCH A HAPPY REMARK!"

Wife of Patient. "I'M SO SORRY, DOCTOR, TO BRING YOU ALL THE WAY TO HAMPSTEAD TO SEE MY HUSBAND."

Doctor (from Mayfair). "PRAY DON'T MENTION IT, MY DEAR MADAM. I HAVE ANOTHER PATIENT IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD, SO I'M KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!"

LADY HARBERTON AND THE LANDLADY.

"WILL you walk into my parlour?"
Said the hostess, with a grin.

"You can't lunch in the coffee-room,
I will not let you in.

The people in the coffee-room
Would be quite sure to stare,
Not on account of what you are,
You know, but *what you wear!*"

But the lady in the bloomers
Was as angry as could be.
And she answered, "Your bar-parlour
Is no fit place for me.
Of the C.T.C. I'm member,
And I have cycled far,
I insist on having luncheon,
But not inside the bar."

"You can have a room that's private,"
Said the hostess, "if you pay
A little extra for it, though
I wish you'd go away."
But that little extra payment
By the cyclist was declined,
And she had no change of raiment,
So she left and *changed her mind!*

FOUND IN THEIR EASTER EGGS.

France.—Measurable distance of the conclusion of the Dreyfus case.

Russia.—Date for the first meeting of the Peace Conference.

United States.—Renewed chance of a settlement with the Mother Country on the re-assembling of the Arbitration Committee.

Germany.—Adoption of the suggestions of the Right Hon. CECIL RHODES anent the route from the Cape to Cairo.

Austria.—Solution of pending questions between the Empire and the Kingdom thanks to the wisdom of the reigning sovereign.

Italy.—Enough—as good as a land feast—in China.

Spain.—End of responsibility for the doings of rebels beyond the seas.

Great Britain.—Order of the day justified by the situation under the shadow of the Union Jack. "All's well—everywhere."

"THE SWALLOWS HAVE COME BACK."

AN IDYLL OF THE HOLIDAYS.

(By the Father of a Family. Dedicated to his Better Half.)

THE trees are breaking into green,
The flowers are peeping forth,
And sometime-sunshine may be seen
Twixt snow-gusts from the North.
The lambs are thick upon the hills,
With beeves the vales are black,
And all the JACKS are courting JILLS—
The swallows have come back!

Since Christmas time had passed away,
How happy we have been;

Our little household knew our sway,
I King, and you the Queen.
But now I tremble at the thought
Of rebels' fierce attack,
For piles of victuals must be bought—
Our swallows have come back!

We are content with humble fare,
The little for the few,
A steak or chop, a fowl or hare,
Or e'en an Irish stew.
But simple, humble appetites
Our progeny all lack:
They crave for giant sups and bites—
The swallows have come back!

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.

THE two weary African travellers approached one another from different points of the compass. They neither had the faintest notion where they were.

"Bon jaw, jer swee encharntay de voo vwar," said the first.

"Ow do you do, Sare?" was the reply.

"Voo parlay Onglais see bang que jer swee sure voos ait Frongsay."

"You speak the French so much good, you are English, Mister."

And both were right! Then they sat down and complimented one another upon the great advantage they had derived from coming to an understanding about the Hinterland.



A POSER.

Uncle George. "NEARLY TOP OF YOUR FORM, EH! WELL, NOW, CAN YOU TELL ME—H'M—THE LATIN FOR—H'M—POTATOE?"

EASTER IN PARIS AND AFTER.

(By our Travelling Impressionist.)

TREES in full leaf. Suggestions still in evidence of the *mi-carême*. Confetti here, there, and everywhere. Remnants of coloured paper, ribands on the branches, and discs on the earth showing through the circular iron gratings. Churches full of ladies wearing feathers and artificial flowers. The latest mode, a stand-up fur collar and a plain skirt on the trail.

The cabs as usual. Horses in Paris seemingly trained in colthood to run down the incautious pedestrian passing from shelter to shelter in the more frequented thoroughfares. Police officer with white truncheon attempting with more or less success to control the traffic. Foreign cabby quietly defiant. Golden rule—when in doubt run down an Englishman. Kiosks with *affiches* of the doings at the theatres. Novelties at

the Palais Royal and elsewhere. COQUELIN great as *Napoleon*, and the piece pathetic at the Vaudeville. And at the Varieties, once sacred to OFFENBACH and HORTENSE SCHNEIDER, an utterly impossible play from a London point of view, written by an Academician. Grand opera at the little house in which were first heard the chimes of *Les Cloches de Corneville*. For the rest in great demand that popular reproduction, *Relâche*, and vacation.

On either side the Seine the coming Exhibition. Two men and a boy at work building. The old Palais de l'Industrie coming down and giving place to a stone erection waiting for a dome calculated to excite the envy of the Chapter of St. Paul's or possibly of St. Peter's. "Old Paris" fast appearing on the "river right" with time-worn walls of lath and plaster. Most of the Quartier between the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré and the Invalides enclosed

ready for the invasion—next year—of franc payers of every civilised nationality and politics. All to be surrendered until the Exposition is over. Fashoda, Algeria, what you will to be ceded to Perfidious Albion, rather than risk a complication. Even the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde, neglected like a tomb at Père-la-Chaise, sinking into forgetfulness. England and Germany can wait until the commencement of the twentieth century.

And the people. Exceedingly polite to the strangers, who are not strangers to the hotel-keepers. Salutes to JOHN BULL, who is allowed to appear without projecting teeth and long red whiskers. Resigned civility to the speakers of the German tongue; cooling cordiality to the Russians. For the remainder of the human race, obliging toleration.

And the hotels. Thronged with *habitués*. The order of the day, "Pleased to see you, and hope you will come again next year." Even coupons popular. No rows, no *réclamations*.

In a word, Paris on her best behaviour.

And how about the after? Those who know the place best say the gay city exists only for the present. Paris never has an after!

DISCRETION.

["A young lady of Philadelphia was awarded damages against FREDERICK FARROW. It appears that when he was introduced to her, he squeezed her hand so hard that he broke one of the bones, and rendered the hand useless, necrosis setting in." *Westminster Gazette*.]

PHYLLIS dear, though you I see

Filled with rapture at the meeting,
Science indicates to me

Perils in our every greeting.

Should I venture on your lips

Snatching half-forbidden blisses,
Microbes clutch with ghastly grips,
Lurking in your sweetest kisses.

If your little hand I hold,
(Fearful of tuberculosis.)

Squeezes threaten—now we're told—
If too vigorous, necrosis.

Musing thus, I call to mind,

(Till at length I grow disdainful,)
Microbes sometimes may prove kind—
Broken bones are always painful.

Then the handshake, rough and rude,

PHYLLIS, prudently dismissing,

We are driven to conclude
That the safer plan is—kissing.

SOMETHING ON HAND.—A glove.



Shade of Robespierre. "Well, I am just a little curious, Sir Henry, to know how you're going to represent my nose."



SOMETHING OF THIS SORT, WE PRESUME.

["The Parks Committee of the L.C.C., in giving permission for bathing in the lake at Parliament Hill, recommends that the bathers should wear 'University Costume.' . . . This recommendation has (not unnaturally) been referred back to the Committee for explanations."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

AN obvious, though not necessarily fatal, defect in *The Kingdom of Hate* (HUTCHINSON) is that, in plot and treatment, it persistently recalls the *Prisoner of Zenda*. If Mr. TOM GALLON had been first in this picturesque field, Mr. ANTHONY HOPE would have had to take to writing *Tatterley*. My Baronite is inclined to think that as the domain is so distinctly marked, a writer of such rich resources, such marked originality, would have been wise to avoid it. Since Mr. GALLON thought otherwise, and has plunged in, it must be said he acquits himself admirably. The book is full of life, flashing forth in all kinds of unexpected guises and quarters. *Bernard Aubanel* is a sort of Three Musketeers rolled into one. He has a delightful Squire in *Jimmy Witherby*, the Princess is charming, and the Count leaves nothing to be desired in the way of villainy. It is well to begin the story whilst the nights are still long, for it is hard to put it down before being galloped breathlessly to the end.

Messrs. GAY & BIRD have had a happy thought in starting their library of Biblots with a new edition of COLERIDGE's *Table Talk*. It makes a dainty little volume that will snugly rest in the pocket, and come forth the companion of chance spare moments. Mr. POTTER BRISCOE has admirably compiled the book on the principle of selecting the material most likely to interest the general reader. The talk is divided under various heads, an index completing convenience. Dr. DIBDEN admirably records of COLERIDGE, that on an occasion when he was privileged to be in his company, "he spoke for nearly two hours with unhesitating and uninterrupted fluency." That, in itself, is nothing. Mr. CALDWELL, with or without an audience in the House of Commons, could "do it on 'is 'ead."

The Confounding of Camelia (HEINEMANN) is a confoundedly bad title, which repels. Nor are the opening chapters of the story persuasive. My Baronite confesses that after struggling through them, he was disposed to lay the book aside with a weary sigh. Being a conscientious person, on his oath to truly try the case, he went on to what he anticipated would be the bitter end and found it very good. Miss SEDGWICK happily describes the purport of her story, when she writes of a dusty little moth beating dying wings near the ground, its eyes fixed on the exquisite butterfly tilting its white loveliness in the sunshine. The moth is *Cousin Mary*, a plain-looking dependant; the butterfly is the well-born, beautiful, rich *Camelia*. It is the moth, suddenly transformed by the passion of love, that makes the tragedy. The scenes between *Mary* and her flighty cousin when the wounded moth is fluttering nearer the ground, are dramatically conceived and powerfully written. The difficulty is to understand the fatal fascination the awkwardly named *Perior* has for marriageable young women. To mere man, he is a self-conscious prig, with a tendency to make his

conversation soothing by repeatedly assuring a lady she is a liar. Obviously he is a woman's man, an inscrutable being evolved out of woman's inner consciousness.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



IF WE WERE FRENCH.

SCENE—A secluded Spot in Darkest Tooting.

THIS IS MERELY A LITTLE BUSINESS INTERVIEW ON WAR OFFICE MATTERS BETWEEN VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.P., & CO., AND GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD.



Tom (our Doctor's son). "I WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH CAPTAIN SMILER IF I WERE YOU, ELLA."

Miss Ella. "TOM! WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU MEAN?"

Tom. "WELL, HE'S NOT SAFE! I HEARD DAD SAY HIS VERY LAUGH WAS INFECTIOUS!"

R. I., PICCADILLY.

"Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours."

'Tis a long title. Were only the initials used of "Royal Institute Painters," it figures out lugubriously as "R. I. P." Now, "*Requiescat in Pace*" is not, and never can be, the motto of a going concern, unless it be a going-to-decay concern, which is quite another matter, and is not in the least applicable to the Royal Institute, which is as fresh as paint and doing uncommonly well, as, of course, must be the case with any Artistic Society that has the good fortune to secure as a member of its Council, Sir JOHN TENNIEL, R.P.A.

Now, we should like so much to give the P.I. a lift. Only we do not see why, as a rich association, the members should not give the public a lift, and then the public would not fatigue itself by walking up that tiring flight of steps leading to the galleries above. That is the sort of "lift" the P.I. wants. How many are there, who, saying, "Blowed if I go up those stairs!" would willingly mount by "the lift," even if there were charged for the luxury the ridiculously small sum of one halfpenny! Let the Council consider it. Who are its members? Let us refer to the list. Let the "AUMONIER" prepare his savings-box for the mounting receipts. The lift will, of course, be "for passengers only," and therefore "BALE" may not see any advantage to himself personally. Mr. PLUM BUNDY will welcome it, if he be not a Hot Cross BUNDY; while Mr. FAHEY (E. H.) will be willing to spare himself any Fahey-tigue. Any one rejoicing in the delightful name of FULLEYLOVE, will, of course, be in raptures with the idea: he'll fully love it. What has ever been uttered by JOHNSON on the subject some BOSWELL will inform us. He who bears the dramatically honoured name of SHERIDAN KNOWLES will certainly vote for doing it; *Acta non verba* must be his motto. WILLIAM RAINEY will approve of the halfpenny charge as putting by for a Rainy

Day. It only remains for the Vice-President to take heart of grace; to weep and *Wimper* is useless. Then let the Treasurer KING take a right regal view of the ways and means at command, and let the President show himself as GREGORY the Great, for it only requires his Presidential assent, and up goes the "*ascenseur*." Finally, there is not a water-colour picture but is improved by a "mount"; therefore a collection of them ought to have a "lift."

However, it is a show well worth the climb. Pause filially before the work of DADD, FRANK DADD (18), a grand-DADD! Refresh yourself with RICHARDSON'S "*Early Summer*" (23). Read your *Vicar of Wakefield*, and discover if Mr. DOLLMAN is quite correct in his good picture of "*Moses at the Fair*." Wonder wistfully at the mist-erious maid, who is idling in SAINTON'S "*The Idyll*" (50). Admire MOTTRAM'S Cornish landscape (57), and make up your mind to take a holiday in the neighbourhood. If you love the sea, rejoice in the Ramsgate boats (78); and then, if you have the ready coin, offer the price marked in guineas, and in exchange you'll get a Halfpenny, a real J. C. HALFPENNY for it (80). Linger in "*A Surrey Lane*," by MARKS (107). Examine the perspective gilt frame in which the honorary member, Count SECKENDORF, enshrines his "*Venice*" (153). Look in at the "*Kashmir Gate*" of WILLIAM SIMPSON. Notice (292) the bloom that is on the Rye Marshes of GREEN, R.I. (why not the "R.I." Marshes?); stand under your umbrella for a good view of "*Young Holland*" (305), because it's RAINY; and in EDWARD GREGORY'S circular picture in golden frame, acknowledge the type of a "good all round" artist. The "go" in CHANTREY CORBOULD'S work, representing a horse career-ing away and singing to himself "*The Gurl I left behind me*," is excellent. No wonder she fell off that wonderful horse, whose owner has evidently tried to match his colour by providing him with saddle and uncommonly stiff reins to match.

We regret that neither space nor time will permit us to mention many notable works, but the visitor will be able to pass a couple of hours there with pleasure and profit. On no account must he miss the Miniatures, from which to select would be invidious. Ascend to the Gallery of the R.I. and enjoy yourself.

TWO OR THREE NAPOLEONS.

ON the same day that the *Daily Telegraph* recorded the extraordinary success of M. COQUELIN at the Porte St. Martin as *Napoleon*, there appeared also, in the same paper, an interesting article on CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS, an actress once well-known to theatrical fame as "a ROBSON in petticoats"; to appreciate which simile, it is evidently necessary to have seen that wonderful little comedian, or to be well informed as to the peculiarities of "little ROBSON," who was as moving in pathos as he was irresistible in burlesque and farce. The article above alluded to omitted one of the greatest hits that CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS ever made; and the announcement of COQUELIN'S triumph in "making up" his nose—or rather in making it down, arching the boney part of his nose, and depressing its retroussiveness,—must have recalled to not a few elderly play-goers how CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS took the house by storm, when, as *Claude Melnotte* disguised, she threw off the cloak and stood before the astonished audience the very "spit" of the Great NAPOLEON himself, who, by the way, must have been just about the height of CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS. Thus, physically, for she was a broad and sturdy figure, this comic actress was far better suited by nature to represent "*The Corsican*" than are either COQUELIN or IRVING, with the latter of whom the impersonation was an extraordinary *tour de force*, as a good deal of allowance had to be made, by even his most enthusiastic admirers, for the difficulties with which Sir HENRY had to contend.

But CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS as *Napoleon Bonaparte* was marvellous! And "little CLARKE" as *Beau-séant*, suddenly transformed into LOUIS NAPOLEON, confronting her, and exclaiming, "Oh, my prophetic soul! My uncle!" gave us one of the wittiest surprises, one of the very funniest, most laughable situations that was ever conceived and put on to the stage by its author, HENRY J. BYRON. For how many hundred nights did she "go Nap." with undiminished success! It is worth while for Mr. *Punch* to make this record, and present it with his compliments, as a supplement, to the writer of that excellent article in the *D. T.* on Wednesday last.

ELECTION NOTE.—Major STUART WORTLEY commanded "The Friendlies" in the Sudan. If in the general election he can command the friendlies in his selected division of Yorkshire as well as he did those in the Sudan, his chances of success will not be inconsiderable.

IN TROUBLED CHINESE WATERS.—Why does Italy want to have a nice little place all to herself in Sammun Bay? Simply to get some good Sammun fishing? That's all.



NEEDLESSLY POINTED.

Sympathetic Friend. "WELL, MY DEAR, I'M SURE YOUR MOTHER WILL MISS YOU SADLY AFTER YOUR HAVING BEEN WITH HER SO LONG!"

FROM A PROFESSIONAL DIARY.

(*Vide recent correspondence in the "Daily Mail."*)

Monday.—Have promised to sing to-night at Lady GOODWORK'S *soirée musicale* in aid of the Decrepit Dustmen's Fund. Delighted to assist, of course—but shouldn't mind receiving a small *honorarium* for my services. Hint the same delicately to Lady G. Strange to say, she becomes quite indignant, and says that apparently I didn't understand that her concert is on behalf of a charity. She adds that to appear under such distinguished patronage will be a splendid advertisement for me. Hope so, I'm sure—but it won't help to pay my butcher's bill. But, as Lady G. remarks, it's for a charity, so I mustn't mind the absence of pay for once.

Tuesday.—While at breakfast, and about to open my letters, a visitor appears. Glance at card—Lord PLANTAGENET. Apologises

for hour of visit. Heard me sing at Lady GOODWORK'S last night, perfectly enraptured. (*Ah, the advertisement was of use, after all!*) So charmed, in fact, that he has called thus early to secure my services, if possible, for Lady PLANTAGENET'S "At Home" on the 27th. (*Hurray!*) Am I by any fortunate chance disengaged on that evening? Excellent; then he hopes he may count upon me? (*I assent, with suppressed excitement.*) By-the-way, he should have mentioned that a collection is to be made at the party in aid of the Home for Destitute Parrots But then, how about my fee? He explains that, of course, none of the artistes will expect to be paid, since the party is intended to assist a deserving charity . . . and he's gone, before I can protest! I open my letters—good Heavens! Am requested to sing by various titled ladies at concerts in aid of Lifeboats, Cheap Footwarmers for Cabmen, the Society for Befriending Ine-

brates, the Fashionable Collar Reform League, the Knifegrinders' Union, and a dozen more. In each case the writer seems conscious of conferring an enormous honour. In no case is there any mention of payment! Sit down and write refusals all round.

Wednesday.—More letters of the same kind. Also more callers. Refuse the first, but am compelled by the latter to promise help at two concerts, one *matinée*, and five Hospita Bazaars.

Thursday.—Indignant letters from all the people whom I refused. Why, they ask, should I sing for Lady GOODWORK, and not for them? Hint, in plain terms, that they will make professional success impossible for me unless I sing gratuitously at all their "charity" entertainments. Nothing for it but to yield. Net result—twenty-five engagements. Receipts—nil; not even enough to pay my cab fares.

Friday.—Rise in revolt. (1) Write angry letter to the *Daily Mail*. (2) Send round a circular to all my "patronesses," stating that it is proposed to hold a bazaar in aid of musicians reduced to beggary by charity-mongers, and asking them to assist by subscriptions, or by taking a stall.

Saturday.—All the "patronesses" refuse!

The Price of Peril.

Clerk (to Applicant at the *Leviathan Assurance Company*). You wish to be assured against accidents, Sir? May I ask your profession?

Applicant. I am a football referee.

C. (politely). First door on the right for the Death Department.

DRINK FOR KNICKERBOCKER'D LADY-CYCLISTS (to be asked for, en route, at any wayside Inn.)—"Har-Burton Ale."

SUGGESTED NAME FOR A PHRENOLOGICAL MUSEUM.—The Tête Gallery.



"A RAT! A RAT!"

Lord Chief Justice Hamlet and the Polonius behind the curtain.

[The Lord Chief Justice will introduce his Bill dealing with Secret Commissions on Thursday next.]

**MIKE THE CELLARMAN.**

H-eks-B-ch (as the above-named character, samples "a source of income tapped by the Revenue," as he sings). "WINE! WINE!
'GENEROUS' WINE!"

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

(Communicated by Astral Wireless Telegraphy.)

SIR,—As I did witness the destruction of Paul's in the Great Fire, and the building of it anew by Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN the King's Surveyor, I have observed with concern that there hath been much controversie of late touching sundry "decorations" therein. Although I did go at times to Paul's, and ranged about to many churches, I confess that I did observe the handsome women rather than the architecture or the ornaments of the structure. Moreover I did judge better the colour of fine cloathes than the paynting of walls.

Being therefore but little versed in such matters, I have had much talk with my friend, Mr. EVELYN, a most excellent person, and so much above others in all manner of learning, and finally we did resolve to view Paul's. Touching this controversie it had been wise to discourse with Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN himself, but he still a lover of astronomick discoverie hath set out on a distant journey to Saturn and we know not whither any communication should be sent.

Up, as I was wont to repeat with needless iteration (since all men begin the day by rising) in my private diary, since discovered and transcribed by sundry prying fooles With Mr. EVELYN to Paul's betimes. Lord how black the great portico is now! It was once as white as my wife's hands, of which the wretch was mighty proud. We entered the church, of course unperceived, and advanced towards the quire. I would it had been Sunday, for then I might have seen some fine women, but on this day I could not spy one, and did observe only men in sombre and graceless attire.

However I had scant time to gaze about me, for Mr. EVELYN stopped and directed my attention to the quire. In truth it was a mighty fine sight, and more brilliant than any playhouse I ever did see. But as I fell to praising it, Mr. EVELYN checked me gravely, and told me this was not a playhouse but a church. Whereupon I perceiving my error, did admit that he was right, for he is a most excellent person. Nevertheless brave colours are always pleasing to me. At this moment I observed a pretty wench entering the church, and fell to gazing at her as we moved onward.

Again Mr. EVELYN stopped, and this time spake wrathfully of certain payntings under the great dome. Even I, neglecting the comely young woman, did gaze aloft untill my head aked, and my eyes yet more. I do love brave colours, but these are overdone. They are red and green and gold. I said to Mr. EVELYN that these payntings would have adorned in a very handsome manner the place for the musick at Fox Hall, which was desired to be mighty gay and divertising, and also, knowing his love for gardens, that the green was brighter than grass in spring-time. He told me that my comments on these, as on the colours in the quire, were the just condemnation of such adornment, if it could be so called by any, but that he could perceive even greater faults, inasmuch as the paynter had inserted new pannels where Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN had placed none, and also an inscription in black letters of a vast size. I durst not say one word in defence of an ignorant paynter who did venture to amend the architecture of the King's Surveyor.

Mr. EVELYN uttered more reproaches, but



OVERHEARD ON THE STEPS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES.

Commissionaire. "UNIFORMS? TOP FLOOR, SIR!"

I heard not all, inasmuch as I was endeavouring to attract the pretty wench by smiling at her. Lord, what a fool I was! I had forgot that I am now invisible. So after a time I did hearken again to the words of Mr. EVELYN, who is a very fine gentleman, and he was saying that Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN did have much trouble of mind and loss of money through the Deane and others in his day, which filled me with indignation. I was the more wroth when he went on to reproach the present generation of citizens, who care even less for stately buildings. In truth I did even forget the handsome young woman, and quitted the church as wrathfully as Mr. EVELYN himself. At the moment of our going forth he turned once more towards the interior, and exclaimed,

"As I wrote two hundred years ago, this is a piece of architecture without reproach. Would that its guardians were the same!"

I am, Sir, your most obliged and obedient servant,
S. PEYPS.

L'Enfant Terrible!

Little Dot. Papa, why do you call me "Pussykins"?

Her Father. Because you are my own sweet little girl.

Little Dot. Oh, papa, is that the reason Lieutenant DANVERS calls sister HELEN "Pussykins"? Is she his own sweet little girl?

[Sister HELEN has a subsequent interview with LITTLE DOT, in which the proceedings are of a painful nature, to the latter.



PROVERBS REVISED.

"NEVER LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE HEELS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A Modern Mercenary (SMITH, ELDER) is a very good story, and would have been better still if it weren't for the Great Powers. Not content with a tale of private adventure of the good old-fashioned swash-buckling style, K. and H. PRITCHARD must needs drag in Germany, Russia, and eke Great Britain. Lord SALISBURY has tried his hand in the effort to control the Concert of the Powers. According to ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT, Knight (of Sheffield), he did not do so well as at least one other in the same position might. Our joint authors are not more successful. Their idea of the byeways of Imperial politics is crude, and their method of presenting it not clear. My Baronite, bewildered with the deep designs of Germany on "the independent State of Maastricht," runs up against Russia, and is forthwith floored by the manoeuvres of Great Britain. These little personal excitements apart—and it would have been so easy to have spared them—it is a lively, picturesque story. It is entitled *A Modern Mercenary* because gold will not purchase the hero.

Mr. E. W. HORNING's hero in *The Amateur Cracksmen* (METHUEN & Co.) is a certain A. J. Raffles, man about town, slow bowler of surpassing merit, fascinating companion and prince of criminals. Throughout the eight stories of which the book is composed, and in all of which A. J. Raffles plays the leading part, we live in an atmosphere as unimmaculate as any atmosphere can possibly be. Nothing stops Raffles. He scales walls, picks locks, abstracts jewels, baffles not merely the detectives but also the professional gentlemen with whom burglary is a trade, and holds us captivated by his rollicking high spirits, his unfailing originality

of resource, and his convincing aptitude for every undertaking. Not even when he decides on a murder do our sympathies desert him, for the intended victim is one of the meanest and wickedest of mankind, not so deeply steeped in villainy, perhaps, as R. L. STEVENSON'S President of the Suicide Club, but a sufficiently abandoned scoundrel for all that. The careless reader who rises from the absorbing perusal of this book is as likely as not to call for his dark lantern, his skeleton keys and his jemmy, and to sally forth on an errand of crime, fully convinced, as he must have been by Mr. HORNING's art, that the protecting genius of *Raffles* will bring him unscathed and much wealthier through his adventures. *Raffles* has a foil, the supposed narrator of the stories, one *Bunny*, who fulfils his purpose in life by being as fatuous as such foils (e.g. *Sherlock Holmes's Watson*) usually are. In the end, of course, *Bunny* suffers while A. J. Raffles escapes. Anyway, well done Mr. E. W. HORNING, says the Assistant Baronite.

The name of WARD, celebrated in fiction through the productions of Mrs. HUMPHRY, will derive fresh lustre from the production of Mrs. WILFRID. Indeed, *One Poor Scruple* (LONGMANS) seems, to this Baronite, far and away better work than anything which the authoress of *Robert Elsmere* has given to the world. There is a curious—but, as a preliminary note shows, an accidental—likeness between its story and the story of *Helbeck of Barmisdale*. But in tone and treatment the two books are quite unlike. Mrs. WILFRID's is to Mrs. HUMPHRY's, a fine Lafite to small beer. The authoress of *One Poor Scruple* knows not only how to write, but what she is writing about. Any one who, on your Baronite's advice, makes acquaintance with *One Poor Scruple*, will at the same time make acquaintance with a singularly cultivated and

AN EASY WAY.

"It is when you contest the charms of HELEN of Troy that the fun begins."—"A. B. W." in *Daily Chronicle*.

I TREAT of literature and art,
I love to give the public shocks,
Make earnest efforts to be smart,
Move heaven and earth for paradox.

Others with base and servile mind
The beaten path of taste pursue,
Nature and wit in SHAKESPEARE find,
And own traditions to be true.

Since then the vulgar recognise
The genius of their glorious WILL,
If I great SHAKESPEARE can despise,
'Tis clear that I am greater still.

Of HANDEL'S music let them prate,
And MILTON'S verse and TITIAN'S hues,
Or HELEN'S beauty celebrate—
To swell their chorus I refuse.

But in the public's lengthy ear
I echo back its praise with blame;
It sounds original to sneer—
The effort's just about the same.

THE WEATHER.

(By our Slightly Confused Prophet.)

DURING the next week or two changeable times may be expected. A depression coming from Norway seems inclined to go to Naples, unless it turns off short in France, and harks back to Russia. An anti-cyclone is evidently en route for Brindisi, via Rouen, Amsterdam, and Margate. A north-easterly wind appears to be hurrying over the north-west and the Channel, but may extend to the Bay and Malta. Snow may fall in patches, and there is plenty of hail ready. American novelties of an atmospheric character seem to be in active rehearsal in New York prepared for export to Europe. Earthquakes are indicated, and probably squalls from Greenland. The more settled weather that seemed—with a difference—to promise comfort at Easter is still the hope of Whitsuntide. On the whole, if you really want to know how affairs ariel will go during the next twenty-four hours, take out your fate-deciding hatpenny, and toss it!

THE NEW POETRY.

(See "Good Words" for April, on
Rudyard Kipling.)

AWAY with the old poetical "plant"
That our ancestors hugged and cherished!
'Tis time that the bygone style of chant
With its perpetrators perished.

Away with the rhymes that represent
Loves, seasons, the Bard's internals
(This last to a much too free extent,
A la Lancet and such-like journals.)

For the times have changed and the Muse's
tone,
Since the advent of RUDYARD KIPLING;
The ancient restraints are overthrown
That the poet's wit were crippling.

He can now sing in technical terms of things
Like pistons and valves and boilers,
Not Spring, but of locomotive springs,
In the slang of the smoke-grimed toilers.

He can tune his lyre to the *Song o' the Ship*
(Not LONGFELLOW's *Ship*, but a *liner*),
In stokehold and gun-room depict a trip
With the air of a boat-designer.

No matter what handicraft or trade,
The constructor of odes will know it;
In electrical times not born but made
Is the new Polytechnic Poet!

A Little Knowledge!

Miss Tomboy. Mamma, I think those
French women were beastly rude.

Mother. You mustn't speak like that of
those ladies, it's very wrong. And how
often have I told you not to say "beastly"?

Miss Tomboy. Well, they *were* rude. They
called me a little cabbage (*mon petit chou*).
The next time they do that I shall call them
old French beans.

THE *Daily Telegraph* informed us that "A
constable in the Leeds force has had a pic-
ture accepted by the Royal Academy for the
Exhibition." Good. He is, let us hope,
only following in the footsteps of the CON-
STABLE, the Great CONSTABLE, R.A., and
before long we shall have the satisfaction of
seeing him "hung."



A DISSERTATION ON COOKERY.

"OH, HERE'S A NASTY LITTLE BLACK THING IN MY APPLE PIE!"

"YOU ARE A LITTLE SILLY, BABY. THAT'S A CLOVE, AND COOK PUTS IT IN ON PURPOSE."

"WHAT FOR?" "WHAT FOR! WHY—ER—TO—ER—TO KEEP THE MOTHS OUT, OF COURSE!"

winning writer whose first book places her in the first rank of
contemporary novelists.

The Baron begs to add a note of his own to the above. As
Cæcilia, the second heroine in this story, suicides herself with a
dose of chloroform, would not a more complete title for the novel
have been *One Poor Scruple and One Big Dram*? B. DE B.-W.

OUR "ADORED LYDIA."

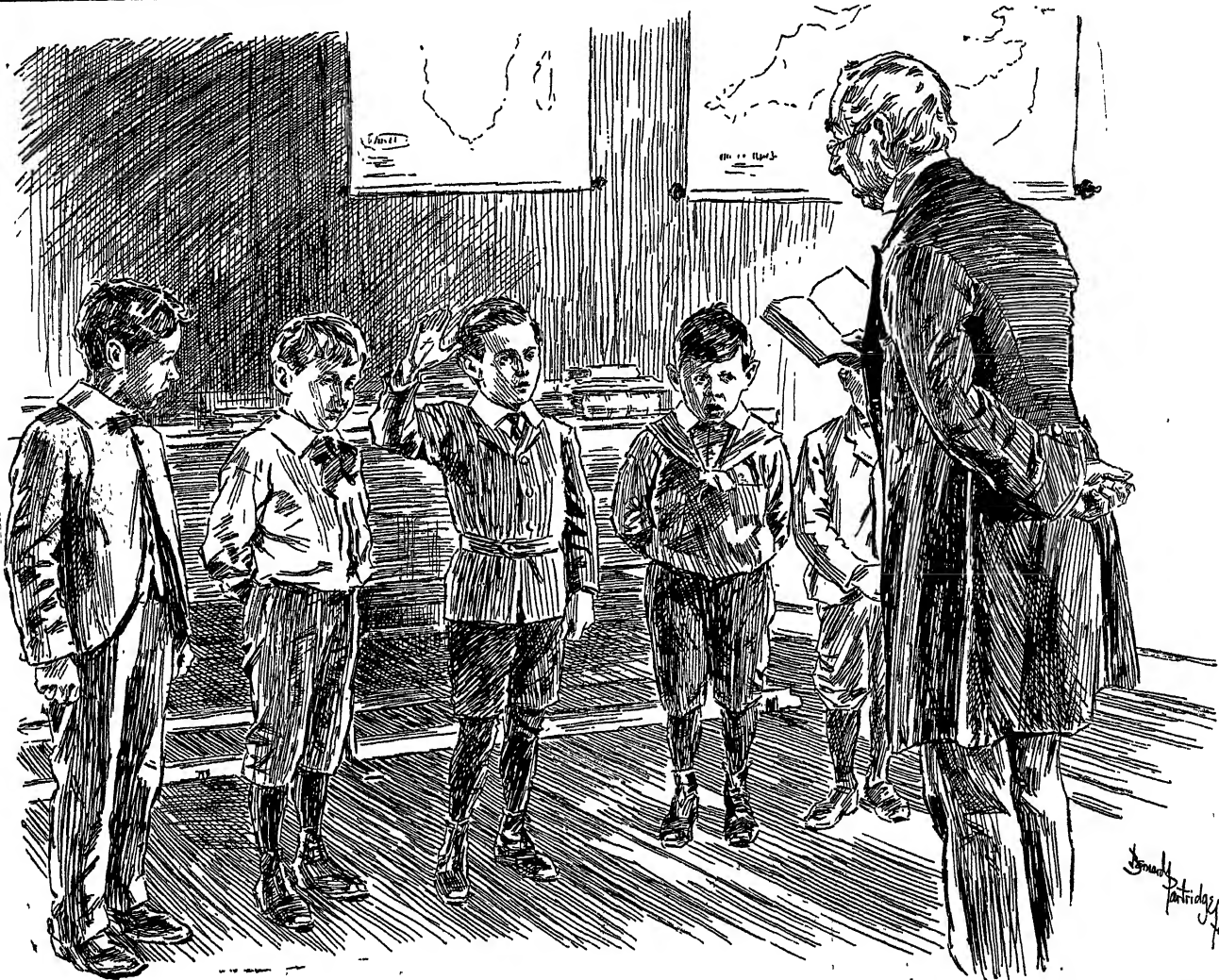
It may contribute to the satisfactory results of a certain
"benefit performance" to mention here that it ought to be a
special object of attraction to all middle-aged playgoers for the
sake of the *bénéficiaire*, who, with a charm and grace peculiarly
her own, delighted not a few of us when she was a pretty child,
lost among seven dwarfs (or bears, was it?) in an extravaganza
at the Haymarket Theatre, *tempore Buckstonio*, afterwards drawing
crowded houses to see her, still a growing girl, playing with
Magic Toys at the St. James's Theatre, and subsequently as a
grown woman, apparently *toujours dans sa première jeunesse*,
singing, acting, and dancing in the liveliest and most taking
style, in company with LIONEL BROUGH, WILLIE EDWIN, and
other amusing histrions, and known to all theatre-goers as LYDIA
THOMPSON. At the Lyceum Theatre, on the second of May,
LYDIA will, no doubt, be seconded by many of her former com-
panions on the stage, and will receive "one bumper at parting"
to her health and happiness from troops of "friends in front."

SHERIDAN's sentimental *Julia* says to lively *Lydia*, "Come, come,
LYDIA, hope for the best," and when our LYDIA faces the crowded
house, then may she say with her namesake aforesaid, "What a

scene am I now to go through!" Of course, the clever actress
will go through it in first-rate style, and in anticipation, we wish
her every success.

ADVICE GRATIS.—The Bishop of WAKEFIELD has denounced
Sunday papers as giving unnecessary Sunday work. Logically
His Lordship should object to Monday papers, which are prepared
on the Sunday, whereas the Sunday paper only involves late hours
on Saturday night. But how would the Bishop relish his Monday's
breakfast without his *Times*? The Vicar of the place, of which
His Lordship is Bishop, might, in his day, have shaken his pow-
dered wig at the decadence of (so-called, but wrongly) Sabba-
tarianism. Nowadays, news is a necessity of our life, and the farther
away from the centre, the greater the necessity. If Sunday is to
be observed as a day of entire rest for everybody from everything
—but we leave the conclusion to the Bishop. There are many
poor people who go to church, and yet earn their daily bread, on
the Sunday. And then, is it not true that "*Laborare est orare*?"

CONSIDERATIONS FOR CANDIDATES.—Isn't a "mediocrity" the
most appropriate representative of all majorities, could the people
be fairly polled? Does not the majority in any assembly, as in
any nation, consist of mediocrities? And, after all, what is
"mediocrity"? It is "betwixt and between." Neither one thing
nor t'other. It is the middle state of existence on earth. It is a
"reflecting medium;" it reflects colours from all sides and blends
them. "Reflecting" it is cautious and uninitiating; mediocrity
strikes out no new line, but is quiescent and safe. *In medio
tutissimus* is the Motto of Mediocrity.



Examiner. "Now, CAN ANY OF YOU BOYS TELL ME WHAT A MAN WHO KILLS HIS FATHER IS CALLED? WELL, TOMMY JONES?"
Bright Youth. "A PARASITE, SIR!"

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

(Muscular Women Series.)

[With acknowledgments, as before, to Dr. ARABELLA KENEALY.]

II.—THE YELLOW SHIN-PADS.

(After William Morris's "The Gilliflower of Gold.")

A PAIR of leggings, largest size,
 I wore to-day with bloomer guise,
 And won the local Hockey Prize.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

Your hands had tied them on for me,
 Fair lord, and righteous referee,
 Above my crushers, daintily.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

However hard Miss JONES might hit,
 Though on my legs the missile lit,
 I felt it not one little bit.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

And when my stick in fragments flew,
 Bringing to earth their only Blue,
 I smiled aloud and looked at you.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

But ere her ribs had ceased to shake
 I took another stick and brake
 Her livid thumb for my love's sake.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

My golden hair was getting loose,
 Yet fell I out on that excuse?
 Not so; I dribbled like the deuce.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

And when the half-fought fight was stayed,
 I scorned the lemon's feeble aid
 And quaffed a gin-and-gingerade.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

Then like a fiery steed in stall
 I scarce could wait the whistle's call,
 But chafed to be upon the ball.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

Miss BROWN (of Bucks) against me drew;
 She wore a shirt of purple hue;
 Our score was one, and theirs was two.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

Red-cheeked I charged this bounding half,
 And as I hooked her by the calf
 I heard your low elusive laugh.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

I reached the goal; in ruthless wise
 I caught the warder 'twixt the eyes,
 And so achieved to equalise.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

Much heated, I began to think
 That I should prematurely sink
 For need of just another drink.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

And then I thought of your dear knee
 Bent as you bound my pads for me
 Above my crushers, daintily.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

Whew! how the meeting sticks went whack!
 Yea, o'er the field I heard the crack
 Of stitches giving down the back.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

One minute still! My teeth were set;
 I and the stout custodian met;
 The ball (and she) went through the net!

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

And as with face profusely hot
 (Les belles! les belles!) I faltered not,
 But reached and took the Challenge-pot,
 (Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!)

I saw again your supple knee
 Bent as you bound my pads for me,
 My yellow shin-pads, daintily.

Hah! hah! les belles jaunes jambières!

TO END IN SMOKE? — St. Paul's must
 be protected. Let 'em all come and shout.
 Shall the smoking of cigarettes be permitted
 under its hallowed dome, or in any part of
 the venerable pile, as most assuredly it will
 be, if, by the wish of the Dean and Chapter,
 the Cathedral be fitted up throughout with
 "Richmond Gems?"



THE FREE-LANCE!

SIR H. CAMPBELL-LANKFERN (to himself). "H! AVEN HELP US! HERE'S OUR CHAMPION BACK AGAIN!"



Niece (discussing bicycle attire). "ARE YOU AS MUCH AGAINST 'BLOOMERS' AS EVER, UNCLE?"

General McCurry. "CERTAINLY, MY DEAR. IT MUST BE SKIRTS OR NOTHING. THAT IS—I MEAN—ER——"

Mrs. McCurry. "GENERAL!!!"

THE ART OF LYING;

OR, THE MENDACIOUS MANICURIST.

ARTHUR STRONG-ON-THE-WING PINERO is to be congratulated on his *Gay Lord Queex*, and Mr. JOHN HARE on his production of the piece; also on his inducing Messrs. CHUD-LEIGH and BOUCICAULT to allow Miss IRENE VANBRUGH to appear at the Globe as the mendacious heroine. The play ought to have been called *Sapphira*; or, *Unlimited Lie-ability*. We have had FOOTE's *The Liar*, and we have had JONES's *The Liars*; but the heroine of this piece by PINERO puts all others quite out of court as mere feeble amateurs in the art of mendacity. She has "a heart" and lips "for falsehood framed," and, in the end, lying to the last, she marries a perfect specimen of "the bounder," "a pretentious Professional Palmist," capably played by Mr. FRANK GILLMORE.

Mr. JOHN HARE, as the self-reformed, middle-aged rake, gives us a delightful impersonation; if there be a fault, it is in his "make-up," in which there is not a trace on his features of the life he is supposed to have led for at least the last twenty-seven years. My *Lord Queex* has been "gay," at

least so Mr. PINERO tells us; but Mr. JOHN HARE's Nobleman is so jolly, hale, and hearty, that it is impossible to detect the slightest sign of the *roué* about him.

Mr. GILBERT HARE, as *Sir Chichester Frayne*, the friend, ally, and boon companion of *Lord Queex*, is another old reprobate on whose constitution, evidently inferior to that of his noble friend, his former gay life and, subsequently, the climate of West Africa, have told considerably. These combined influences have so affected his personal manner and appearance that it is sometimes difficult, when he is facing the audience, to believe that he is not Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT, and when he turns away from the footlights to walk up the stage, more than one could swear they were beholding a back view of Sir HENRY IRVING. Mr. GILBERT HARE's double impersonation is a veritable triumph.

Miss FANNY COLEMAN's good old-world, unworldly *Countess of Owbridge* is a delightful sketch; and Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS does her best with the colourless and totally uninteresting semi-heroine.

Mr. CHARLES CHERRY gets all that can be got out of the character of the impulsive, amorous, "touch-and-go" *Captain Bastling*, who behaves just as the gay *Lord Queex*,

according to his lordship's own showing, would have behaved at *Captain Bastling's* age (about twenty-five?), had he been placed in a similar situation and tempted by such a deceitful, artful, unprincipled little wretch as is *Sapphira Fullgarnsey*, as intended to be played, and as the character is inimitably played, by Miss IRENE VANBRUGH. Only let her beware of overdoing the action when she rings the bell for assistance in the third act; it is the situation on which the entire play depends. She is perilously near getting a laugh by her exaggerated "business" when every one should be holding their breath, being on the tenterhooks of excitement as to the result.

The Bishop of Wide-a-Wake-field, without seeing the play, has denounced it as immoral. Well, it teaches no moral, that is true. Why should it? We are left to hope that a Reformed Rake will make the best of husbands; and that, by marrying a "bounder" who is a Professional Palmist, the Female Liar and her husband are laying up for themselves a wretched existence in the not very distant future. The Elderly Rake, with a good constitution and a bad past, has the novelty of a virtuous married life before him, while the young *roué*, the Captain, who, fortunately for him, is discarded by the vapid *Muriel*, can look forward to a life as dissipated as that of *Lord Queex*, with the chance of reforming and settling down comfortably when he reaches that nobleman's age. It is all mundane; there are no lofty aims, no attempt at morality until immorality is played out. No one feels tempted to go and do likewise. The liar, seriously taken, is a repulsive character, *cela va sans dire*; but "the play's the thing," and the third act, powerfully played as it is, must draw all London. One thing only is certain, that *The Gay Lord Queex* has hit the public and has a new lease of a long life before him at the Globe. JOHN HARE is *Lord Queex*, and Miss IRENE VANBRUGH as *Sapphira* (unlimited) is his profit!

A. H. ON THE C. AND S.

HONOURED SIR,—My revered Uncle, DARBY JONES, has written to me from Monte Carlo, suggesting that I should take his place on your esteemed journal, the while he is enjoying the palm trees and the play. His text is the City and Suburban, beloved of every Licensed Victualler who ever obtained a Magistrate's License.

Have you, Sir, ever noted the difference between "the City and Sub." and the Derby? I opine not. Let me then draw the definition. The C. and S. is a case of No Favourites, and the D. is a matter of One Favourite. Every one of our Licensed Victuallers has a "dead certainty" (generally dead) which he collected from the Brewer's drayman for the City and Sub. Every one of our Licensed Victuallers' Ladies has an excellent surprise for the Derby, which she obtained from the handsome young traveller in Scots whiskey.

And now, Sir, to try and do justice to Uncle DARBY and myself. I have not my gifted Uncle's method of minstrelsy, but I venture to chortle—

Look out for the *Verdant Galoot*,
Of the *Beautiful One* pray beware,
His Lordship the course will p'raps suit,
And the *Lady* be a bit of a snare.
But I'm told it's a ten to one chance
That to beat the *Freshport* in the dance
Will be *Charity* bottled in France,
And of *Scottish Boy* have a great care.

Such, Sir, are my fancies. Yours,
ASCOTT HEATH.



ALL-MY-OPTICAL.

First Friend. "THAT'S RATHER A SMART GIRL." (*Puts on pince-nez.*) "AWF'LY PRETTY, TOO, BY JOVE!" Second Friend. "IS SHE?" (*Drops eye-glass.*) "SO SHE IS!"

AUTOMOBILE RED.

[The latest Parisian colour is "*rouge automobile*," which the boulevardiers describe as *très-smart* or "*teuf-teuf*" (a word derived from the sound of the *petrollette*).]

"*La donna è mobile*,"—so says
The poet—may be that is why
The nuance of the moment engrosses
In Paris the feminine eye,
The up-to-date feminine eye.

Rouge automobile is in fashion;
But tell us, pray, how 'tis applied?
For the motor with red you might splash on,
Or else the fair rider inside,
The daring "*sportswoman*" inside.

Perhaps the young ladies in private
A hare's-foot and mirror will clutch,
If their colour has gone, to revive it
With one little finishing touch—
With the usual finishing touch!

It is very "*teuf-teuf*," say the knowing,
To paint the town red in this way;

So with red flags ahead let's be showing
The mode to go moting to-day—
There's a Red Revolution to-day!

FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

"SECOND instalment of my nephews' 'Encyclopæjaer' just arrived. Must paste it into my diary with the rest. So glad I am acquitted of abstracting odd sausage. So kind of MAX."

DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY,—Hears part 2 of Encyclopæjaer. STINKER did it I dont think much of it do you Thanks orlly for the sossidges wen you send the next dont send sossidges but the money insted you see I get one throne in over the lb witch I dessay they dont give you praps you dont even arsk for it of coarse Ime not hinting that you do get the one extra and keep it yorself I know you dont doo that becoss you dont like sossidges If you ever have enny postage stamps witch you dont want you mite send

them to us there allways usefool to bye things with. Yours MAX.

P.s.—I am beginings to read DICKERAY and THACKENS Ive herd so much about them I spose there rather good.

Criket.—This is a good gain by Gum! Criket is plade with a Bat (mines a cane spliced handle) and Stumse 3 at both ends & 1 Ball maid of red lether & stished outside You mesher 22 feet between the Wickets & thats the Pitch theres 11 aside & we humbug TURNER major orfly & tell him his merstarch is jest like a criket mash about 11 aside & he gets so orfly waksy Hes too cocky by ½ that chap Well Crikets ripping theres no gain like it only Football & thats not a bit like it Thers only one thing tho abowt Criket dont you play till your one of the big fellers or else youle get orl the fagging & feelding to doo & joly few innigsges big fellers are orful beese in that way so wate till your a big feller & then you can be one too* Prints RANGOONSINGHIT can play by Gum cant he he maid 180 not out against Surey wunce GRACE is an orful good man & sos BROWN major he bold 7 of Ribston Pipping school 1st 11 last half for fourty four runs thats prety good isent it.

* Dont bleeve the ret young STINKER rites jest becoss hes not a big feller himself hes orfly predge-jewdist Ime not quite one of the big fellers but Ime bigger than the littuler fellers sos STINKER but Ime not so big as the biggest big fellers tho I smook cigrets on Sundays

REJECTED PROPOSALS.

(See the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget Speech.)

THE Chancellor's mercies are mary,
Sing hey for Sir MICHAEL, the Good!
For he hasn't increased by a penny
The tax on our beer and our food.
And he will not tax soap—pray forgive me
the joke—
For fear that KEIR HARDIE should go and
get broke.

Then the wheels that we most of us ride on,
Sir MICHAEL their scorching admires.
He won't tax the men who put side on,
When perched on a couple of tyres.
When they press him to tax them excusal
he begs,
"I can't, for they're dear to A. J. with the
legs."

The car that a maiden is horsed to
Untaxed is—I speak of the pram.
Our babies we shall not see forced to
Embark in a 'bus or a tram.
And the grinder may still go and propagate
fleas,
And still grind his organ and grin at his
ease.

From the kingdom of cats he gets nix-pence,
Cats still are as taxless as bikes.
The poor man for seven and sixpence
Can still keep a dog if he likes
For the licence on dogs is sufficiently strong,
And we're plagued quite enough by the
muzzle-man, LONG.

No Bart. shall be taxed for his Sir-ship,
He shall get it for nothing, as now!
He may set up the red hand for worship,
Sir MICHAEL won't have his ten thou.
But the Bart. new-created can still pay his
stake;
What Sir MICHAEL refuses his party will take.

Oh, the Chancellor's mercies are many,
Sing hey for Sir MICHAEL, the Good,
For he hasn't increased by a penny
The price of our beer and our food.
But I wish he'd not added, by way of a joke,
A tax on our wine and retained it on smoke

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 10.—Coming back to Westminster refreshed by ten days' holiday, CANNY CALDWELL has happy thought. Nothing new for Scotch-

permitting. ST. JOHN BRODRICK, to whom this patriotic gift was proffered, strangely hesitated.

"Fact is, TOBY," he said, when I privately expressed astonishment at his imperturbability, "I have no personal experience of the ancient Greeks; but I distrust Scotchmen when they bring gifts."



SO CONSIDERATE.

Constable William. "Hullo, 'Icks-B, my boy, I shouldn't 'a' thought as you 'd 'a' come to this!" 'Icks-B-ch. "Well, yer see, I couldn't a-bear to think o' the responsibillerty o' them pore coves as 'll come into the property in 1902."

man crossing Border to consider what he shall appropriate. Where CALDWELL vindicates his supremacy is in originality of his idea. Nothing less than that he shall be appointed Warden of Buckingham Palace.

Notion flashed upon him just now quite casually. More he thinks of it better he likes it. Sees a way not only of popularising the institution, but of making it pay. Proposes on three days a week to open Palace to public inspection; payment 6d. per head; dungeons, 3d. extra. So confident of financial success that will be quite content to let the emoluments of his dignified office rest upon commission.

"Say a penny per caput," he observes, throwing out the suggestion with airy manner towards the irresponsible First Commissioner of Works.

Of course there will be residence, coal, and lights. As for board, the CANNY ONE is disposed to leave that to the generosity of the nation.

AKERS-DOUGLAS smiles rather feebly; doesn't jump at proposal. Fact is, Ministers rather overwhelmed to-night with disinterested offers. Here's DENNY, rated as Colonel because he builds ships, as his father did before him. Rising to full height, he offers to consolidate British Empire in East Africa by fitting out at private cost a new line of steamers sailing once a week for Mombasa via Bohemia, weather and tide

Inspired by general impulse to be generous, and not disposed to let Scotland fill the bill, CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES comes on with new scheme for insuring life and limb in Rotten Row. The CAP'EN, whose glittering eye nothing escapes, has observed that when a horse bolts in the Row it has a pretty straight run for its money. Why not have the Row made on the plan of a circus? Horse bolts; makes off due East or West as it thinks. "Now I've got you," it says to itself; pegs away at full speed; begins to find the road uncommonly long; fancies it passed Prince's Gate before. "Hallo! here it is again. Bless me," says the horse to itself, "there must be a mistake somewhere."

Pulls up quietly to think the matter over, and danger is past.

Very simple. Wonder no one thought of it before. Not everybody has had the nautical experience of the CAP'EN or his opportunities of nourishing great thoughts, as in the stilly night, on the boundless ocean, beneath the luminous stars, he kept the lonely watch.

Business done.—In Committee on Civil Service Estimates. Private Members full of suggestions.

Tuesday.—What a day Mr. GEDGE has had, to be sure! SARK says it reminds him of one of the sportive occasions in the parish of Little Dunkel'.

O what a parish, what a terrible parish,

O what a parish is Little Dunkel'!

They hae hangit the minister, drowned the precentor,

Dung down the steeple, and drucken the bell!

Of course Mr. GEDGE hasn't done any of these unseemly things; but he has been equally successful in upsetting everything, and setting everybody by the ears. Began by taking the wind out of the sails of ordered debate on Church Discipline Bill to come on next month. He brought unwonted tears to the eyes of JOHN G. TALBOT; he stirred HUGH OECIL to profoundest depths; he seared the soul of BROTHER CRANBORNE; he brought out the Rev. Sir EDWARD CLARKE in full ecclesiastical robes; he created deep rupture in the OECIL family; he got PRINCE ARTHUR in an awful hole; and he upset the arrangements at two hundred dinner-tables.

In ordinary times House is accustomed to take it out of Mr. GEDGE. It greets his interposition in debate with impatient cries; it jeers at his reflections on things in general; will have none of the serene air of respectability in which he would steep debate. The whirligig of time brings its revenges. Mr. GEDGE has his to-night.

Business done.—Mr. GEDGE submits resolution denouncing English Church Union; HOARE moves amendment, which PRINCE ARTHUR accepts; the BLAMELESS BARTLEY moves addendum to amendment; PRINCE ARTHUR advises House to reject it; consternation on Ministerial benches; they could not love the PRINCE so much, loved they not Protestantism more. Rev. EDWARD CLARKE leads revolt; when it comes to head, PRINCE ARTHUR capitulates; mutiny breaks out in fresh place; the OECILS clamour for COUSIN ARTHUR's head on a charger; WALTER LONG, sitting pensive on Treasury Bench, is conscious of unpleasant sensation on crown of his head; looks round; finds JOHN G. TALBOT on bench immediately behind, sobbing over PRINCE ARTHUR's defection from the Church.

"Wish he'd sob a little more to the right," growled the Minister of Agriculture, rubbing his scalded pate.



The Rev. Arthur B-f-r. "You kneow, really, these young cousins of mine are getting beyond a joke! I shall get quite incensed with them directly! They make me feel far from well!"



SO DASHED AWKWARD, DON'T YOU KNOW!

South African Millionaire (to Impecunious Nobleman). "NATURALLY I CONSIDER IT A GREAT HONOUR THAT YOUR LORDSHIP SHOULD WISH TO MARRY MY LITTLE GIRL; BUT—ER—IF YOUR LORDSHIP WILL PARDON THE QUESTION—WHAT MADE YOUR LORDSHIP'S CHOICE FALL ON ME?"

WORTH HAVING.—Objection may be taken to the wording of the advertisement, quoted *infra*, from a recent number of *The Ormskirk Advertiser*. The language is not perfect, but the meaning is plain enough, and opens up a field of speculation.

IF the person who contributed some rubbish to one of the Clergy will call, the said rubbish will be returned, together with a little good advice, which is evidently much needed.

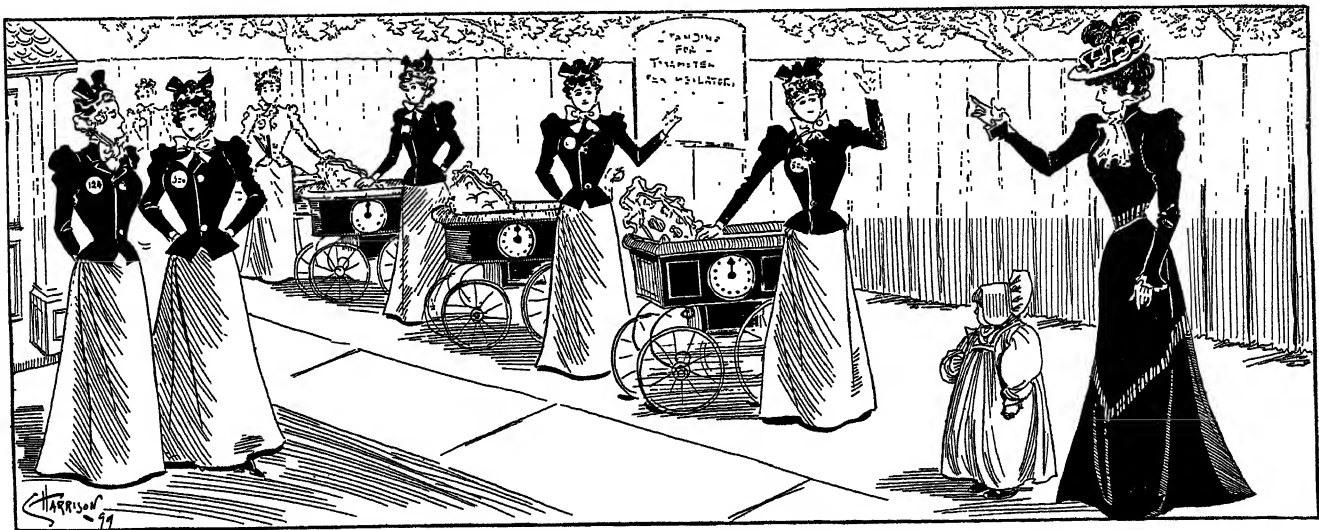
'A RISE IN (MEZZO)-TINTOS.

DROPPED in at the Galleries of Messrs. THOS. AGNEW & SONS, 39B, Old Bond Street, to pay respects to a few Princes, Duchesses, Earls, Actors, and Actresses. Apparently it was a Court mourning day, as they were all in black and white. Should have felt extremely uncomfortable in such shady society but for the charming manners of all the ladies and gentlemen there assembled. ROMNEY first, with his *Black-Eyed-Susan Countess of Westmoreland*, his most interesting *Sir Hyde Parker*, and handsome *Mrs. Yates as Melpomene*, or *Melpomene as Mrs. Yates*; 'tis only a matter of imaginary costume. Then *Lady Hamilton as "Nature."* "Great Nature!" Is it possible? Her *Ladyship au naturel*? It must have been a very cold Nature (not her character exactly), as her *Ladyship* is overpoweringly wrapped up (in herself? Not unlikely), and there is far more art than Nature in those Hamiltonian *beaux yeux*. University men of ancient standing will pause before No. 67, and shake their heads at *The Reverend William Paley*, who is here *en evidence*. Perhaps this was not the *PALEY*. There are no "evidences" of his identity. Archdeacon was he? Well, there's little that is arch about him except the nose, and with this he might have stood to REMBRANDT as the model of a Rabbi. It must be a speaking likeness; speaking through the nose.

Now for GAINSBOROUGH. *David Garrick*, a perfect engraving, and at No. 80, *George the Third*, "a stipple engraving." We stipplelate for your examining this closely. Return to ROMNEY, and pounce on *Mrs. Jordan as "The Romp,"* engraved by J. OGBORNE. What a pretty woman! What eyes! She would be Leader of the Romp Parliament, if ever there were one with a "House of Ladies." More *Lady HAMILTONS*, and all lovely! England expects that every man will pay his duty to these presentments of the object of NELSON's devotion. But how refreshing it is to pause before No. 153! *WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY* must have delighted in this picture, which, of course, he knew by heart, every line of it; engraved by A. CARDON. Leave your card on H.R.H., for it is *George, Prince of Wales*, a slim, elegant warrior, leaning negligently against the war-horse which is proud of being in the service of the first gentleman in Europe.

Pass on! Here is HOPPNER's *Mrs. Jordan as Hippolyta*, by W. WARD. Wonderful costume for *Hippolyta*. Then 163, *Lady Louisa Manners*, the most elegant manners, engraved by C. TURNER. Finish with pretty *Lady Langham*, engraved by C. WILKIN, and forthwith determine to revisit the glimpses of the Gallery and do it thoroughly. You can then make the acquaintance of all the other charming personages from whom we unwillingly tear ourselves in order to lunch lightly, *more Italiano*, or *à la Française*, not ten minutes' walk from this. "Yes! we together!" come along to meet *Norma and Adalgisa*, *chez BELLINI*, and so from these engravings to our plates.

MR. CHARLES BOOTH is going to introduce to the public "The Case for Universal Old Age Pensions." Considering the amounts no case to hold them can be a very large one.



A POSSIBILITY OF THE FUTURE.

TAXAMETER PERAMBULATORS, WITH LICENSED NURSEMAIDS, NUMBERED—AND, LET US HOPE, RESERVED.



"THE TUG OF—PEACE."

Samoa. "HOW HAPPY COULD I BE—ALONE! WERE ALL THESE THREE CHARMERS AWAY."

Lily S. Newman '99

UNDER THE LYCEUM CONVENTION.

RARELY in the annals of the English or any other stage has there been known a serious drama with some eighty or ninety characters, men, women, and children, all named in the bill, and all with something, if only a monosyllabic shout, to say for themselves. This alone would make M. VICTORIEN SARDOU's *Robespierre*, written for Sir HENRY IRVING and his company, memorable above so many memorable pieces placed on the Lyceum stage by Sir HENRY. Every single person in these French revolutionary crowds has his or her distinctive characteristics, and among the aristocrats imprisoned in the Bastille, none appeal more forcibly to the tender sympathies of the audience than the two little children, bidding farewell to their parents condemned to the guillotine.

That Sir HENRY has wisely chosen in not making himself up to facially represent the cruel Republican tyrant every one will agree; is not his nose his own to do as he likes with it? And if he turns it up at the idea of converting it into the semblance of *Robespierre's*, who shall say him, in French, *nez*? In this character, drawn "according to SARDOU," the actor's genius has had to represent well nigh every phase of the strongest human passions; and above all other difficulties he has had to vividly and incisively depict the expression and repression of strong paternal love; while in another scene, when meeting once again with the woman whom, years ago, he has wronged, he has to convey the idea that his old love is so far resuscitated, that he is bent on any possible sacrifice to atone for the past. The great scene in the play is where *Robespierre* gradually discovers that he is on the point of condemning his own son to death. This situation is in every way a triumph for the dramatist and for the three actors concerned in it, FULLER MELLISH as *Lebas*, KYRLE BELLEW as *Olivier*, and IRVING as *Robespierre*. Never has Sir HENRY played with greater subtlety; never has he been more powerful.

The other scene that should be next in dramatic intensity is where *Clarisse* and *Robespierre* feverishly watch the procession of tumbrils, in order to see if their son is among the victims being carried to the sanguinary, insatiable guillotine. On the first representation Miss TERRY appeared nervous, and the situation was therefore comparatively ineffective.

The grim-goblin scene, where any number of ghosts put in an appearance, is a mistake. One ghost, a mere shadow, would have been sufficient, as was *Banquo's*, for the guilty conscience. But

"Now they comes by twos and threes,
And now they comes by swarms!"

The more the merrier. But merriment is not the object of this supernatural vision.

The last scene is in every way a crowning triumph for every department of artistic stage-craft, and gives us an admirably contrived, and dramatically tragic finish, which would be perfect but for the French author's politeness to the representative of his heroine, who, as the leading actress of the English stage, could not, with any show of dramatic politeness, be entirely excluded from participation in *Robespierre's* dying agonies. Why *Clarisse* and *Marie Thérèse* should have been present it is difficult to conceive. They had obtained their "passes" for England, where their lives would have been safe, while in Paris the revolutionary ruffians would have paid no more heed to



STRIKING SITUATION.

Sir Henry Robespierre-Irving (regarding the action of Laurence Tallien-Irving in the tribune, Scene 2, Act V.). "MY BOY CAN 'RENDER' A PLAY INTO ENGLISH! HE CAN SPEAK!!! HE CAN ACT!!! A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK! HE'LL DO!"

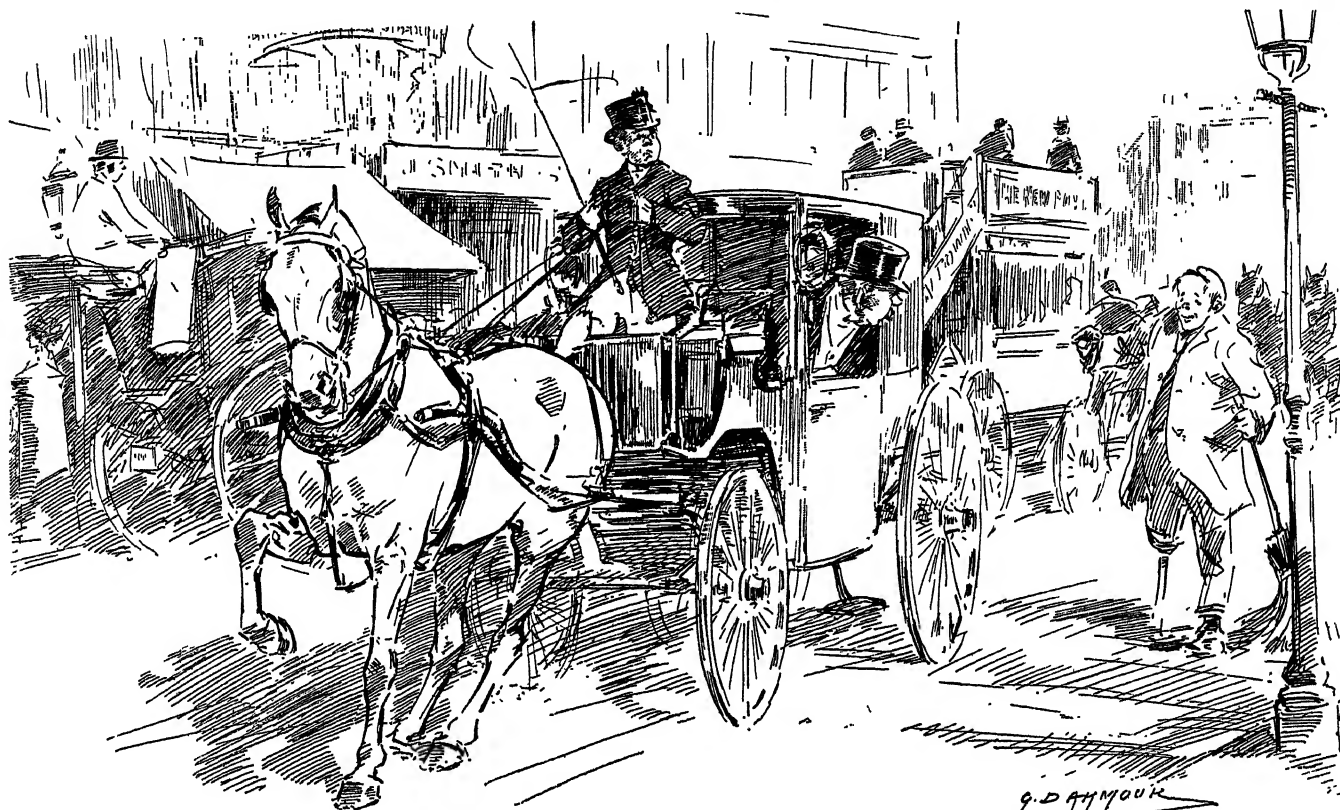
sex, or signatures, than would *Dennis* the hangman and his drunken crew to their female victims in the Gordon riots. SARDOU ought to have been hard-hearted, and over his Hall of the National Convention he should have written up, "Ladies not admitted."

This is the only mistake; and it is emphasised by the fact that nothing whatever is gained by it. The death by suicide of *Robespierre* is sufficient for the situation. All interest in the former relations existing between him and *Clarisse* has long ago been lost, nor does any one care a rap whether he is, or is not, recognised as father by his long-lost son, *Olivier*. KYRLE BELLEW stands in the corner with a pistol, but it is evident that "subsequent proceedings

interested him no more;" while the audience are solely concerned in the fate of *Robespierre*.

Reduce the ghosts to one; abbreviate Scene 1, Act IV., and Sir HENRY, with all concerned in the production, may be heartily congratulated on the great and probably lasting success of *Robespierre*.

BY ONE ON THE RANK.—Look 'ere, if 'osses could 'ave a Council o' Guardians to look after their hintereests, where in the United Kingdom would be their fittest place o' meetin'? You don't know? Can't you guess? Well, "Os-westry," o' course. Any Os-westry-man could tell you that.



Crossing-Sweeper (to Brown, whose greatest pride is his new brougham, diminutive driver, &c.). "IGH! STOP! You 'VE LOST SOMETHIN'—THE COACHMAN!"

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

(Muscular Women Series.)

III.—THE "GUINEAS"; OR, HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM NEWMARKET TO G-RT-N.

I.

I SWUNG to the saddle, and DORIS, and she;
I pedalled, JOAN pedalled, we pedalled all three;
"Well done!" yelled the paddock; the 'Varsity yelled;
"Done!" echoed the bookie whose bullion I held;
As with bells hard a-ringing and horns going Toot!
We debouched from the Ring on the Bottisham route.

II.

Conversation was none; we were nursing our breath,
As we rode, knee to knee, in the silence of death;
Not a lurch was observed, not a wobble was felt,
When I hitched up my bloomers and tightened my belt;
Then stooped to the wind with my back like a bow,
And my gear at a hundred-and-sixty or so.

III.

Our way at Quaywater was queered by a cow,
But we stove in her haunches, I never knew how;
At Teversham JOAN had a touch of the cramp,
Her nose being rather too near to her lamp;
And at Barnwell, in dodging a beast of a mule,
We were into the ruck of a primary school.

IV.

Three moribund infants lay out in our wake
As we panted "So long!"—for appearance's sake;
Some sort of a Nemesis chased us in carts,
But we scorched at our bravest and swallowed our hearts;
King's turrets in sight! we were over the worst,
When the Dunlop of JOAN met a bottle and burst!

V.

I omit to record the expressions she used,
With a list of the various parties accused;
We remarked on her luck, but declined to alight,
Though our hubs were red-hot and our bearings were tight;

So we splashed through a puddle and spurted again
Past Midsummer Common and into the Lane.

VI.

To the right with a skid at the gutter we raced;
By the Union a couple of cabs were displaced;
My off-knicker was rent and the knee showing through,
But we flattened our chests on the handles, and flew;
We were flush with the bridge, we were flying the Cam,
When DORIS was heard to say something like "Dear me!"

VII.

She was right—as she proved to me, later, in bed—
For her axle had split, and the same with her head;
Though I guessed she had gone to her ultimate sleep,
Yet I shouted a "Righto!" and shot up the steep;
For I still had to tackle the best of a league,
And my treadles were showing a trace of fatigue.

VIII.

I was up to the Castle and clear of the town,
With my tongue hanging out and my hair coming down;
Then I rose in my seat and went out of my mind
To the clink of our winnings that wagged behind;
Clapped my boots, waived my brake, ran amuck through a dog,
Till at last into G-rt-n I fell like a log.

IX.

Of the rest I remember a roar of applause
As I lay with a splinter of spoke in my jaws;
There was whiskey for one and an oil-bath for two,
Which they said, very frankly, was only our due,
Who had broken the record, and several teeth,
In conveying their yellow-boys home from the Heath.

Important to Etonians and Others.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The *Times* says that "the whipping arrangements on the Opposition side will undergo a considerable alteration." Is that to apply to Parliament only, or is it general? And what alterations will there be at Public Schools? How about Eton, where the "block system" still flourishes like a green bay swish? Yours,
PRIMA CULPA.

"DRINK, PRETTY CREATURE, DRINK!"

"The liquor traffic in West Africa amongst the natives is discreditable to the British race and derogatory to true Imperialism."—*Mr. Chamberlain.*

THE dew was falling fast; the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And looking through the gloom, before me I espied
A British merchant with a nigger at his side.

'Twas little POTOKOKO, a black of beauty rare;
He wore a string of beads and fuzzy-wuzzy hair,
And on his dusky breast, from alcohol to save him,
Was pinned a ribbon blue, a missionary gave him.

The Briton had a bottle—a bottle large and bright,
And POTOKOKO's eyes did glitter at the sight.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink!" He coaxed in such a way
That POTOKOKO flung his ribbon blue away.

He stretched his eager hand; the bottle swift he seized;
He grinned, as people do when they are very pleased.
I thought, as I did watch the British merchant's phiz,
Could he but rhyme like me, he'd sing as follows, viz.:—

"What ails thee, little Nig? I've rum and gin for thee;
The more that thou canst drink the better, sweet, for me.
Come ope thy mouth and drink as much as thou mayst please,
I only ask thy goods and chattels such as these:

"Thou hast a hut, my Nig, and cattle, two or three,
And ivory and wives. Just pass them on to me,
And I will fill thee full as oft as thou canst come
With stuff that we will call, for decency's sake, rum.

"So long as thou hast aught that I may care to prig,
I will supply thy wants and love thee, little Nig.
Thou still hast assets worth a pound or two, I think,
So, whilst thou hast a sou, drink, pretty creature, drink!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE world will have to wait some time for Mr. JOHN MORLEY's life of GLADSTONE. MESSRS. CASSELL step in with a volume under their arms that will in the meanwhile excellently serve. Under the capable editorship of Sir WEMYSS REID the work is accomplished upon a new and particularly appropriate plan. Men less daring than Mr. MORLEY have stood aghast at the prospect of, single-handed, dealing with the manifold evolutions and involutions of a long, busy, and brilliant career. It was peculiarly a case in which the principle of the syndicate might be adapted to biography. Sir WEMYSS REID selected some half-dozen men, and assigned to each a particular aspect of the stupendous work of which circumstances made him especially familiar. The result is a harmonious whole, a chorus to which each trained voice lends style and force. The volume is profusely illustrated with reproductions of pictures and engravings unattainable in ordinary way. How such a handsome volume of over 700 pages can be turned out at the price of 7s. 6d. is beyond the usually sufficient comprehension of my Baronite.

"Extensive and peculiar" is "the knowledge of London" possessed by two collaborating authors, playfully styling themselves "POT" and "SWARS," joint authors of *The Scarlet City* (SANDS & Co.). These gentlemen are evidently of the ancient Tom and Jerry family, with, to perfect the trio, one Antony Fuller as "the Oxonian." Messrs. Tom and Jerry, juniores, have a pleasant knack of relating their boyish escapades; and this portion of the book, though it may be "caviare to the general," will probably be read with some interest by old Etonians. Contemporaries of these two scribes may find some amusement in puzzling out the identity of certain persons, of high and low degree, well known about town within the last thirty years, who appear on the scene in disguises furnished them by the light-hearted costumiers of the House of POT and SWARS. The few dramatic situations are not as strong as, occasionally, is the language, for which, perhaps, SWARS is responsible.

The proper study of womankind is woman. In *Brass* (HUTCHINSON), Miss NELLIE BLISSITT pursues it with bitter avidity. She has achieved the success of making her heroine about as bad a lot as is usually turned out from the machine-room of modern novels. In her (to my Baronite) pleasing view of humanity, she is unpromisingly consistent. All her women are mean or bad; all her men are good and noble. Perhaps the Cardinal is no better than Cardinals should be; but then he is handsome, with exquisite manner. The opening chapters are made a little tiresome by smart talk affecting thorough knowledge of the world. The work improves, till in the end it finely closes in the tragedy of the Bad Woman, the loneliness and despair of the Good Man.

We ought, writes a Junior Baron, all to do what we can to cheer up Mr. EBBON BERKLEY, the author of *Oswald*



First Art Student. "HOW MANY DID YOU SEND, CLARA, TO THE ACADEMY?" Clara. "SIXTEEN."

First Art Student. "BUT ONLY EIGHT IS THE LIMIT."

Clara. "WELL, I SENT SIXTEEN SO THAT THEY COULD PICK EIGHT FROM THEM!"

Steele (JOHN LONG). He simply wallows in misery chin deep. With a fearful recklessness, he tears the mask from our conventions and ourselves, and sends us out into the pitiless world stripped of disguise and wretched to the core. At a tender age *Nellie Treherne* marries *Oswald Steele*, a colossus of bigotry and pigheadedness. After her marriage she thinks for herself, finds *Oswald* to be a first-class fraud, and, leaving her domestic tangle, sets up as a free and independent woman. She worships the young and beautiful *Bernard Danvers*, and nurses him through his last illness. Fortunately, her husband doesn't turn up until *Danvers* has been dead a good minute and a half, thus avoiding a good deal of sentiment and trouble. There is also a *Mr. Culross*, a philanthropic free-thinker, who persuades *Nellie* to believe with him that marriage without "absolute affinity" is misery, that most marriages are therefore miserable, and that men and women who love, and wish to continue loving, had better not marry. *Oswald* having obtained a divorce, *Culross* proves his firm belief in his dreadful doctrines by proposing to make love to the *divorcée*, and the end of the book allows us (though the language is ambiguous) to hope that they mean to be married and miserable. Cheer up, EBBON! I fancy you are still a young man, and there's any amount of fun for you in life if you'll only take it; you're hard-working, as a story-teller you have a certain gift for arousing interest, you handle your characters with some vigour—not so vigorously, perhaps, as some of the more priggish of them ought to be handled, but let that pass—and you can write; but, dash it all, man, why bother yourself and us about all these stale and empty problems so full of gloom and despondency? Try again, and do it differently.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

AN ABBEY THOUGHT.—The "Primrose Day" was at Westminster Abbey last Thursday, when Lady PEGGY PRIMROSE was married to Lord CREWE. His lordship may remember the lilt of the old song, "When first I saw sweet PEGGY," and ever keep the line green in his memory. Often have we heard the expression used as to some one marrying, that he is "not simply marrying the bride, but the whole family." But what is this to Lady PEGGY, *née* PRIMROSE, who has not married a Captain, but a CREWE! And so these Abbey marriage lines start from the station, Westminster, which, for the nonce, became "Crewe Junction."



Vicar (who has introduced "Gregorian" tones into his service). "WELL, MR. ROGERS, HOW DID YOU LIKE OUR MUSIC? TRADITION SAYS, YOU KNOW, THAT THOSE PSALM TUNES ARE THE ORIGINAL ONES COMPOSED BY KING DAVID."

Flippant Parishioner. "REALLY? THEN I NO LONGER WONDER WHY SAUL THREW HIS JAVELIN AT HIM!"

A BACTERIOLOGICAL BALLADE.

WHETHER comes Spring with balmy air,
Or Summer, statelier of guise,
Or Autumn with ripe peach and pear,
Or Winter with its scowling skies;
What time the harassed mortal tries
His fears to cheat a little space,
Comes pedant Science in, and cries,
"Lo! Microbes lurk in every place."

"Ah! Toy not with NEERA's hair!
Shun LALAGE, with laughing eyes,
Whose dainty lips are but a lair
Where many a dire Bacillus lies.
Quaff not from streams that bubbling rise!
Peer through this microscope, and trace
Each hidden form that terrifies—
Lo! Microbes lurk in every place."

Thus Science, and awhile dull care
All joy of life to life denies;

Till courage, nurtured of despair
Comes in our fears to paralyse.
And bursting their grim tyrannies,
Our feeble soul takes heart of grace,
Till that sad menace it defies—
"Lo! Microbes lurk in every place."

Envoy.

Why study folly of the wise.
To shrink from LALAGE's embrace,
And spurn the sweets all mortals prize,
If microbes lurk in every place?

Superlative Assurance.

Papa (to Little CHRIS). I can't quite understand you. Was it Mr. JONES, or Mr. DAVID JONES, or Mr. GRIFFITH JONES, whom you met?

Little Chris (stoutly). All I know is, it was the third eldest Mr. JONES.

A MORAL METROPOLIS.

MR. SAMUEL SMITH thinks that the London County Council should be the censor of plays. But why stop there? The Council cannot be expected to occupy itself only with mere ordinary municipal matters of paving, sanitation, lighting, and drinking supply, of earth, air, fire and water; it must have other and vaster fields of activity. Let it control the morals not only of the theatres, but of the whole metropolis. Let its inspectors be ubiquitous. There are many vices.

There is gluttony. In every one of the expensive London restaurants—in the cheaper ones such supervision would be needless—inspectors would be present. As soon as any one, tempted by the triumphs of the cook, seemed to have passed the limit of satisfying his natural hunger, he would be courteously but firmly stopped, and conducted to the door. So also the glutton in rare wines and choice cigars would be checked in his immoral attempts to increase the revenue.

There is pride. There are numbers of women everywhere in gorgeous clothes, cut to the latest fashion. They would be at first warned, and then arrested and fined. It would be decided that the circumference of every woman's waist should be twice the circumference of her neck, and that the heels of her boots should be no higher than the soles. Of course, only female inspectors would be employed for these duties, unlike the practice in the present immoral County Courts, where the judges freely discuss, and even inspect the details of women's clothing. There would also be a strict supervision of men's dress. Coloured neckties, glazed shirt-collars and white spats would be rigorously forbidden. But pride in other forms—in houses, equipages, servants, amusements—would be checked with as firm a hand. No one would be allowed to occupy the whole of a house assessed at more than £100 a year. The meet of the Four-in-Hand Club would only be licensed if each of the coaches was drawn by two cart-horses. Liveries for men servants, a degrading badge of servitude, would be abolished. Club servants would wear tweed suits. Racing would, of course, be forbidden, and polo also, except on bicycles. The boxes at the Opera would be reserved, without payment, for members of the Council exclusively. Street organs, far from being abolished, would be more encouraged even than at present, since the most rigid moralist could not consider them luxuries.

There is avarice. Any rich man found in an omnibus would be forced to take one of the Council's cabs, and pay sixpence over the legal taximeter fare.

There is extravagance. Any poor man found in a cab would be forced to ride in one of the Council's tramcars, at a farthing for five miles.

There is gambling. The games at all clubs would be limited to chess, draughts, patience, and beggar-my-neighbour, all played without money. Marbles would be strictly forbidden.

And there are other vices. If all were checked, and gradually abolished, the metropolis would be absolutely moral. But, as a beginning, the County Council, or Parliament, or somebody, might even now regulate the streets at night so that Mr. SAMUEL SMITH, or any other decent person, could walk along Piccadilly without annoyance. Perhaps Mr. SMITH would suggest this.

"UNDER ARMS."—Ribs.



INVOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

PUPIL-TEACHER (*just appointed*). "WHAT, SIR! AIN'T I GOING TO BE EDDICATED ANY MORE?"
SIR J-HN G-RST (*Vice-President Education Council*). "NO, MY LITTLE MAN. MY INFALLIBLE GOVERNMENT SAYS YOU'RE TO TEACH ALL THE OTHER CHILDREN!"



THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

She. "AH, IT WAS VERY DIFFERENT BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED. THEN MY WORD WAS *LAW*!"
He. "AND A VERY VULGAR WORD, TOO, MY DEAR."

NEWS FOR LONDONERS.

(According to Regulation.)

SLOCUM-ON-SEA.

THE inhabitants of this popular place have been in a ferment of excitement during the past week. On Monday a new shelter on the sea-front was opened to the public informally by his Worship the Mayor, and on Friday most of the residents watched the progress of a motor car passing through the town, evidently *en route* for Midgeborough. The weather is rather unsettled, and the sea excursions by steamboat delightful.

TOTTERVILLE.

On Friday the Theatre Royal was occupied by a band of most talented amateurs who played a new comedy written by one of their number, entitled, *If you Please*. The house was crowded, especially in the cheaper portions, the attendance in the pit running nearly into two figures. The Assembly Rooms are being painted, and are expected to open shortly. A visit from Professor PLANTAGENET and his performing mouse is expected before the close of the season.

RESTBOROUGH-ON-THE-SLUMBER.

The inhabitants of this peaceful retreat were rather alarmed on Tuesday by the animals of a travelling menagerie escaping from their cages and roaming at large in the High Street. The elephant was fortunately recovered in the church, where he had

attempted to take refuge in the pulpit before much damage had been done to the structure. The laughing hyena made his appearance in the infants' school, and still occupies the private room of the head teacher. The lion cannot be found. The townspeople, however, are on the alert, and seem to be taking considerable interest in the recaptures. A slump has occurred in bath chairs.

FOGGINGTON-ON-THE-FOOZE.

It is still raining here.

A. <u>Post-Office</u>		POST OFFICE TELEG	
Prefix	Code	(Inland Telegrams)	
Office of Origin and service instructions		Words	Se
		Charge	To
			By

NOTICE.—This Telegram will be accepted for transmission thereupon, and the Notice printed at the back.

12 words 6d.
Every additional word 1d.
Every word telegraphed in charge (i.e., whether in address or text)

TO { Mr. Punch }
Has
become
an
awkward
question

FROM { William K. Potsdam }

The Name and Address of the Sender, IF NOT TO BE TELEGRAPHED.
 (For Private Communications and Parties not in the Directory)

PORTION OF A TELEGRAPH FORM FOUND
SOMEWHERE THIS WEEK.

THE DECOY BIKE.

It was an ancient wayside inn,
For years left high and dry;
Though thousands on the road would spin,
They always passed it by.

'Twas shanty-like within, without,
The taproom smelt of mould;
The innkeeper had "poor man's gout,"
And looked a century old.

Another landlord took the place,
An enterprising man;
And soon his custom grew apace,
Due to a simple plan.

Since Beauty by a single hair
Can draw a crowd along,
And Beauty's mere footprints ensnare
The giddy-minded throng,

A pair of female bikes he hired,
And left outside his door;
No further outlay was required
His fortunes to restore.

The cycling crowd that passed his porch
The coy machines espied;
Dismounting where they used to scorch,
They thought to flirt inside.

They drew a blank; and privily
Each at the next man laughed;
While great was BONIFACE'S glee,
As they his liquor quaffed.

What matter though but once they came?
The stock of fools is great!
Mine Host still plays his artful game,
Fond youths still take the bait.



"THAT'S MRS. FITZ-JONES. YOU NEVER SEE HER WITHOUT HER HUSBAND AND HER DACHSHUND."
 "WELL, THEY MAKE A VERY GOOD PAIR."

A SKIPPER'S LIFE; OR, UNDER FOUR SOVEREIGNS

(I.e., thirty shillings the three volumes—half calf).

VOL. I.

1807. April 1.—Born. Begin to understand there must be something wrong about the date of my birth. When I am old enough to talk—will ask father to explain.

June 9.—Growing.

Aug. 12.—Grouse shooting commences. Still growing.

1817. Nov. 5.—Brother and self met father being carried through the streets on a chair. Quite a crowd following. Guv'nor seems to be earning a lot. He said it was time brother and self chose a profession. Brother and self retired to consult.

Nov. 7.—Brother and self decided to go to sea. Father told us to go to the Dee.

Nov. 8.—Brother and self fought over the subject. He licked me, but I gave him twopence and a broken penknife to say I licked him. Done!

Nov. 9th.—Lord Mayor's Show. Brother and self occupied seats on rail at back of Lord Mayor's carriage. Great enthusiasm.

1819. March 1.—Great event of my life. Appointed midshipman on board the *Royal Heaver*, coal-barge, stationed at Black-wall, by the kindness of H.R.H. the Duke of PURFLEET.

March 3.—Dirty work. Grub always bread and cheese. Language awful. Wrote to father for loan of sixpence and clean collar.

March 4.—No answer from father. Wrote again.

May 9.—At last heard from father, in language resembling that of the captain of the *Royal Heaver*.

Dec. 10.—Fell overboard. Saved washing bill. Father pleased. 1822. Home at last, after three years' service, with good character and cracked voice. Father delighted with my moustache. Disillusioned—only coal-dust, which came off on family osculation. Next ten years spent in eating and growing.

Dec. 25.—Christmas Day.

1824. Jan. 1.—New Year's Day. Remember drinking old year out, but can't remember drinking new year in.

June 9.—Hurrah! Through the influence of my old friend the Earl of BILLINGSGATE, got appointed as first officer to the cruiser, *The Royal Hoy*—no decker and one master—at Margate. Nice place.

June 10.—Commissioned crew—viz., Sir JOHN TAR (sailsman), and my cousin the Hon. FRANK KIPPER (tiller). Both nice men. The latter very sharp chap for ten years of age.

June 12.—First sail. Nasty swell. Only two passengers. Sir JOHN TAR, Hon. FRANK, and self much upset. Two passengers all right, and kindly brought us back safely to JARVIS's landing-stage.

Sept. 1.—Season over. Paid off crew. Partridge season commences. No gun, and—no partridges.

VOL. II.

1842. Feb. 30.—Time flies. My birthday. Thirty-five to-day. Only thirty-four yesterday. Wonderful! Studied steam. Still confused about date of birth. Don't see date mentioned in almanac.

Feb. 31, I mean, March 2.—Still studying steam. Marvellous invention, steam!

May 7.—Owing to the kind influence of my old friend, Admiral Sir KEEL UPPARDS, was appointed captain of the paddle steam cruiser *Royal Putney*.

May 19.—Overhauled ship. Not satisfied with the main braces. Bought a new pair.

June 4.—Said "good-bye" to friends at London Bridge, and started under full steam for first cruise to Kew. Went aground off Chelsea Reach. Tide went down and left us hard and dry on the bank. Crew behaved splendidly. They saw all passengers walk safely ashore before going themselves. I was the last to leave the ship.

June 5.—Nasty letter from the Admiralty concerning the stranding of the *Royal Putney*. Not being accustomed to be dictated to, wrote a strong letter back demanding an apology.

June 10.—No reply yet from the Admiralty. Wrote a still stronger letter.

June 11.—Reply from Admiralty at last. Got the sack. Married about this time.

July 4.—Americans still independent. By the kind influence of my old friend, Sir PIPING HOTELS, the Admiralty apologised, and gave me the command of the *Royal Bunker*, two mast screw.

1842 to 1862.—Active service India, London, China, Barbadoes, Cardiff, Sarawak, Philippines, Newcastle, Porto Rico, Middlesborough, Suez and Grand Junction Canals—chiefly timber, jute, coals, pig iron, Dutch cheese, cattle and convicts. Splendid time.

1863. Xmas Day.—Found my boy, who had been a baby, quite a young man. Nice fellow.

Boxing Day.—Paid boy's Cambridge debts. By an oversight I forgot to mention I was present at the siege of Sebastopol at the Surrey Gardens. Exciting work.

VOL. III.

My last volume is pretty nearly in the following style, so you may skip it if you like.

1871. June.—My reign at sea over, alas! Parting from the old ship *Royal Bunker* at Thames Wharf quite affecting. Bought presents and souvenirs for the entire Royal Family. This is the last of my four sovereigns.

July.—Greatly rejoiced at receiving a letter from the Admiralty House, Devonport, appointing me Governor of the old Eddystone Lighthouse, erected on the Hoe, Plymouth. Pleased to see all old friends and new. Admission 8d. Tar! Tar!

"NEW HALFPENNY DAILY."—Sir,—I see this advertisement everywhere. Through your columns I wish to say that if, unconditionally, any one will give me "a new halfpenny daily," I'll take it. Can't say fairer.—Address, Marks of KASHDOWN, Receiver's Office.

SUGGESTION FOR ANY MARINE ARTIST (who would paint the picture of a Lord High Admiral).—He would only have to represent a great swell and a dandy-rig, and the thing is done!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 17.—
 "Certain bills brought into the House have,"
 SARK says, "two distinct sources of interest.
 One is on their own account; the other,

even pathetic resignation this new cross.
 Why should his personal connection with
 any particular business at home or abroad
 ever evoke acrimony? Not as if he were
 in the habit of making things uncom-
 fortable for other persons. A milder, meeker,
 less belligerent person, does not walk the

hands, some confused remarks, and abrupt
 withdrawal. It was on Small Houses Bill
 he made his mark. Not approving it, he
 decided to abstain from division, and this is
 how he announced his intention:

"The principle of the Bill is dangerous,
 and I cannot support it. So I shall follow
 the example of an Irish friend, who, in a
 pregnant bull, said he should record his vote
 by walking out of the House."

STANLEY LEIGHTON represents an agricul-
 tural district, and should be an authority on
 the subject of stock. To others not less well
 placed for obtaining information, the kind
 alluded to is distinctly novel.

STEADMAN of Stepney, emulous of pre-
 eminence of London, not disposed to have
 the prize bull carried off by The Man from
 Shropshire. Certainly ran him pretty hard
 for the first place. London Water Com-
 panies Bill under discussion. HARRY SIMEON
 SAMUEL, member for Limehouse, ventured
 to express opinion on subject. STEADMAN
 of Stepney gazed with manifest scorn on a
 man who, as he said, "lives in the West
 End and represents an East End constitu-
 ency."

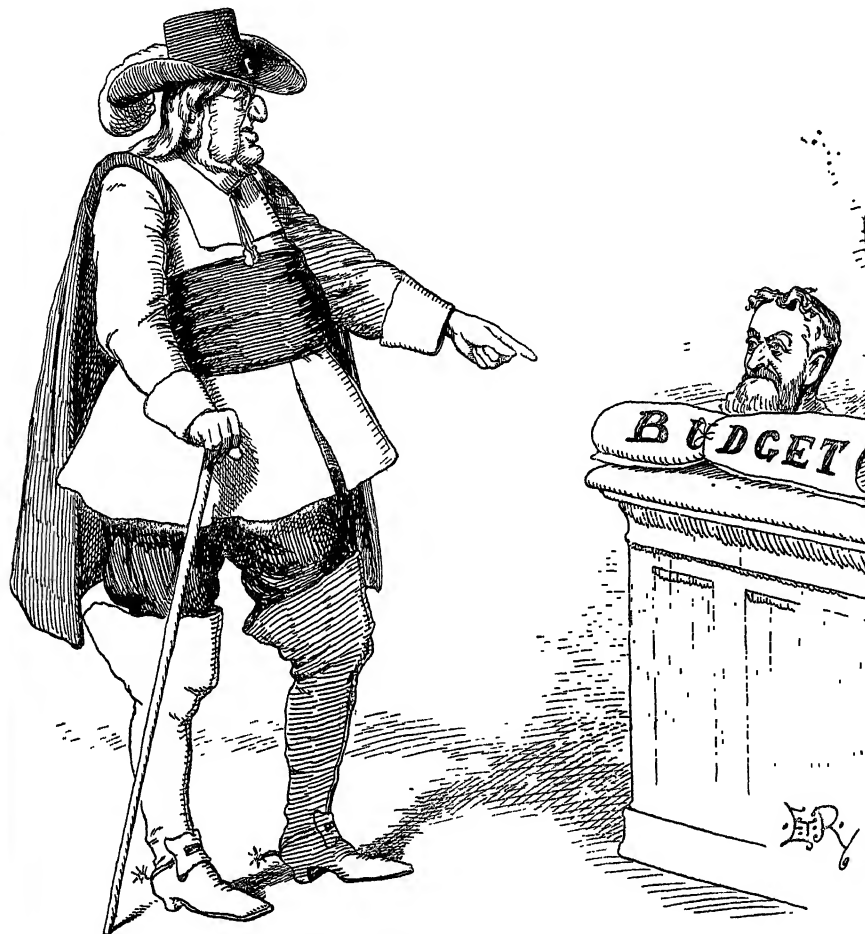
"Sir," he continued, with a gesture sug-
 gestive of wrapping his toga closer round
 his corduroys, "I not only represent my
 constituency, I live in it, and, Mr. SPEAKER,
 I was practically born in it."

STEADMAN of Stepney stood bewildered
 under the flood of laughter that greeted his
 remark. When it subsided he condescended
 to explanation. "When I say I was prac-
 tically born in Stepney, I mean I was born
 in an adjacent constituency."

That made things quite clear, and the
 London Water Bill was read a third time.

Business done.—House counted out at a
 quarter to nine.

Thursday.—Since SAM SMITH confided to



THE CROMWELL TERCENTENARY.

Oliver Harcourt (*the Puritan of Finance*). "Take away that ignominious object!"

because they happen to be in charge of
 DON JOSÉ. For many members this last
 circumstance is quite sufficient to impel
 to opposition. I believe that if it fell to
 DON JOSÉ's lot to introduce the millennium
 there is a considerable minority in the
 House of Commons who would carp at it."

Something in this, as appears from busi-
 ness to-night. First order is the Small
 Houses Bill. It is admittedly an improve-
 ment on similar measures framed with
 identical object. In 1893 such a Bill, intro-
 duced by private member, met with chorus
 of approval that carried it through second
 reading without division. Amongst those
 who applauded were right honourable
 gentlemen now seated on Front Opposition
 Bench. Yet when DON JOSÉ, turning his
 mind from imperial cares to domestic
 matters, makes the subject his own, con-
 tumely and scorn are poured upon his
 benevolent head.

The BLAMELESS BARTLEY, who strongly
 supported similar Bill in other hands,
 suspiciously sniffs at DON JOSÉ's appear-
 ance in this gallery. "What," he asks, "is
 the meaning of this remarkable extension
 of the Colonial Office?" As for DON JOSÉ,
 he sits patient, uncomplaining, bearing with

dewy mead. If any one smites him on the
 left cheek, swift he turns his right and begs
 the assailant to oblige. If one in mistake
 takes his coat from his particular peg, he
 runs after him with somebody else's cloak,
 and beseeches him to take that also.

In the course of official correspondence
 with an angered Boer he, regardless of cable
 expenses, coos the enquiry. "How is Mrs.
 KRÜGER?" Yet, as we see, when he attempts
 to serve humanity by bringing in a harmless
 little Bill, it is bitterly assailed, not only
 from the Opposition side (that could be
 endured), but from friends and companions
 dear on the benches near him.

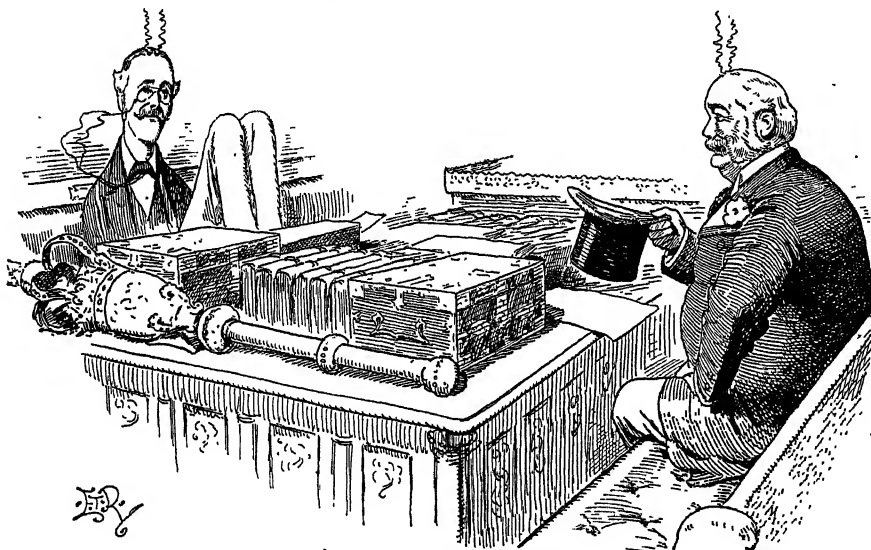
Very strange, quite incomprehensible. The
 study of mankind by man may be proper;
 it is sometimes puzzling.

Business done.—Night spent in haggling
 round Small Houses Bill, which most
 speakers agree in describing as so insignifi-
 cant as not to be worth talking about.

Tuesday.—STANLEY LEIGHTON doesn't
 often light on a good thing. For the most
 part he lives up to character of The Man
 from Shropshire, wittily assigned him years
 ago by GEORGE TREVELLYAN. Like that
 hapless suitor, his appearance in debate is
 marked by sudden inrush, a wild waving of



Mr. STANLEY LEIGHTON is astounded to find
 himself the breeder of a historic "bull."



WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Thanks to the wonderful discoveries of Signor MARCONI, "Question time" in the House will, of course, be revolutionised. Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN may here be seen silently catechising the Leader of the House as to the course of business.

the House how, entering a ritualistic church he found the sacred edifice so darkened that he reached a particular pew only by "following the rustle of a petticoat," he has distinctly fallen in opinion of assembly accustomed to regard him as a nineteenth century St. ANTHONY. *Débâcle* completed by fresh confession of human weakness made to-night with same charming innocence. Seems that SAMUEL, temporarily quitting the church, has been prowling round unnamed and unrecognisable London theatres. Discovers that "some of the plays are of depraving character"; calls upon HOME SECRETARY to put end to this kind of thing by placing theatres under control of London County Council.

Much curiosity to know where SAMUEL has been. Of course, no man, however good, would, sheltered by the privileges of Parliament, attempt to cast a slur upon an honourable profession unless he could personally vouch for accuracy of the grave charge advanced. PRERPOINT attempts to draw SAMUEL along this line. Has he given to the HOME SECRETARY the names of the plays to which he refers? and is he judging from his personal knowledge?

SAMUEL to all the simplicity of a dove adds some of the wisdom of the serpent. He makes no response. HOME SECRETARY reads frigid official reply, and the mystery of the locality of SAMUEL's new field of philandering remains in obscurity.

Business done.—Budget pounded away at in Committee. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD calls it "an ignominious Budget." It certainly doesn't seem to have any friends. Will pass all the same.

Friday.—CAWMELL-BANNERMAN did fine stroke of business for Liberal Party when he induced HERBERT GLADSTONE to undertake duties of Opposition Whip. A perfect illustration of the happy concatenation of circumstance sometimes described as fitting the square peg in the square hole. HERBERT has lived through peculiarly trying times, and come out scathless. He has never trafficked on the heritage of a great name, has, rather, habitually tried to efface himself. His constitutional modesty has had effect of inducing other people to accept his value at the very low price he puts

on it himself. His father made Markisses, dukes, and a' that. After long interval, he made son HERBERT a Junior Lord of the Treasury. It was only when Mr. G. retired from the scene that his son received something like recognition of his services and his talents. As First Commissioner of Works he started the scheme of improvement in the Parliament Street approaches to Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, which his successor is splendidly carrying out. That a pretty fair record for a still young Minister. As Whip, he will have opportunities for more rapid advancement to Cabinet rank.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

HOW TO SETTLE IT.

It is rumoured that, as the result of various recent negotiations, a prospectus, of which the following is a summary, will be issued at the end of the month. The List of Applications will probably be opened on May 1st at 11.55 P.M., and closed on May 2nd at 12.5 A.M. It is believed that during that time the share capital will be applied for many times over.

THE TRANSVAAL, LIMITED.

Authorised Share Capital £1,000,000,000, divided into 1,000,000,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each. Issue of £500,000,000 Ordinary Shares at £100 premium, and of £2,500,000,000 2½ per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock at par.

Trustees for the Debenture Stockholders.

His Highness the Prince of MONACO.

Directors.

H.I.M. the GERMAN EMPEROR, Chairman.
The Right Hon. CECIL RHODES, Managing Director.

*PAUL KRÜGER, Esq.

[*Will join the Board after allotment.]

Solicitors for the Company.—Messrs. BRUIN, JANS and ROBINZOHN, Pretoria.

Bankers.—The Principal Banks throughout the World.

Secretary.—Dr. LEYDS.

Registered Office.—Pretoria, South Africa.

This Company has been formed to acquire

the very valuable property known as the Transvaal, and situated in South Africa. All the necessities and luxuries of life, including gold and dust and gold-dust, are produced in incredible profusion, with the solitary exception of water, which is at times scarce. This deficiency is, however, guarded against by the importation of vast quantities of champagne. It is estimated that the property, under good management, will produce a revenue sufficient to pay the interest on the debentures, and, probably, a dividend of 75 per cent. on the ordinary shares, which are therefore issued at a slight premium.

OUR CITY COLUMN.

MONEY was in strong demand, but is by no means in plentiful supply.

The discount market continues firm in view of the uncertainty of the outlook, so look out.

Consols down: no consolation. Influenza about, but a more healthy tone prevails on the Stock Exchange.

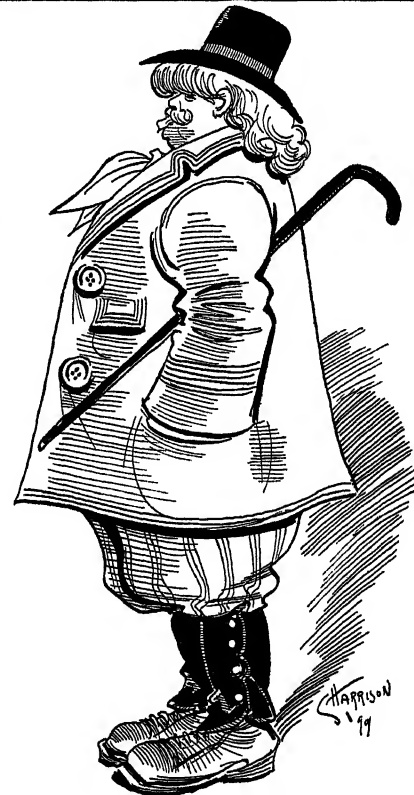
In the American and Spanish Markets Contangos and Fandangoes doing well.

Stocks in bloom. Grand Trunk Locks opened well. Later in the day the Trunks were closed.

Salt and sugar shares have been weak, there being many sellers in small quantities, chiefly salt-sellers.

There is a run on cycles, but uncertain, and a fall is to be feared.

An offer was made to take 5,000 Singers at 9s., probably for an operative tour in the United States. Good figures can always command better prices in the Empire, Alhambra, and similar Companies.



FARMER PADEREWSKI.

[According to the *Daily News*, M. PADEREWSKI hopes to breed some prize cattle.]

Fancy Prophetic Portrait of the eminent Pianist, if he takes to farming and thrives on it.



"NO. THE DAY BEFORE VARNISHING DAY, I HAD A LETTER ASKING ME TO—AH—REMOVE MY PICTURE." "I MET THE SAME FATE."
 "WELL, IT'S A PITY; BECAUSE THAT ONE PICTURE WOULD HAVE MADE THE R.A. FOR ONCE WORTH GOING TO SEE."
 "YOU'RE VERY KIND." "VERY KIND! WHAT AN EGOIST YOU ARE. I DON'T MEAN YOURS. I MEAN MINE!"

NOOKS AND "CORNERS."

["A limited liability company in Yorkshire farms the picturesque, and charges so much a head for the pleasure of looking at it. In one instance, it has acquired a complete monopoly of a wide stretch of beautiful country, and admission to view cannot be obtained without payment of sixpence."—*The Globe*.]

THE Directors of the Soul-stirring Scenery Company, Limited, beg to call attention of lovers of the picturesque to the fact that all the rural beauty of England is now practically under their exclusive control.

The Welsh mountains, the Lake District, the renowned coast-scenery of Devon and Cornwall have been acquired by them, and before long they hope to take over the management of the Hebrides and the Channel Islands. Poets, artists, and others are therefore recommended to avail themselves of the opportunities provided by the Company, which can offer them most delightful views on the most moderate terms.

The charge made varies with the extent and beauty of the view selected, and an additional fee is necessary for those who desire sunset or moonlight effects. It is well known that people can only appreciate those things which they have to pay for, so that this Company is doing a distinctly educational work. Again, in many cases it has greatly improved the scenery. Where any portion of the view appears uninteresting, the Company has erected huge advertisement hoardings, designed in the most cheerful colours, thus improving Nature by Art. Special arrangements are made for foreign visitors, a five guinea coupon entitling them to be shown six distinct and well-selected views in different parts of the country. Railway fares, of course, have to be paid by the tourist.

In order to safeguard their rights, arrangements have been made by the Directors that all windows in railway carriages shall for the future be made of frosted glass, to prevent illegal looking at the Company's scenery. And it is necessary to add, that any one attempting even to glance at a view belonging to the Company without payment will be rigorously prosecuted.

Detailed list of views may be had on application. Our Spring arrangements are now complete, and our trees are showing the most exquisite tints of green. In a few weeks' time we hope to supply the music of cuckoos and nightingales in several of our districts, and, with the help of a phonograph, to continue their melody throughout the year. It is hoped by means of powerful electric search-lights to supply moonlight effects throughout each month, and without regard to weather.

FINISHED.

["Piano-playing has been put under a ban by Dr. WAETZOLD. The neurosis from which so many young girls suffer may be largely attributed to excessive practising."—*Daily Paper*.]

At early dawn they used to come
 And drag me from my pillow
 That I, poor soul, might go and strum
 To Signor TWANKYDILLO;
 At night I hammered still the keys,
 And thundered like a cannon
 GRIEG, WAGNER, CHOPIN—what you please,
 With Herr VON BANGPIANNEN.

I begged for mercy, but in vain.
 No rest for me. What mattered
 Although my temples throbbed again
 And every nerve was shattered?
 My cheeks might pale, my flesh be lost,
 My figure be diminished,
 But what of that? At any cost
 I must, I must be finished.

And now I cannot bear a sound:
 It sets my brain all reeling
 If I should hear a fly walk round
 On tip-toe on the ceiling.
 Ah, doctor, hadst thou been but by
 To lecture us discreetly,
 Then haply had not hapless I
 Been finished so completely.

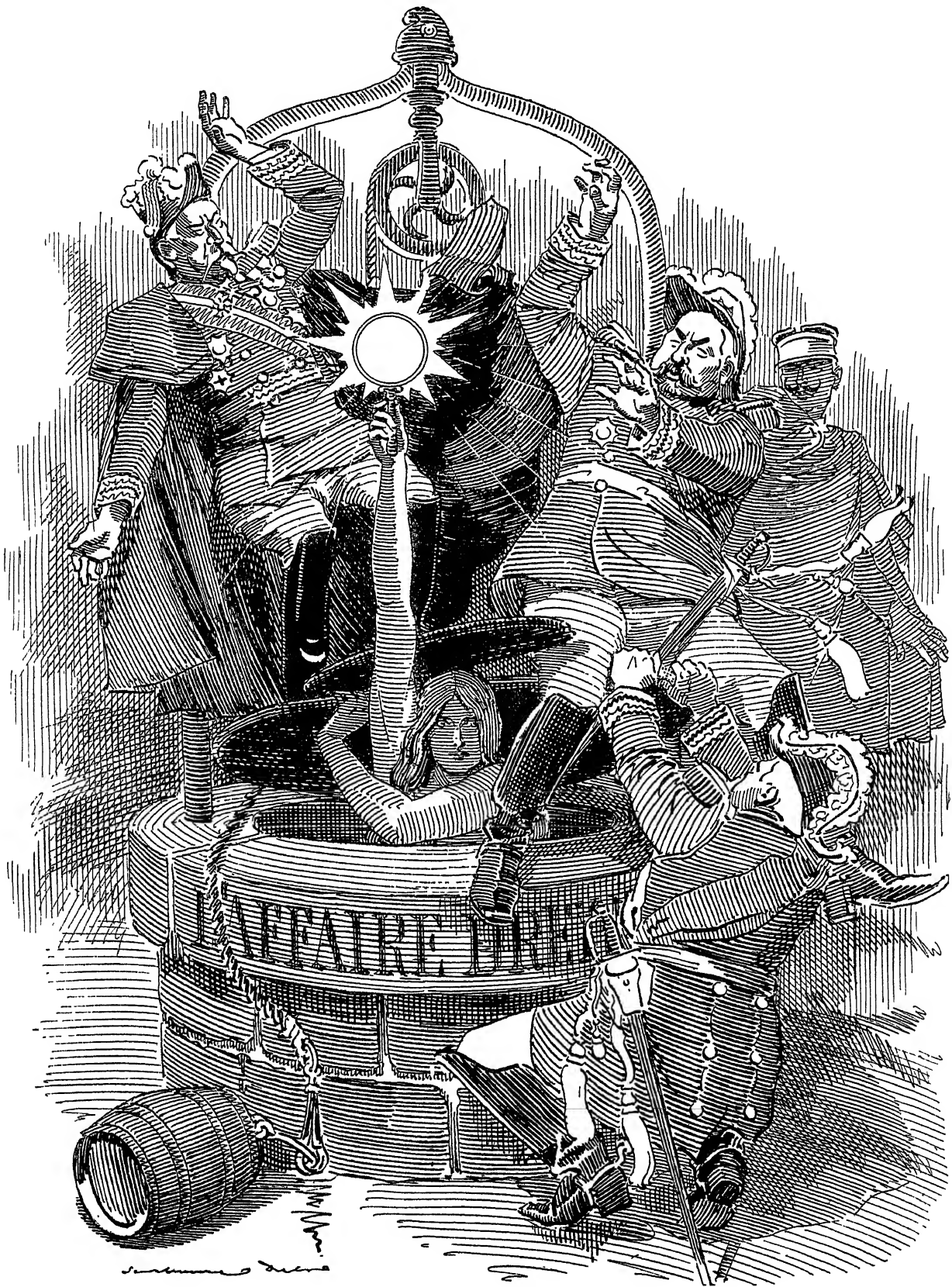
LORD CHARLES BERESFORD's new book is to be entitled "The Break-up of China." Will it be full of "plates"?



Miss MURILLO JONES at the Private View, 1879.



Miss MURILLO JONES at the Private View, 1899.



À BAS LA VÉRITÉ!

Truth. "I MUST COME OUT."

French Generals. "NOT IF WE KNOW IT!"

THE TEAR-IN-EYE OF TIERS AT THE LAUGH-AND-CRY-TEARY-'UN TEAR-TRE.

The Tyranny of Tears, by HADDON CHAMBERS, has achieved an exceptional success; exceptional because due to the interest created by an admirably-acted rendering of a cleverly-written domestic comedy almost destitute of strong dramatic situations. Yet the reflecting quality of the small polished mirror of the stage, held up to Nature by Mr. H. CHAMBERS and the comedians of the Criterion, reproduces, with such slight and necessary exaggeration as never amounts to distortion, studies from life, the truth of which will be admitted by the majority.

In *Mr. and Mrs. Parbury* on the stage, Mr. and Mrs. SMITH in the stalls will not, perhaps, own to recognising themselves; and though SMITH may see that *Mrs. Parbury* is uncommonly like his better half, and Mrs. SMITH may observe to herself that her inferior half might almost have stood for the model of *Parbury*, yet they will agree that at least they both know more than one couple, say the Browns and the Joneses, closely resembling the Mr. and Mrs. *Parbury* of the play.

In drawing these two principal characters, the dramatist has been most happy; and fortunate is he, that the presentation of them to the public is in such able hands as those of Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM and Miss MARY MOORE. CHARLES "our friend" is admirable; perfectly natural throughout, except in one little bit, where, in Act III., in his dialogue with the servant, (a part most discreetly rendered by Mr. STANLEY PRINGLE,) Mr. WYNDHAM, having been momentarily betrayed by the author into the extravagance of farce, has deliberately chosen to emphasise the situation. Otherwise Mr. WYNDHAM's *Parbury* seems to me to be as true comedy as is the leading motive of the piece.

As *Mrs. Parbury*, the complacent and unconsciously selfish wife, who, thinking she is doing everything for the happiness of both, has been allowed by the "good easy man" to have her way in everything, and so has become an affectionate domestic tyrant, the more tyrannical because so greatly affectionate, Miss MARY MOORE, playing the part with consummate skill, surpasses anything she has yet attempted. She is to poor *Parbury* what the feather-headed *Dora* was to *David Copperfield*, only with some years added to their experience of married life.

Mr. FRED. KERR is at his ease as the impressionable bachelor, *George Gunning*, who poses as a cynic. That he should suddenly fall in love with the secretary-type-writing young lady is not improbable; that he should decide within a few hours on making her his wife is highly improbable; but that *Miss Hyacinth Woodward*, the cold-blooded, ambitious, calculating, highly proper young blue-stocking, one of a country clergyman's numerous daughters, employed by Mr. *Parbury* in the capacity of typewriter for his novels or essays (or whatever the mysterious literary work may be, on which he is engaged), should as suddenly accept Mr. *Gunning*'s hand just at the very moment when she feels inclined to box his ears, is about as unlikely a thing to happen as that *Beatrice* should marry *Benedick* after all their war of words. Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS may indeed plead the example set by SHAKESPEARE; but he will remember that *Benedick* and *Beatrice* are old acquaintances before the play commences, and that finally *Beatrice*



"PLEASE, SIR, TUPPENCE WORTH OF BUTTER SCRAPIN'S, AN' MOTHER SAYS BE SURE THEY'RE ALL CLEAN, 'CAUSE SHE'S EXPECTIN' COMPANY."

puts *Benedick* to the strongest proof of love that a man can give, in making him challenge his dearest friend at her imperial bidding. Again, the cool, sharp-tongued, nasty-tempered *Miss Hyacinth* cannot for a moment nor in any way be put in comparison with a *Beatrice*. For this most ungracious and unsympathetic part a better exponent could not have been found than Miss MAUDE MILLETT, who stiffens herself and hardens her heart in such a convincing manner as must astonish all playgoers who remember her in *Sweet Lavender* and similar gentle characters.

Mr. ALFRED BISHOP is admirable as the old Colonel, who, as a widower, has resumed his former bachelor ways; but his "catch phrase" of "Give me a word," is monotonous. And why? Simply because Mr. CHAMBERS has made one of his companions on the stage always ready with the right word at the right moment; "which," to quote EUCLID, "is impossible."

The finish of the piece is disappointing. There is wanting some effect, some surprise

to bring down the curtain on a roar of laughter. However, *The Tyranny of Tears* has deservedly "caught on," and will reign despotically at the Criterion for many months to come.

SPRING-CLEANING.

"In Spring when woods are getting green,
My wife begins the house to clean,
And I am driven from this scene,
Of scrub-land.

The mops and pails left on the stairs
I come across, quite unawares,
And break my shins and utter—prayers,
For tub-land.

In clouds of dust I choke and cough,
Such draughts! My hat I dare not doff,
I'd go (if I were not a toff)

To pub-land.

But—mum—I won't kick up a shine,
Nor of delight give any sign,
But, quietly, I'm off to dine

In Club-land.



"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."

She. "DON'T YOU THINK THIS PICTURE BEAUTIFULLY PAINTED?"
Conscientious Amateur Art-Critic. "WAIT TILL I HAVE FOUND THE
ARTIST'S NAME!"

FINISHING HOUSEKEEPING.

By A BENEDICT.

(With due apologies to the Careful Matron of the "D. T.")

I WILL imagine you to be the fortunate occupant of a bright little bed-sitting-room in Bloomsbury, or better still, the tenant of a nice two-room bachelor's flat in West Kensington. In the former event, you will doubtless have the supervision of a landlady and a share in the services of a lodging-house "general," to assist you in the conduct of your little *ménage*, and in the latter, some outside help from a charwoman will probably be found necessary; but I wish, as far as possible, to show you how you may best help yourself.

Let us suppose, then, that you are not overburdened with this world's goods, and have to be content, for the present, with a modest single room, say on the top floor in a quiet side-street near the British Museum. In taking this apartment, the first thing is to consider whether it shall be at the front or the back of the house. If you prefer a certain amount of style, and do not mind the noise of the traffic, I should recommend the front; otherwise, should you be interested in your neighbours' doings and home-life, and like to count their washing and watch their cats fight, a back apartment is preferable. In either case, it should not be smaller than seven feet square, as you will no doubt be anxious, in course of time, to entertain. Meanwhile, let me help you to get things a little ship-shape.

As your space is limited, I should advise you to purchase (second-hand, of course) a fly-up bed, one of those useful contrivances which disappear into a wardrobe or dummy book-case, on the bascule principle. Similarly, you can obtain, with a little rummaging in Wardour Street, a combination writing-table and washstand. When you have finished your ablutions, you stow the basin away behind the right-hand false front, which has handles on it to look like drawers. I have one of these most convenient pieces of furniture, which originally belonged to a Countess, and I cannot think what I should do without it. In the left-hand compartment you place your brush and comb, your tooth-mug (if you use such a luxury), sponge-bag, and other necessities. Do not fail to turn the sponge-bag inside out, and it will then last for years, and the shilling thus saved can go partly on tooth-powder and partly on a nice stick of shaving-soap.

(To be continued.)



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—No. XIII.

THE R. A. "BOSS" CHAIR.

This classical piece, of Greek origin, has no permanent home, but is to be found either at the National Gallery or at the Academy. At both places it "bosses the show"—hence its name.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"Look on this picture and on that."

Royal Annet, R. A.

FACING the visitor, as bold as bronze can make him, is the *Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell*. It is by HAMO THORNYCROFT, R. A. A sturdy figure, holding in one hand, as may be supposed, the Academy catalogue, and saying, "Take away these baubles," (anything he doesn't like,) while with the other he grasps his sword, which, in order to prove his right to be here in this artistic company, he has drawn.

GALLERY No. I. Allow Mr. LUKE FIELDS, R. A., to present you to *Miss Violet Stern*, or rather *Miss Violet Smiling*. Her sister *Elsa* you will find *Elsa-where*, No. 73, on the other side of the door, *ergo*, the *porte* side, half a turn a-stern.

18. *La Belle Chiffonnière*. "Oh, I'll put on any rags to sit in; what do I care as long as my likeness is painted by JOHN S. SARGENT, R. A.?"

24. By G. P. JACOMB-HOOD, and from this go to No. 101, in Gallery No. II., by ROBERT MACBETH, A. Evidently an artful male flirt playing same old game (of cat's-cradle) first with one lady, then with another.

20. "*Merry Maids*" is a picture of Merritt.

24. Lovely sunset landscape by B. W. LEADER, R. A. "*Burroughs Cross*." Why is Burroughs cross?

43. The Tennant of a sky parlour. CHARLES VIGOR.

54. COOPER'S "*Coos*." By the Veteran SIDNEY COOPER, R. A., and as good cattle as any in the Academy Cattle-logue.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—No. XIV.

THE "W. Q. O." EMPIRE CHAIR.

This very elegant seat is made of Scotch fir, from French designs of the Empire period. It has long occupied a prominent position at Burlington House, where it is now in much request by "sitters."

58. One of HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.'s best. An entire "Parish" in a single figure.

GALLERY II. 84. "The Witch Lady." There are two ladies. Which is witch? Ask H. A. PAYNE, the painter.

89. JULIUS ROLSHOVEN'S "Madame Koch and her Children," or better, "Madame Hen and her Chicks."

102. W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. Excellent work; strong in the head, but weak in the legs.

105. This is one of the many "Jubilee" subjects. The artist, the merry ANDREW GOW, R.A., shows an enormous crowd in front of St. Paul's Cathedral, on the steps of which appear the Archbishops, bishops, and clergy, vested in copes of various hues, caps of many colours, carrying croziers, and singing pastoral staves, while approaching the QUEEN in that humble spirit in which the Revd. RICHARD BARHAM represented the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Coronation as holding "a goulden dish up"—

"For to reaseve her bounty and great wealth,
Saying, 'Plase your Glory, great Queen Vic-tory,
Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health.'"

But while the two Princesses in the Royal carriage preserve the most demure attitude, Her Gracious Majesty is apparently paying no attention to the gorgeously arrayed ecclesiastics. In one of the other Jubilee pictures, No. 278, Gallery IV., representing precisely the same situation, not only is Her Gracious Majesty averting her countenance and turning the cold shoulder to the dignitaries, but the Princesses also are imitating the august example.

132. "Portrait of a Lady." ED. J. GREGORY, R.A., "One of the Elect," won't give her a name. No matter; she is a lady.

138. "Signs of Herring." Un-herring signs of the hand of COLIN HUNTER, A. Hunter and fisher.

153. The Lonely One and the Only One painted this year by the President, Sir E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

160. One of the Best, by HENRY OIL WELLS, R.A. Portrait of Sir Charles Scotter, with letter in hand inviting him to visit the S.-W. coast. On the table by his side is his fur wrapper, and Sir CHARLES is evidently considering whether this cloak is the one pre-furred. "So fur and yet so near: shall I?"

178. W. W. OULESS, R.A., shows—
The Bishop of Lincoln
Sittin' a thinkun'.

Is he considering the "Lincoln Judgment"? or a previous one, "the Bennett case"? Perhaps both; Lincoln and Bennett. Hats off.

184. Marvellous in detail is FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.'s portrait of Miss Gladys Palmer. "Palma virtuti"—'tis the reward of merit.

204. "Rehearsing for Amateur Theatricals," by W. P. FRITH, R.A. Leading Lady (very angry, to stupid cavalier kneeling). "Now you must not get up before my husband comes in, or else the whole effect will be lost!"

237. "Good Evens!" JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A. Admirable.

238. "Therma Antoniniana." Baths of Caracalla, or Dip-somaniacs in classic times. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

301. Mrs. Patrick Campbell (loq.). "Well! I'm disgusted with my part in this new piece! Such a costume, too! However, it is a case of 'green and bear it!'" HUGH T. GLAZEBROOK.

318. The Very Rev. the Dean, being one of the decorations at St. Paul's, by Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A.

355. B. W. LEADER, R.A., shows us "Where Brook and River Meet." Perfect. Aspiring landscape artists cannot do better than "follow the Leader."

519. Portrait of Lady. Name kept dark; so is the picture. Apparently she has been sitting in a smoky room. SIMON H. VEDDER is the artist. Colour suggestive rather of Foggy Vedder.

553. But here is something to brighten you up again. Loch Katrine, by JOHN MACWEIRTER, R.A. Loch-a-mussy! Admirable!

593. J. T. NETTLESHIP is "Resistless." A Practical Choke. Boa-Constrictor strangling Peacock.

673. Sea-piece by EDWIN HAYES. Hayes-y weather off Margate. Excellent.

906. It is probable that Mr. BYAM SHAW intended this originally for a Jubilee Procession, but finding that several artists had already chosen that subject, he altered it to "Love the Conqueror."

904. "A Phenomenon." Curious effect of lumps of chalk in the sky. HILDA MONTALBA.

925. JOHN COLLIN shows us a young man who, having been recently made a Freemason, is being coaxed by four captivating syrens to tell them the secret; but he won't, because he knows that at No. 928 is the Deputy Pro-Grand Master, placed there by ARTHUR HACKER, A., artfully listening.

943. "Off Valparaiso." Yeo-ho! THOMAS SUMMERSCALES! What cheer, my hearty! Here's a splendid breeze and a swelling, deep blue sea! We were becoming a-weary, and this freshens us up again. "Now we sails! With the gales! In a ship by SUMMERSCALES!" So we "drop into poetry" and pass on.



GRIT.

"SO YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY ONE OF THE CHARMING LEMPRIER GIRLS. IS IT THE DARK BEAUTY OR THE FAIR ONE?"

"I DON'T THINK SHE IS CALLED ONE OF THE BEAUTIES; BUT SHE'S THE ONE WHO STAYS AT HOME AND LOOKS AFTER THE SPRING CLEANING, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

Just a glance at the Sculpture, and our task is done. No. 1882. James Watt. By HENRY C. FEHR. He knows what's Watt. 1908. GEORGE COWELL'S *Snail-post*. 1912. "A Peri-bust!"—sounds awful, doesn't it? But it isn't. *Au contraire*. L. GWENDOLEN WILLIAMS *didit*. 1924. "Leopard eating—SWAN, A." 1948. *Sir Lewis Morris*—busting with verse. First-rate this, by W. GOSCOMBE JOHN, A.

2015. "Sir William Agnew, Bart.," by ONSLOW FORD, R.A. Determined expression. Bust representing "The Head of the Firm."

2016. "The triumph of the hour," and a triumph of art, is the Shield by HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A. It is wonderful in design and masterly in workmanship. H. H. is a master of Arts and Crafts.

A NEW BOOM.

[According to the daily papers, the regatta co urse at Henley this year is to be "boomed," on each side between the piles, in order to prevent pleasure-boats from drifting out and interfering with the racing.]

O HENLEY, famed the world around for sixty summers past,
Beloved of oarsman stout and maiden blooming,

Of all our institutions we'd have sworn you were the last
To need—what you have now been promised—"booming!"

In the Coming By and By.

Jones (meeting SMITH at Cairo Railway Station). Hallo! old chap, whither bound?

Smith. Oh! just taking the missus and the girls up the Nile. We shall stay at the "Kitchener Arms," Khartoum. And you?

Jones. Going to try my luck with the fish at Fashoda. If going South, look me up at the "Hotel Marchand." Capital *table d'hôte*.

Smith. Well, it's just possible we may join the ROBINSONS at the "Mahdi's Head" at Kordofan. So long!

"THERE'S A SWEET LITTLE CHERUB WHO SITS UP ALOFT."—The wise child who, from his coign of 'vantage in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons knew his own father and shouted his name out aloud, was wise enough to bolt when he heard that one of the Whips was coming.



Quiet Man (as a particularly "steep" story of adventure comes to a close). "ER—WILL SOMEBODY PASS THE SALT, PLEASE?"

DEPRECIATIONS.

VIII.

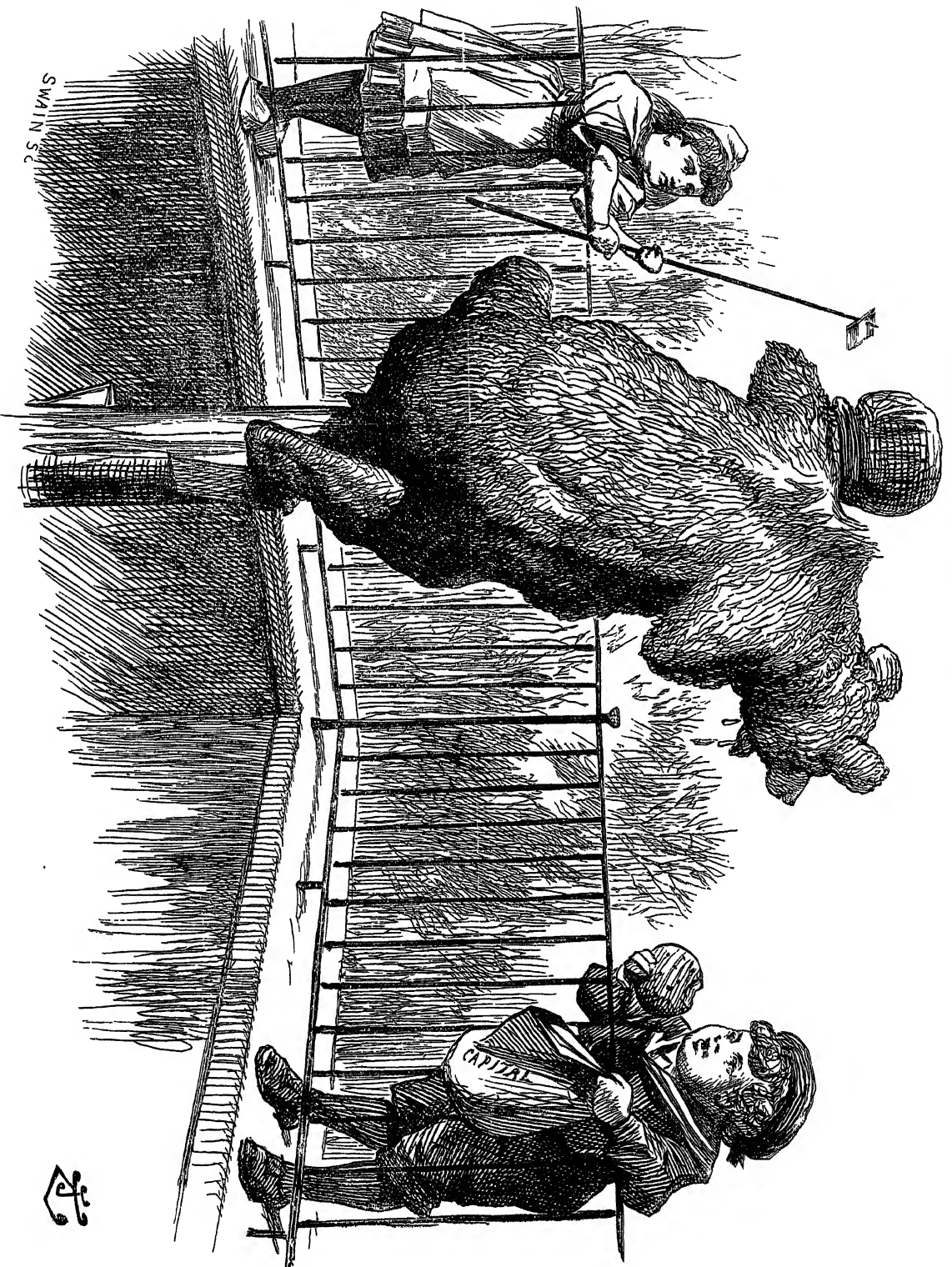
THE TWO AUGURS.

*Sir M.-ch.-l addresses his Great Exemplar,
Sir W.-ll.-m.*

PORT, thanks; but fill your own. Our latest tax
Should scarce affect these finer, fruitier,
brands.
Yonder's a stuff was bottled in the year
Kirkcaldy set your name at foot of poll,
Your fancy being Celtic from the first.
So to our talk, the candid kind that holds
Where augur faces augur, wink for wink,
Over the good red wine that opes the
heart.
Where were we? To be sure; the Sinking
Fund;
That happy little Budget speech of yours
Who called me coward—coward was the
word?—
Saying I burked my debts to pay the bill.
Now, see, I rend your fallacy to rags,
Pleading my cause *au plus grand sérieux*
(You catch a whiff of Paris, whence you
come?)
As if your speech were something more
than pose
Struck for the gallery's applauding gods.
Put case in parable, not hard to hear:—
Say there's a woman keeps a female cook
Breaks set of crockery down i' servants' hall
In act of treating follower to tea—
Policeman off the beat, as like as not,
Though, for the argument, a sweep would
serve—

How should our friend make good her
crippled cups?
Lay hands on hard-earned increment of
cook?
Or stop it out of wages? What's the odds,
So cook be mulcted in the just amount?
Yet you would call her craven, woman o'
straw,
Breaker of pledges, profligate in oaths,
If she decide, cook being short of cash,
To dock for damages her monthly due!
What? "Any lady would forgive the lapse,
Or sack defendant?" Bah! you miss the
point,
Which I had thought conspicuously clear.
True, I discern a flaw i' th' simile,
Your paying public and its Chancellor
Not being one to other (rule o' three)
As cook to mistress; even waiving suitor
Along with shattered ware. Put case
again:—
Here's a physician has a tradesman client
(Say, family grocer) lies at door of death
Sick of a tertian: doctor bleeds his man
And cures him; saves his life, I'd have
you note;
For such, i' th' application, seems the task
Of who, in office, builds the armoured fleet
To save the nation at its own expense.
How does our leech attain to touch his fee—
Sestra, i' Greek, a less invidious term,
Thankoffering, to wit, for life rewon?
What if, in lieu o' th' ready, he elect
To knock it off his wife's outstanding bill?
Is he, for this, a coward renegade.
Your phrase, I think, or words to that effect?
Where lies the difference sets your wrath
afame?

Another glass—to help you work it out?
No? Then we'll ring for coffee. *There is
none!*
What? Ah! you misinterpret me again.
I speak of differences, not of coffee,
And tell you there is none, except the sort,
Twixt pea and pea; you know it, well as I.
And what is more, you know I know you
know.
But still this parrot-cry of Pay-your-debts.
Tickles the vulgar with its air of virtue.
Indeed, you did it well. I much admired.
How bravely, under bronze of southern
suns,
You hid the painful effort not to laugh
The while you rolled such thundering
platitudes
As made the *Chronicle* reporter's face
Shine like the Seraphim. Superb, I say!
Talking of Budgets (try that other box
Much fancied by the quali', at Bristol,
Where my electors count me more than
kind,
Dubbing me Dame GODIVA in heir mirth,
Who "took the tax away" *and kept it there*),
I am, of course, at one with you, good Sir.
Who scorn the popular breath; but still 'tis
well
If wound we *must*, to wound the weaker
sort.
So with the cheaper wines; I choose my
prey
Not from the plebs nor yet the plutocrats,
Loud, those, of lung, and potent, these, of
purse,
Swillers o' swipes, or connoisseurs of
Mumm,
But just the gentle-folk of modest means,



THE BRITISH BUN.

RUSSIAN BEAR (to himself). "NONE OF YOUR 'FRENCH KICKSHAW'S' FOR ME. GIVE ME THE BRITISH BUN!"



Bluejacket (in charge of Party of Sightseers). "HERE NELSON FELL."
Old Lady. "AN' I DON'T WONDER AT IT, POOR DEAR. NASTY SLIPPERY PLACE! I
NEARLY FELL THERE MYSELF!"

Your Graves and Médoc men; whose voice
and vote

May lightly be neglected. Same applies
To your particular choice, the silent dead;
A harmless kind of person, good to fleece.
I would to Heaven we might have more of
such.

No cognac? Not the '40? Then we'll rise.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *The Garden of Swords* (CASSELL & Co.)
MAX PEMBERTON gives us three interesting
figures, whose actions the reader with diffi-
culty follows, as they are from time to
time lost to sight, though always to memory
dear, in the surging crowd of warriors,
French and German. In consequence of
the author's vivid and picturesque descrip-
tion of details, it is difficult for the reader,
unless he have plenty of leisure, to emerge

from the turmoil and pick up the thread of
the narrative. Those who can do this, the
story will repay with interest at not a very
high rate.

The Autobiography of a Child (BLACK-
WOOD) is a pitiful book. My Baronite, un-
reasonably sensitive about titles, has had it
on his table for some time, avoiding it
under the impression that it was one of
those painfully funny things akin to the
History of a Bad Boy and the like. On the
contrary, it is a tragedy unrelieved by touch
of comedy. The anonymous writer looks
back on her childhood from the hilltop of
womanhood, and ruthlessly pictures its
anguish. The child was a little Irish girl
of supersensitive nature, with a fiend of
a mother, who, in only less coarsely brutal
manner, recalls the case of another Irish
mother a year or two ago figuring in the
criminal courts. Doubtless the little one,

with her wild nature, her untamed spirits,
her vivid imagination, was what is com-
monly called a handful. If the hand closing
over it had been soft and warm it might
have nurtured a rare flower of maidenhood.
Being bony and bloodless it spoiled a young
life. The worst thing about the book is
that it is evidently a true story.

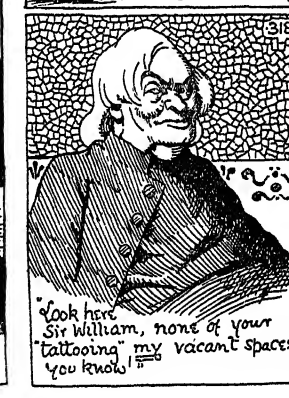
"The hardy Norseman's house of yore,"
as the Baron's Nautical Retainer reminds
him, "was on the something wave," but
his particular inland residence was undoubt-
edly Rouen. It was from this riparian
retreat that our first WILLIAM issued to
conquer that country which is still regarded
in Sark as an appanage of the Channel
Islands. Hence the personal interest felt
by our Anglo-Norman race (sometimes
facetiously described as plain Anglo-Saxon,
but actually Norse by descent on East as
well as South, to say nothing of the coast
of what is known as our hinterland beyond
the Tweed) in the history and art of the
capital of Normandy. Like ROSTAND'S
"*cadets de Gascogne*,"

"En Normandie a gent molt fiere
Jo ne sai gent de tel maniere;
Chevaliers sont proz é vaillanz
Par totes terres conquérantz."

So sang the Rev. ROBERT WAGE, of Jersey,
evil speller, and author of the romances
of *Rou* and of *Brut* (*très sec*). Mr. THEO-
DORE ANDREA COOK, who writes vastly
better English, has told us all that any
reasonable man can want to know of the
first city of the duchy in his delightful *Story
of Rouen*, contributed to Messrs. DENT'S
series of Mediæval Towns. This is your
true Cook to conduct you on your next
visit to Normandy. Nothing in old Rouen
has escaped his careful eye, from the Tour
Jeanne d'Arc to the elaborate details of the
reliefs on the Maison Bourgheroulde, which
may Heaven, aided by the local authorities
and M. le Ministre des Beaux Arts, long
preserve. Into your pocket you may slip
this chastest of volumes, which, for its
erudition, its charming vivacity of style,
and its most excellent illustrations, deserves
a *train de luxe* to itself.

There are, writes one of the Baron's
Retainers, 320 closely-packed pages of print
and any number of incidents in *Forbidden
Banns* (F. V. WHITE & Co.), by ANNABEL
GRAY. *Rosamund* is a lady who indulges in
marriage as some people indulge in drink
or golf. She is never happy without it.
Her first husband is a ne'er-do-well who
abandons his young wife, and is imme-
diately reported to have been drowned off
South America—I cannot remember the
exact locality, but this is near enough.
Then the Faithful Old Lover who has been
waiting, oh, so patiently, turns up, and
Rosamund marries him. After some happy
years the F. O. L. is disposed of by a wily
old Major, who bribes the F. O. L.'s horse
with a heavy bribe of beans and oats to
assassinate his master. The horse suc-
cumbs to the temptation, the F. O. L. is
duly slain, and then *Rosamund* marries the
Major. Upon this the undrowned ne'er-
do-well pops up again, and *Rosamund*, tired
of marriage, tries death by way of a change.
I don't know why ANNABEL GRAY should
invent a war between France and Germany.
By doing so she distinctly infringes the
patent of Mr. LE QUEUX, the gay LE
QUEUX, whose stories of imaginary blood-
shed and battle so greatly fascinate us.
However, I let that pass, and conclude by
tendering to ANNABEL GRAY my acknow-
ledgments for a book which, unequal as it is,
yet possesses elements of skill and interest.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



PEARLS WITHOUT PRICE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ALL' EGREGIO SIGNOR PUNCH.

EGREGIO SIGNORE,—*Un mio amico inglese—ma posso scrivere la di Lei lingua. Ebbene!*
EGREGIOUS MISTER,—Can to write the of Her language. One my friend inglish—*ah no, è troppo difficile! Vado a cercare un traduttore. Ecco!*

DEAR SIR,—An English friend of mine has sent me the great newspaper, the *Times*, of April 22. Behold! The English Senate has discussed the "decoration" of the Cathedral of London, and one of the senators, the Count of WEMIS, has read my poor letter, the humble opinion of a foreigner, to the Senate of your great country. Even to you, Mr. PUNCH, that is without doubt an honour, for until now you have been

considered a mere joker—*un burlone*. But to me it is more wonderful that the illustrious Senate of the great English nation should listen gravely to the criticism of an obscure stranger, even when published in your magnificent journal. I thought that your senators understood only the chase or the races, and knew nothing of the Fine Arts. But no! I am so proud of the honour that henceforth I shall cause my cards to be printed in English—

LEONARDO TIZIANO BUONARROTI
(*Adviser in the Fine Arts to the English Senate*).

Since my return to Italy I have seen also some other English newspapers, and I know who are the leaders of English art. There is a *guardia municipale* named JONES, there is a Mr. SAMUEL HOWE, and a certain Mr.

S. PEPPYS, who wrote a letter to you after I had done so. His English was very curious. Perhaps he is also an American, or a policeman. But not one of these has had the honour of addressing the Senate. *Diavolo!* I am "a tremendous swell," as you say in England.

It is possible that some day I may become an English Commendatore. Is the adviser of your Senate thus rewarded? Or do you think, Mr. PUNCH, that your Senate will deprive the Commendatore RICHMOND of his title and bestow it upon me? It would be a very just and graceful act.

I have the honour to be your most obedient servant,

LEONARDO TIZIANO BUONARROTI
(*Adviser in the Fine Arts to the English Senate*).

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, April 24.—If there is still a panel in the Octagon Hall available for a mosaic, SARK suggests an appropriate treatment of an allegorical

almost boisterous mood. Nothing would satisfy him but making two speeches, lambent with those flouts and jeers DIZZY, on a famous occasion, spoke of with tone of envy. To-night, under soothing wand of enchanter from Education Department, the MARKISS collapsed. If he had gone to sleep after the fashion of wilier men it would not

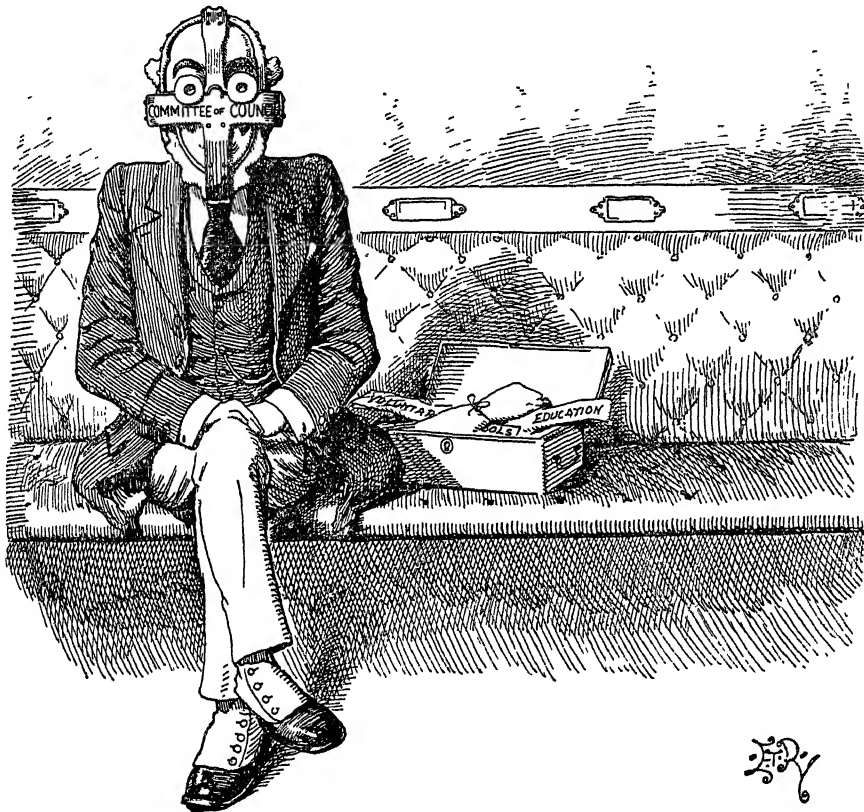
flying the flag of Law and Order, he, like CROMWELL, did not hesitate to shoot.

That northern Chieftain, JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg, on the contrary, reveres the memory of the Great Lord Protector. It is true he did not fight at the Boyne. It was not his fault. He was not there at the time. Had he been be sure he would have been around on the right side.

So JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg, overlooking minor matters, rises on this the three hundredth anniversary of CROMWELL's birth to perform an act of homage. He had on paper a question addressed to Chief Commissioner of Works, inquiring after the present condition of the statue to CROMWELL presented by a private citizen to the Houses of Parliament. The ordinary method in such matters is for a member to refer to the number of his question on the paper. But occasion are and not frequently recurrent. JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg does not know where he will be next time CROMWELL Centenary comes round. If anything to be done must be done forthwith; would have liked to put on his orange sash, thus linking two glorious and immortal memories. If he could have induced his friend and fellow Protestant TOMLINSON to secrete a big drum about his person and at proper moment, just when the sheen of the sash of JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg caught and dazzled the SPEAKER's eye, thrice to tap the drum (once for each century), the accessories would have been complete.

House of Commons has prejudices on these points. Anyhow the Chieftain would try to work off a speech. So he began:—"On the three hundredth anniversary of his birth, and honouring the memory of the Great Lord Protector—" Here the Irish Members opposite came in with howl of "Order! Order!" Plainly no use attempting to continue the oration. When howls ceased, Chieftain quietly went on—"I desire to ask the Chief Commissioner of Works the question that stands in my name."

Thus swiftly he dropped from poetry to prose. A quaint anti-climax; but he was now strictly in order, none daring to make him afraid as he recited the terms of his question. The House delights in JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg, recognising his true-heartedness, his genuine simplicity, the courage of



THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

(Sir J-hn G-rst.)

It fits him so well that nothing on earth will induce him to come out.

subject. The title would be "A Good Man Struggling with Adversity." The picture would represent the Dook of DEVONSHIRE making a speech in House of Lords. He and the House suffered experience to-night. Subject, Board of Education Bill. The Dook's appearance on scene was led up to by series of lively speeches, beginning with Lord REAY, ending with KIMBERLEY. House nearly empty; solemn stillness steeped the scene. The Dook, gallantly suppressing a yawn, stood at Table, assumed lounging attitude, and in voice of infinite weariness began to reply to criticism.

It was his heroic self-denying ordinance about not yawning that wrecked him. If, when impulse came upon him, he had frankly yielded it would have been much better. The repression had effect analogous to that of suppressed gout. The Bishops bore up bravely. They are, of course, in good training. Occasionally deliver Charges themselves, and, earlier in their career, have suffered Charges from others.

Sorry to say the most hopelessly demoralising effect of the speech beyond that wrought on the Dook himself was displayed by the MARKISS. Only the other day he came back from the Riviera with his hair cropped short and his spirits strung high. Making his *rentrée* on Friday, he was in

have mattered. In later years of his life in House of Commons Mr. G. snatched many a snooze on the Treasury bench, whilst preserving an attitude and expression of profound attention to hon. gentleman on his legs. The late Lord COLERIDGE's somnolent lapses on the Bench were works of art, recognised at the time as unique, remaining inimitable. The MARKISS falling asleep, did everything but lie at full length on the Ministerial bench. He dexterously fixed his mailed fists on the bench so as to support his body, bent his massive head on his manly chest, and sweetly slept as if the voice of the Dook, standing at the Table close on his left hand, were the music of water gurgling over a pebbled brook or the murmur of innumerable bees.

Business done.—Board of Education Bill read a second time.

Tuesday.—REDMOND Cadet cannot away with OLIVER CROMWELL. It is not jealousy that prompts the feeling of repulsion. Great minds are above the littleness of jealousy. It is racial instinct. CROMWELL was not, in the main, kind to REDMOND Cadet's country. He was, in truth, a sort of Roundhead PRINCE ARTHUR. One cannot imagine PRINCE ARTHUR in Roundhead garb. Flowing locks and the gay colours of the cavalier seem most in keeping with his still lithe figure. But when in charge of Ireland,



[ENJOYING DEVONSHIRE.]



Mr. May Aves. "I HEAR THAT YOUR SON IS A GREAT STUDENT, AND SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME OVER THE MIDNIGHT OIL."

Mrs. Jones (a rich parvenue, in pony carriage). "NOT A WORD OF TRUTH IN IT. WE HAVE HILTON'S LIGHT HALL OVER THE HOUSE, AND HALFREY AS A 'OLE ORANTICLEER IN 'IS ROOM!"

his opinions, and his quaint humour. REDMOND COLE, blundering along next with his pompous inanity, supplied the foil that completed the little comedy.

Business done.—Committee on London Government Bill.

The unduly.—The cry of the indignant in the Ladies' Gallery, which just now disturbed Houses, reveals as under sudden flash of lightning something of what those suffer, who, for their country's good, sit here daily. SPEAKER took the chair as usual at three o'clock; some private Bills dealt with; at half-past three questions approached; CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES had just commenced manoeuvring what he would call a whole squadron of them, when, sharp from the Ladies' Gallery, rang the explosive voice.

The hand of the clock pointed to twenty minutes to four. Only forty minutes had sped, of a sitting that would certainly extend

to midnight, with rivulets of talk dripping all through it. Yet thus early this young Irish member, bored to death, inheriting obstructive tendencies, raised his voice in angry protest, and in the interests of Law and Order, was straightway carried out kicking.

Of course the remarkable personal appearance of the CAPTAIN may have had something to do with precipitating the crisis. His airy fashion of emphasising a sentence by describing a semi-circle with the substitute for a right hand—all that was left him after the battle of Navarino—is calculated to strike terror into the breast of a child. Making all allowance for that, we who nightly suffer the deadliest dull House of Commons ever mustered for prayers have fellow feeling with MR. JUSTICE MATHEW'S three year old grandson, who found forty minutes quite long enough.

Business done.—Arrest of young Irish

member in Ladies' Gallery. Afterwards House resumed Committee on the London Government Bill.

Friday.—ROBSON, Q.C., getting on very well with his Memorial. It is addressed to PRINCE ARTHUR, who is suspected of designs upon the Half-Timers' Bill. This put down for 31st of May. 31st of May is also Derby Day, conveniently contiguous to Whitsun holidays. Supposing holidays, which might close on Monday the 29th, were extended over Wednesday 31st, an awkward measure would be shelved. ROBSON, Q.C., in charge of the Bill, resolved to nip that rose of thought in the bud. Has drawn up his Memorial; carries it about with him in his breast-pocket; whenever he comes across a member who looks as if he had convictions on the Education Question, whips out the Memorial, and gets him to sign it.

Betsy Trotwood's friend, Mr. Duck, the only parallel case of similar assiduity.

"Can you keep CHARLES THE FIRST'S Head out of your Memorial?" I asked, as I cheerfully paid the toll of my signature.

"That's all right," said ROBSON, Q.C. "Difficulty is to keep out the head of PRINCE ARTHUR. If he filches our Wednesday, and his head were found in our Memorial, it would incontinently be punched. I use the word in a Parliamentary sense, of course."

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

"Certainly no man can entertain any illusions about woman after studying advertisements of the kind found in ladies' papers."

St. James's Gazette.

WHENAS, of old, with reverent awe,
JULIA all fully tyred I saw,
Perfect she seemed, without a flaw.

Until a journal me she lent,
Whose many a bold advertisement
Has stol'n away my heart's content.

Lo! hidden lore did they impart
How homely maidens may grow smart,
As Nature pays her court to Art.

Fair comely corsets they display,
Wherein the body to array
That figures may be built that way.

Hues that can dye the hair to gold,
Curlers with virtues manifold—
All for mere songs and trifles sold.

Powders and soaps did they make known,
Whose powers transcendent beauties own
Matchless for the complexion.

Until her lover indiscreet,
The secret taught of every cheat,
Alas! sees JULIA'S counterfeit.

MAY MEETINGS.

With your doctor when you are in rude health, and don't want to hear evidence to the contrary.

With a bore when you don't desire to spend a quarter of an hour in idle chat, having barely ten minutes in which to catch your last train.

With a creditor when your bank balance is expressed by a minus sign, and you consequently can't settle up.

With your first love when you are in company with your wife, and are not anxious to talk over memories of the past.

With every one when you don't want to meet any one.



SEIZING HIS OPPORTUNITY.

The Major (on his way to try for the Big Trout, and pondering on his fly-book). "Now I wonder what he'll take! What do you say, Smithers, eh?" Smithers (pulling up with alacrity). "Take, Sir? Well, Sir, THANKY, SIR, SUP O' WHISKY, SIR, FOR CHOICE!"

"LINES TO PHYLLIS."

How would you know I was the poet,
If I should write some "Lines to PHYLLIS,"
And PHYLLIS you?—no word to show it—
How would you know I was the poet?
Though I scarce dare to say you'd know it,
My inward fond conviction still is
That you *would* know I was the poet,
And wrote to you my "Lines to PHYLLIS."

FINISHING HOUSEKEEPING.

(CONTINUED.)

As to your bath, I scarcely know what to say. It certainly takes up a deal of room, and is a difficult object to conceal. If you can make shift with a hand-basin, or even a rub all over with a wet towel occasionally, so much the better. Or on your annual visit to the sea-side when the August Bank-holiday comes round, you may be able to have a dip. You will find it well worth trying, and I should be surprised if, at some time or other, you don't repeat the experience. I quite enjoy a yearly wash all over.

Now for the other features of your snugery. You can't very well do without a table (get one which rests evenly on its four legs, and with a drawer to it for bits of string) and two chairs, in case you ever have a visitor. At a pinch, you might substitute a camp-stool for one of the chairs, but it is not very hospitable. Besides these, you must undoubtedly have a small bookshelf, preferably one of those delightfully quaint arrangements of four pieces of knotted rope and three boards, hanging on a nail in the wall. With this, you can have quite a respectable little library of the penny books now so much in vogue.

Pictures I must leave to your individual taste. A good deal of effect can be got out of the supplements of illustrated papers, neatly tacked against the wall, with edgings of brown paper. I saw the other day a most artistic fire-screen, made of a towel-horse, backed with mill-board, on which were gummed a very fine collection of operative and other portraits given away with cheap cigarettes. This, however, is beyond the range of the average bachelor. Other adjuncts will be an eighteenpenny looking-glass (do not be put off with inferior makes), a half-crown American clock, and an Art tobacco-holder, made out of a salt-jar. You will then, I think, be complete, and at a cost of about thirty-five shillings. I may tell you in a further letter how to give your first "supper" party.



THE TRAVELS OF THE STREAMERS LAST YEAR.

LOWTHER ARCADIAN LATIN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—When Sir WILLIAM HART-DYKE said that Mr. JAMES LOWTHER "had gone to the top of the tree to select his big fish," need he have pleaded a coral reef in extenuation of the mixed metaphor? It will not have escaped your classical eye that the two ideas have "met afore" as long ago as HORACE'S

Piscium summa genus hæsit ulmo,
Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis,
Et superjecto pavide natarunt
Æquore damæ.

In fact the correlation of ideas was there extraordinarily prophetic, for it would appear that, in the flooding of dykes recorded by HORACE, harts out of their depth were similarly conspicuous. True, *damæ* is feminine, but this would be the poet's noted gallantry—*place aux dames*.

Yours heartily, QUEER FISH.

"WHAT SHE REALLY WANTED."

(A Recollection of Wedding Presents.)

A COMPLETE set of *Smith's Poems*, bound in half-morocco, with the author's autograph. 8 Chinese gongs, 4 musical chimes, 6 silver card-cases, an Indian "Pookah," 18 paper knives, 7 brass blotters, 12 *Bradshaws*, A. B. C., and directory holders, 8 umbrella stands, 1 patent self-emptying ink-stand, 45 napkin rings, 1 stuffed bear, 5 framed engravings of the "Roll Call," an Abyssinian steel engraved war knife, a button bag, 7 silver-plated egg-boilers, And a safety coal-scuttle fastener.



THIS YEAR



THE OPEN MOUTH; OR, THE INTEGRITY OF CHINA.

British Lion. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, JOHNNY CHINAMAN, WE'VE COME TO A PERFECTLY FRIENDLY ARRANGEMENT."
Russian Bear (*pleasantly*). "WE'RE GOING TO DIVIDE YOU."

LYRICAL OUTRAGES.

VIII.—TO A SKY-LARKER.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
 Sad thou never wert,
 Trouble-free, or near it,
 Thou dost give thy heart
 To larking's simple unpremeditating art.
 Faster still and faster
 How thy tongue thou waggest!
 No one it may master,
 Thou the biscuit baggest,
 And ragging still dost romp, and romping
 ever raggest.

When the dawn is brightening,
 When the day is done,
 Skies or dark or lightening,
 Thou promotest fun,
 Like some mad farce whose second act is
 just begun.

All the stars of heaven
 Cannot hush thee quite,
 When in June at even
 Thou art out of sight
 Among the garden beds, I hear thy shrill
 delight.

When Yule-logs are smoking
 In the winter drear,
 Practically-joking
 Is thy special sphere—
 Although we may not see, we feel that thou
 art there!

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud—
 Yet, my thought to bare,
 That thou art a cloud
 Upon our sky at times, I think, must be
 allowed!

Here some fourteen stanzas
 Melt as summer haze,
 Wild extravaganzas
 Of poetic praise—
 Though SHELLEY's self might well have sung
 thy pleasing ways!

Teach me half the madness
 That thy brain must know,
 I'll explain with gladness
 Whence high spirits flow,
 The world shall bless thee then, as I am
 blessing now!

A LITTLE CHAT.

THE *Times* correspondent at Pretoria says that the interview between the President of the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines and President KRÜGER "was quite academic, nothing tangible resulting." It is believed that the following is a correct report of the conversation.

Mr. Rouliot. Good morning, President.
 Mr. Krüger. Good morning. Have you used—?

R. Oh, none of your chaff! People don't know what a fellow you are for jokes in private. Let's come to business.

K. So glad to see you. Do sit down.

R. Well, what about the franchise?

K. Why, you're not smoking! Fill your pipe.

R. Oh, thanks! But what about—

K. Mrs. KRÜGER? She's quite well, thank you.

R. I'm very glad. But I didn't mean that. What about—?

K. There's only one thing annoys her. CHAMBERLAIN never asks after her now. Seems so neglectful, doesn't it? He was so polite at one time. But he's very deep.

R. Talking of that, the Deep Level—



HOW THE POOR LIVE.

THE REV. MR. SMIRK HAS BROUGHT AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE FRIEND TO SEE FOR HIMSELF THE DISTRESSED STATE OF THE POOR OF HIS PARISH.

[He'll give them a little notice next time.]

K. Yes; he's level-headed enough.
 R. Quite so. But as I was saying—
 K. It is a fine day. Not but what a little rain would lay the dust nicely, and the fields—

R. Talking of fields, the Gold Fields—
 K. Precisely. How do you like this tobacco?

R. Not bad. Now to come to business. The franchise—

K. Why, bless me, you haven't got a light! Here are the matches, Swedish, or some outlandish things—

R. Ah! talking of outlandish, the Uitlanders—

K. Quite so; you prefer home-made things—my clothes, for instance. What do you think of them? Good fit, eh? All home-made, by Mrs. KRÜGER.

R. Wonderful! But, as I was saying, the franchise—

K. As for this top hat of mine—

R. Talking of mine, the Simmer and Jack mine—

K. Why you know, when I was a boy—

R. Talking of boys, the Cape boys—

K. Ah, boys will be boys. But you've nothing to drink.

R. Not just now, thanks. But that reminds me of the liquor traffic—

K. Now you mention traffic, how do you think a motor-car would suit me? A nice

electric one, I mean. Much pleasanter than trains; no smoke, no blacks—

R. Talking of the blacks—

K. As I was saying, no smoke, no dirt, spin along the roads—

R. Talking of RHODES—

K. Well, do you know, if you really won't take anything. I'll be saying good-bye, because Mrs. KRÜGER wants to try on my new coat, and if I keep her waiting, she'll blow me up—

R. Talk of blowing up, there's dynamite—

K. Don't know her. Black woman, is she? DINAH might, or DINAH mightn't, for all I know.

R. Oh, you're hopeless! Look here, what are you going to do?

K. Try on my coat. Let's talk business another day. If there's anything you want done, I promise—

R. Oh, I know your promises! I'm off.

K. Must you really be going? So sorry. Good-bye.

At the Cat and Compasses.

William the Illiterate. Wot's all this jolly row about Sunday noospapers?

Richard the Well-read. Simply this—the Bishops is afraid that they'll interfere with their sermons, which you can get for nothink.



A STRICT MORALIST.

Little Ethel. "OH, PAPA, I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE OUGHT ALWAYS TO SPEAK THE TRUTH?"

Papa. "CERTAINLY, DEAR. WHY?"

Little Ethel. "WHY—WHEN YOU GAVE THAT MAN A SHILLING, YOU SAID, 'HERE'S A GLASS OF BEER FOR YOU.' THAT WASN'T TRUE!"

THE DINNER CHAIRMAN'S VADE MECUM.

(Compiled for the use of Orators during the Month of May Mouthings.)

Question. You are accustomed to take the chair at a public dinner?

Answer. Yes. Or, to speak by the card, a dinner for the rest of the company.

Q. Why, do you not partake of the good cheer before you with the rest of your convives?

A. Certainly not. I have to speak later on—a consideration which entirely destroys my appetite.

Q. Is there anything new to be said in the loyal toasts?

A. No; and therefore it is better to return to the simplest form, which is sure to be received with heartfelt enthusiasm.

Q. What can be said about the United Service?

A. That it is absolutely delightful to expend millions in the furtherance of their interests.

Q. And can anything interesting be put in about the Houses of Parliament?

A. Not much. Sneers at the Lords are no longer popular, and the Lower House is too respectable to be anything but a dull subject.

Q. What about the toast of the evening?

A. That must be left to the Secretary, who will furnish the Chairman with the necessary facts, which may be mixed with original remarks, two-thirds humorous to one-third pathetic.

Q. How are the visitors to be treated?

A. With fulsome eulogy or comic depreciation, inspired by the pages of that excel-

lent manual, *Who's Who*. Particular attention can be paid to the entries under "Recreations" in that admirable work, for appropriate chaff.

Q. And in what terms does a Chairman respond to the toast of his own health?

A. In a few muttered words addressed to an audience composed of a gentleman fast asleep, the toast-master, and the waiters.

A BOOM IN BEGGARY.

(By Our City Editor. A.D. 1900.)

[According to *Hearth and Home*, the beggars of Philadelphia have formed themselves into a Company, with a Board of Directors to manage their affairs.]

MARKETS were fairly quiet yesterday, but most of the new Street Industrial Companies were eagerly inquired after by speculators. Owing to the height of the barometer and the weather forecast, the price of ordinary shares in the Crossing-Sweepers' (Belgravia) Syndicate

WEAKENED CONSIDERABLY in the earlier part of the day. They recovered, however, in the afternoon, when the news arrived that the syndicate has managed to

SUBSIDISE THE WATER-CARTS of the neighbourhood, so that a good supply of mud can be guaranteed, irrespective of weather. Destitute Orphans were in good demand, as the Company has employed several talented writers to supply

NEW AND PATHETIC STORIES

to be poured into the ears of the charitable by the Company's servants. This is an excellent stroke of business, and is sure to result in an increased dividend for the shareholders. Organ-Grinders (Ordinary) fell off a point or two, owing to the competition caused by the large number of German bands which have arrived recently. We hear that some of the shareholders are indignant at the small

NUMBER OF MONKEYS

supplied by the Company, which, they allege, is the real cause for the unsatisfactory receipts. We would direct the attention of any readers seeking for a really safe investment to the Touring Tramps Trust. The last balance-sheet of the Trust is exceedingly satisfactory, the only large item of expenditure, other than necessary payments for ragged clothes, being the rather numerous

POLICE-COURT FINES,

incurred by the Company's employes. On the other hand, the receipts are most encouraging. For the future, too, more attention is to be paid to the country branch of the business, and a large number of able-bodied tramps, equipped

WITH POWERFUL SHILLELAGHS,

and equally powerful vocabularies, will patrol the rural lanes. doubtless to the material benefit of the Trust. We do not much fancy the Disabled Soldiers Company; although its earnings are good at present, the charitable are beginning to notice that all the men of this class who appeal for aid tell

PRECISELY THE SAME STORY.

In preference, as a sound investment, we would recommend

THE AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION OF PAVEMENT ARTISTS,

which is certain, we think, to pay a good dividend, and which has obtained exclusive rights over all the favourite "pitches" in the West-end.

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

(From Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

To MR. ALFRED AUSTIN.

RESPECTED LAUREATE,—It was my fortune many years ago to be present at a cheerful gathering of men of the world, journalists, and other good fellows. There had been a plentiful flow of soul, and the stories had been as good as the company, but at a late stage of the proceedings, as I remember, we all fell under the thralldom of a certain past master in the business of high-spirited badinage. He rollicked on to right and to left while the rest pondered too late upon the repartees they might have directed against him. Finally our humourist turned upon a quiet and inoffensive gentleman with a burst of exuberant patronage and said, "Never mind, old man, we can't all be funny, can we?" "No," retorted the quiet man, "we can't, that's very true; but some of us try very hard, don't we?"

The application of this anecdote to you, oh, my Laureate, is not, perhaps, of that obviousness which we have been told Nature and Sir WALTER BESANT have exhausted. But I have read your latest effusion in the *Standard*, and in my vagrant fancy I see you poetizing away for all you are worth at the heads, let us say, of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING and Mr. WILLIAM WATSON. "Never mind, RUDYARD, old man," I can hear you say, "we can't all write poetry, can we?" "No, ALFRED, we can't, but some of us try very hard, don't we?"

After all, it is something to have tried and to keep on trying. I know many men, solid, amiable, and distinguished, who have reached a blameless old age without ever having versified. Consider their wretched state: they have never set themselves to the task of chopping sentences into lengths; they have never scanned; they have never counted syllables; they have never, Heaven help them, rhymed. What do they know of joy who have never, for instance, fixed the word "Heaven" at the end of a stanza, and have not discovered after running through the alphabet, that "leaven" is the best admissible rhyme to it? And the august delight of fixing "leaven" in, of making it, in spite of itself, fit your intentions, of seeing "celestial sunset fires That lift us from this earthly leaven" (how many foot pounds had the particular celestial sunset fire, the flaming solar yeast, that lifted you, oh, my poet and pride?) and, so proceeding till you wind up the stanza and clamp on the predestined rhyme with "darkly silent cypress spires" (surely you didn't expect them to be brightly shouting?), "pointing the way from hill to Heaven." These joys and that delight have been yours. For you are a singer, and if any envious linnet should ask you how you sing, you are entitled to reply that you sing after your own fashion, and leave linnets and TENNYSONS and KIPLINGS and WATSONS to follow theirs.

And now let us have a little chat about *The City of Flowers*, which eloquently illuminated the darkly silent columns of the *Standard* on the 28th of April. It is a long poem—forgive the word; it is suggested by your own compression of poet, *metri gratia*, into pote in the third stanza—and out of the twenty-three stanzas I cannot make anything but a paltry selection of beauties. I wished to do this last week, but the fates and your own thoughtlessness prevented me. Your poem appeared on a Friday, and by the time I had roused myself from the ecstasy into which its perusal had plunged me, and had seized the eulogistic pen-holder, lo! it was too late to write for publication in the ensuing number of this journal. May I beg you for the future not to publish anything later in the week than Thursday?

However, to my task. It shocks me to think how terribly old we are all getting. Since the year 1861, as you justly and beautifully remark, "Nigh on eight lustres now have flown" (they had to fly instead of running or walking or passing because they were going to rhyme with "zone"). In 1861 I was alive, and you were already a pote. In 1861 RUDYARD KIPLING was still unborn, and a thousand other things that have happened since had not been thought of. It's a long period, and the thought of it irresistibly makes a man turn his mind to his latter end, nearer to him by nigh on eight lustres than when first with trembling heart you came to Florence. But why all this parade of the phenomena of Nature and your own fancy that attended your first coming to the City of Flowers? The season, it seems, was purple-sweet, figs were a-plucking, and grapes a-pressing, a dead Pote was being borne (see note) to Santa Croce, and the folk who walked after the deceased did so—how otherwise were they to do it?—with following feet. And Florence flung her gates ajar and gently led you by the hand, and became "more than a foster nurse" to you (positive, fost; comparative, foster; superlative, fostest;) but in spite of all Florence's temptations, you still remain devoted to Albion's crags and cradling sea—which is enormously gratifying and highly patriotic on your part. I note that you proceed to ask:—



CONSIDERATION.

Hilda. "THAT AWFUL OLD HAT, ELLA! WHY DO YOU WEAR IT?"

Ella (her younger Sister). "FOR YOUR SAKE, DEAR. I MUSTN'T BE TOO ATTRACTIVE, YOU KNOW!"

And, seems that welcome half-profaned,
If in your lap lain oft and long,
I fancy to have something drained
Of DANTE'S soul and PETRARCH'S song?

Don't worry, ALFRED; it's pure fancy, nothing more; as visionary and impossible as your use of the word "lain"—which I must admit to be pretty steep for a laureate. But, after all, who cares? My beautiful feelings are very important to me; yours are no doubt essential to your own well-being; but I assure you nobody else cares a rap about them. I don't wish to offend you, but I cannot help thinking that you are becoming just a little morbid about yourself and your fancies and your recollections of lap and love, and the unloving ones who live in spite of their own perpetual jarring (see how carefully I expound you to the general). And for myself, I confess, too, that all these peaches and pears and olives and wild bees, and green frogs singing on fig-tree boles, bore me to distraction; nor is it any consolation to me to know you went off into a deep, sweet swoon, during which you seemed immortally imparadised. It's too sugary and cloying, too carefully manufactured, too "*gesucht*," as the Germans say, to suit my taste. I fly for refreshment to other and manlier potes.

Never mind, ALFRED. Keep on trying, but don't get immortally imparadised again. Yours faithfully,

THE VAGRANT.

THE FAVOURITE VEGETABLE OF THE PLUMBER.—Leeks.



Voice from above. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE, PARKINS?"
Parkins. "I'M JUSH—PUTTIN' AWAY TH' PORT, SHIR!"

ECONOMICAL JUSTICE.

(A Scene ready for Performance in the near Future.)

PLACE—Study of his Lordship. The JUDGE seated at table with telephone receivers before him. Confidential Clerk in attendance.

His Lord. Now, BROWNE, have we got the cause list into order?

Clerk. Yes, my Lord. You have got a day in the Q.B.D., are presiding at the Central Criminal Court, and have also a divisional appointment.

His Lord. To be sure. (Bell.) Ah, there comes the signal from the Strand. (Puts his ear to receiver, and speaks in reply.) Yes, I see. You appear for the plaintiff? Twenty pounds paid into Court. And you say that

the brougham was on the wrong side of the road? (Bell.) There goes the C.C.C. (Puts his ear to another receiver and speaks as before.) And the prisoner was there? He had taken the plate from the pantry? Very well, you had better call your witnesses. (Bell.) Dear me, the Divisional Court! (Business as before.) I concur! (In an undertone.) Quite prepared to leave everything in my learned brothers' hands. Thank you.

Clerk (after waiting a couple of hours). Are you done, my Lord?

His Lord. Yes, I have adjourned for luncheon in all three places.

Clerk. You seem perfectly worn out, my Lord.

His Lord. And so I am. But I suppose the Government is right—it saves the expense of an extra Judge! [Curtain.]

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

(Muscular Women Series.)

IV.—THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

A Fragment.

* * * * *
So sit and sing it, if you please,
Sing it, my ALICE, while I lean
Backward against your brawny knees,
Beside the mown grass freshly green;
The old sweet scent assails my nose
Here where I nursed those early hopes,
Watching you whack my helpless slows
Far-humming to the rounded ropes.

"It is the Vicar's daughter,
And her arm has grown so stout
That I would be the willow
With which she swipes about;
And I would hardly vince a bit
Although I ultimately split.

"And I would be the bulwark
Upon her stalwart, stalwart shin,
And all day long to shield her
While her eye was getting in;
And help her not to feel too sore
When obviously "limb before."

"And I would be the gauntlet
Upon her fairy finger-tips,
To guard her knotted knuckles
When steering through the slips;
And bear the language of my love
When people bowled her off her glove.

"Is she the demon trundler?
I'd be the bounding, bounding
sphere,
Flung high and hard at random
About the batsman's ear;
And I would throb with happy throes,
Letting her pitch me where she chose."

A trifle, but the best I could!
Not tricked, I own, with gawds of art;
But you, you found the matter good
As coming solid from the heart;
Nor would you keep me long in doubt,
Nor deem my homage overbold,
Though scores of fifty-five, *not out*,
Leave many a woman proud and cold.

But, ALICE, what an hour was that,
My hour of ventilated vows,
When, beaten thrice, I lost a bat,
And won a really splendid spouse!
So sing that other which relates
How, half in pity, half in pride,
You undertook, with choice of dates,
To be my own, my blooming bride.

"Love that bowls us at the net
Just as we are nicely set,
Shall he shoot and we regret?
Shall we lose our shirt and fret,
Or proceed to claim a let?
No, not we!

Though our eyes be wringing wet,
Though our stumps be all upset
Thrice consecutively, yet
Shall we pay our proper debt,
Kisses three, for coronet?
Certainly!"

Sweetheart, your hand (excuse my back)!
This sport that made us man and wife,
Did it not yield some prescient smack,
Some symbol of our wedded life?
For, dearest, in a moral sense,
We keep our old relations still;
You always break through my defence,
Or send me flying where you will!



THE PIED PIPER OF RHODESIA.

"All the little boys and girls
* * *
* * *
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

* * *
* * *
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land
* * *
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,

And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new."

Robert Browning.

SIR M-CH-L H-CK-S-B-CH (*apart*). "UM-HA-I-M NOT GOING TO FOLLOW *THAT* MUSIC!"



A USE FOR EVERYTHING.

Lady Agatha. "I KNOW IT'S A GREAT DEAL TO ASK, MR. DAUBENEY, BUT WOULD YOU, SOME DAY, GIVE ME ONE OF YOUR PICTURES FOR AN INSTITUTION I AM SO DEEPLY INTERESTED IN? IT IS A HOME OF REST FOR THE BLIND!"

"HOW TO END OUR NOVELS."

EVERY one is agreed that it is very easy to write a novel. Given a certain amount of experience, imagination, pens, ink, and paper, and the thing is done—all but the writing of it. But what is not so easy is to end a novel properly. How many otherwise charming stories have failed because of the last page! So, for guidance, we give some samples of really good endings.

THE "ARTISTIC RESTRAINT" NOVEL.

ANGELA never grew beautiful; in fact, some people would have called her plain—in a crowd. As for JONES, he died at the age of forty. But, after all, a good many people die before that, and so my tale ends happily.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

Sometimes now, as I sit in my armchair of a long winter evening, made bright by this new-fangled electric light which I should have half laughed at, half despised in the days of my youth, I go over all the hair-breadth escapes, all the fun, folly, and fiendishness which have made up my short span of existence, and are here set down for my less fortunate readers. And as I sit, there comes into my mind one adventure, the strangest of all, so strange that no one would believe it, not even myself or my publisher. *Perhaps one day I may be persuaded to tell it.*



SUGGESTION FOR THE R.A.

A Mutoscope of the Pictures, for the use of visitors in a hurry. The Royal Academy "done" in five minutes.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Death that Lurks Unseen, by J. S. FLETCHER (FISHER, UNWIN & Co.). Ugh! There's a creepy-crawly title for you! But do not be afeared; do not be repelled by the hideous cover, but boldly face it and take the Baron's advice—read it. The volume consists of nine short stories, of which, all being readable, the first three are the best, and the first of all out and away the best of the lot. In fact, the plot of the story from which the book as a collection takes its title, would, had it been thoughtfully developed, have given ample material for a one volume novel. No matter, the story as it is, is good and capitably told.

The Baron would recommend, by way of a strong sensation, BERTRAM MITFORD'S *The Weird of Deadly Hollow* (F. V. WHITE & Co.). It is a grim tragedy, the gleams of light humour being few and far between. But as a tale of crime and deadly, merciless vengeance it is horribly fascinating, and—not a story to be forgotten in a hurry.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A CORRECTION.—At the Birmingham Dramatic and Literary Club dinner given on the occasion of the SHAKESPEARE Commemoration, Mr. SIDNEY LEE, the guest of the Club and of the evening, in the course of an interesting speech, is reported to have repeated a story about Poet BROWNING having seen THACKERAY and WIDDICOMB, "the clown at ASTLEY'S," pass down the street together, and how WIDDICOMB was recognised by the passers-by, who appeared utterly ignorant of the personality of THACKERAY. First of all, WIDDICOMB held a unique position, *not* as clown, but as "Master of the Ring," and in this capacity he wore a peculiar sort of uniform. He appeared every night, and as every one, man, woman, and child, went to ASTLEY'S, and as WIDDICOMB was perpetually being written about and caricatured, it was highly probable that Londoners, and even country cousins, for no one came to town without visiting "HASHLEY'S," would be even more familiar with the personal appearance of WIDDICOMB than with that of Lord BROUGHAM, or even of F.M. the Duke of WELLINGTON. That they should not have recognised THACKERAY is natural enough. It was not his *métier* to show himself in public. He had not to appear every night in a circus, his hair and moustache à la Joinville, and attired in marvellous costume, somewhat resembling the uniform of a French naval officer, only finished off with the turn-down collar of a fourteen-year-old schoolboy. Had THACKERAY adopted this eccentric style, and, so attired, paraded the town or appeared nightly in a circus holding colloquies with the clown in the ring, he might have rivalled WIDDICOMB as a popular personage, and have been recognised and acclaimed by Londoners and country cousins.

THE HARDY ANNUAL.

It was a very pretty black flag which floated over the jail of Masterbridge, and as JOHN and TORFENDA watched it flapping in the keen Middlesex air, they instinctively joined hands and bowed their heads.

THE DOMESTICALLY EPIGRAMMATIC.

With a gesture of triumph HAROLD dashed off the word finis and laid down the quill, then took it up again, and ran it tenderly through the amber glory of his wife's hair.

"Have I helped you, darling?" she asked, lovingly.

"Very largely, sweetest," he answered, putting his arm round her ample waist.

"Tell me, you would never have written your novel if it hadn't been for little wife?" And HILDA looked in her husband's eyes with a charmingly provocative smile.

For answer, he stroked her yellow head, dallying with her curls. So had he, years ago, stroked his boat and gone from lock to lock. Then, as he quickened the stroke, he murmured, "You can't make bricks without straw-coloured hair."

THE COLONIAL—PATHETIC.

Under the Shadow of the Southern Cross there stands a stately palm tree, at the foot of which we buried HÉLOÏSE. There is no name upon the palm tree—only a date.



A CRITICAL CRICKET CRITIC.

Aunt Jane. "I THINK IT'S SO CLEVER, YOU KNOW, OF THAT MAN WITH THE BALL TO HIT THE BAT NEARLY EVERY TIME!"

"IN MY LIBRARY."

I CARE not for the letters black
That savour of the ages dead,
Nor for the bindings new that smack
Of posters and the Bodley Head.
All first editions I consign,
With authorship and all its seed,
To—regions more or less benign—
Two books supply my every need.
These teach a man to live at home,
And how to travel (with the price),
Where in the West the cocktails foam,
What he should pay for "slings" and ice.
In East or West a man is told
Where to put up for preference—
Such useful hints are cheaply sold
In manuals of reference.
Here are all travel's pleasures met,
The places where a man should dine,

The members of the Cabinet,
With odds and ends—a perfect mine!
Here can the man, whose weary mind
Is tired of endless annuals
Distraction, peace and knowledge find—
In the aforesaid manuals.

"BAR, BAR, WHITE SHEEP—ALAS! WITHOUT WOOL."

SIR,—At the recent general meeting of the Bar, the larger portion of the proceedings was taken up by the consideration of the financial condition of the Barristers' Benevolent Association, an institution which has always been of fascinating interest to me. It would appear that this excellent charity is sadly in need of funds, and there was a general expression of opinion that something should be done to obtain them—and done at once.

I know that amongst professional men there is an objection to a direct appeal to the public, but cannot this sentiment be carried too far? Surely if an entertainment could be organised by the members of the Bar, there would be nothing *infra dig.* in accepting a small fee for admission. Not so very long ago, *The Maske of Flowers* (originally produced at Gray's Inn) was played in the Hall of the Inner Temple (a distinguished practising barrister having accepted the responsibilities of 'licenseeship for that solitary occasion) in aid of a convalescent home. Could not something of the same sort be again attempted? There might be a variety entertainment. The Lord Chancellor is noted for his swordsmanship, and might try conclusions with a well known Lord Justice of Appeal, who is also accustomed to the mask and foils. Then the Lord Chief Justice, as Past President of the Two Pins Club, might give a display of noble horsemanship. The talented ballet from *The Maske of Flowers*, whose *pavane*, *moresco*, and other quaint dances were the talk of the town half a dozen years ago, might repeat their graceful and gracious evolutions. Sir EDWARD CLARKE—who has a singing face—might provide a little harmony, and the Attorney-General, as an athlete, some feats of strength. Many other "turns" will occur to barristers cognisant of the capabilities of their colleagues. Lastly, should it be deemed advisable to send the audience home in a good temper and with rapid despatch, I would willingly give a reading from my own poor works. I have known an audience counted by the thousand dispersed in a couple of minutes with this finale.

I hope you will give the matter your immediate attention and most strenuous support. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, Jun.

Pump-Handle Court.

THE SPORT OF THE FUTURE.

["The lawns that were erstwhile cumbered with tennis nets now bristle with croquet hoops, and the adate mallet has driven out the frisky racket."—*The World.*]

WELCOME, Reason, on the scene,
Milder influences reviving!
Far too long have pastimes been
Senseless, useless, arduous striving,
Brutalising men of strength,
Dangerous to those who lack it;
Lo! it speaks their doom at length—
The decadence of the racket.

Purged from customs fierce and rude
Soon shall sports become more gentle,
(As the grosser kinds of food
Yield the palm to bean and lentil,) Roller skates long since are "off,"
Tennis is no longer O.K.,
Rivals threaten even golf,
As the fashion sets for croquet.

Hence, then, cricket, young and vain,
Football, fraught with brutal bustle,
You at Reason's light shall wane—
Modern upstart cult of muscle;
So may purer tastes begin
All our fiercer games refining,
Till, when spelicans come in,
I may get a chance of shining.

At the Crystal Palace

Male Visitor (reading Bill). What's the meaning o' this, MARIAR? Exhibition of the Article Club?

Well-informed Female Partner. Why, a show of them literary gents, stoopid!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 1, 12.30 P.M.—Ushered on the scene by Big Ben booming midnight JOHN O' GORST rises to explain. After his speech last Friday,

the noble lord communicates with the inconsiderable Commons. It is true the Education Department has of late been baulked in endeavour to improve and extend education. Also undeniable that, according to custom, when a Minister is thus rudely treated by his colleagues—is

appeasable animosity of the clerical party. His place empty, "that secret influence behind the Lord President of the Council guiding the Cabinet in educational matters," which has not eluded the piercing glance of Mr. BRUCE, would take good care the post was filled by some one more tractable.

CAWMELL-BANNERMAN quite right in his suggestion that JOHN O' GORST's services might be utilised in another post in the Government. It is one of the marvels (perhaps not one of the mysteries) of English public life, that a man who, for intellectual capacity, debating power, and Parliamentary aptitude, has only two equals on the Treasury Bench, should after thirty-three years' service to his party, still rank as Under-Secretary. Retirement from the Education Board would not, in this case, mean promotion. With JOHN O' GORST seated below the gangway the House of Commons would be an infinitely livelier place. But the cause of national education would suffer a blow irremediable during the life of the present Government.

Business done.—Budget Bill discussed.

Tuesday.—As HART-DYKE shrewdly observed just now, JEMMY LOWTHER has "gone to the top of the tree and has caught a very big fish." This imagery suggests a charming picture: the Right Honourable J., with sea-boots on his legs, a sou'-wester clouding his manly brow, a net over his massive shoulders, stalking a tree. He approaches with the caution born of knowledge that if the tree gets wind of his scent all is lost. Skill, caution, long Parliamentary training, and some hints acquired on the judicial bench in connection with the Jockey Club, prevail. He reaches the tree unobserved; climbs its hoary trunk; reaches its towering top; deftly casts his net, and, truly, catches a very big fish. It is the Lord High Chancellor—higher than usual, being up a tree.

This thing is not an allegory. The form of the narrative is due to the poetical temperament and natural gifts of HART-DYKE. What happened in plain prose was that the Lord Chancellor, seeing an opportunity of doing a little electioneering business, presided at a meeting summoned to select a candidate, not to fill the seat of our dear and lost JOHN MOWBRAY, that can never be



JEMMY LOWTHER AND HIS UNEXPECTED HAUL (SBURY).

introducing Education Estimates, there is clamour for his resignation. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, most genial of men, voiced demand in House. Outside the Press, Ministerial and Opposition, for once unanimous, demand JOHN O' GORST's head on a charger. At this solemn midnight hour the Vice-President explains why he will not go.

Cannot trust himself to speak of the child of his fancy, the Committee of Council. Only a mother's heart could vibrate to the pangs of prospect of such separation. Not forcing himself even to mention that sainted body, he shows how he sticks to his post because, if he were to resign, the action would be an affront to his revered leader, the Lord President. As he explained to the Committee on Friday, he (JOHN O' GORST) is but a time-honoured subordinate. The Lord President is the Education Department; the Vice-President is merely the telephonic apparatus by means of which

prevented from doing what his conscience and judgment tell him is right, compelled to do what his knowledge and experience assure him is wrong—he resigns. The head of the Education Department being in sight of all men in that position, sticks to his post. Why should his lieutenant, who has no responsibility, take the initiative? Let M. le Lor President fire first.

That is JOHN O' GORST's position, deliberately assumed, cynically avowed. Judged by axioms of logic it is impregnable. SARK says it is easy to understand the force of temptation in Opposition circles to attack a Ministry by girding at the Vice-President of the Council. If they were concerned solely for cause of Education they would, he insists, discountenance any attempt to drive JOHN O' GORST from the Board. No man more than he has close at heart the interests of Education. In endeavouring to further them he has incurred the un-



The MARKISS trots out the British Housemaid. (This comes of going into new Metropolitan Areas.)

done; but to occupy it. There is an Order which, read at the opening of every Session, threatens blood-curdling penalties for any peer who meddles with an election. Here, caught *flagrante delicto*, is not an ordinary peer, but the prime of peers, the peerless peer, the Lord High Chancellor! No wonder HART-DYKE on the sudden shock sees strange visions of large fish in unwonted quarters. As for JEMMY, an unusual gravity clouds his brow. The Lord Chancellor, he says, is the only Tory left in the Government. He of all men would not desire to lay rough hands on the sacred fossil. But duty is no respecter of persons. So he doggedly climbs the tree, catches his fish, and empties it out of his net on the floor of the House of Commons.

Business done.—Right Hon. JAMES LOWTHER moves for Select Committee to inquire into alleged breach of privilege by the Lord High Chancellor. After debate, motion withdrawn.

House of Lords, Thursday.—The MARKISS is nothing if not logical. Bill brought in from other House proposing to make compulsory provision of seats for shop assistants in Scotland. In the Commons request seemed so reasonable not a voice uplifted in opposition. Rattled through all its stages; entered Lords brimming with hope and expectation of equally friendly reception. The eagle eye of the MARKISS fell on the unpretentious work. Instantly discerned the tremendous potentialities of domestic revolution hidden from duller gaze.

"The image of the housemaid crosses my mind," said the Premier, solemnly.

Inclination on part of the younger peers to titter. What particular PHYLLIS was it that succeeded in fascinating the Lord of Hatfield to the extent that he had enshrined her as an image, which, amid the imperial cares of State occasionally crossed his mind? The matter too serious for jesting. What the MARKISS was intent upon was the desire to do justice all round. If the shop-girl had seat provided for her by her employer, why not the housemaid? Cases



MR. LOUGH ON TWO-THIRDS OF A HORSE.

"A horse is a valuable animal, but one-third of a horse is only fit for cat's-meat."



ONE FOR HIM!

Labour Agitator. "UP AND DOWN THAT FIELD YOU TOIL, POOR SLAVE, SO YOUR HARD-HEARTED MASTER MAY FATTEN AND GROW RICH!"

Small Farmer (justly annoyed). "YOU'RE A LIAR! IT'S ME OWN LAND!"

obviously exactly parallel. No housemaid, however exhausted, would presume to sit down, upstairs, downstairs, or in my lady's chamber, until she asked and had obtained permission from her mistress. The MARKISS not the man to benefit one class at the expense of another.

So the image of the housemaid prevailed, and Colonel DENNY's little bill, warmly welcomed in many modest homes in Scotland, was smashed.

"Very amusing speech," said the downcast DENNY; "but what 'll they say in Kilmarnock? Isn't there a line somewhere about some one having his jest and others his estate? Anyhow the MARKISS has had his joke and I may lose my seat, which I won for him by a not too large majority at the General Election."

Business done.—The MARKISS sits on the Seats for Shop Assistants Bill.

THE UTOPIAN JOURNAL.

(Suggested by Lord Rosebery's speech at the Dinner of the News-vendors' Benevolent Institution on May 8.)

Householder sings:—

A PAPER without any leaders,
A daily without any fads,
With plenty of news for its readers,
And truth (even down to its "ads")?

Coming out through the week, but on one day

Giving buyers and sellers a rest;
We need no American Sunday
With mammoth news-sheets to digest?

For 'orrors and wars and divorces
Six mornings of print still suffice,
With a weekly surcease from race-horses
And betting, or shares and their price?



Cabby (on receiving his legal fare). "HOH, PRAY STEP HIN AGIN, SIR. HI O'D HA' DRUV YER HA YARD HOR TWO FURTHER FOR THIS 'ERE!"

PRIVATE VIEWS: MOSTLY UNPOPULAR.

No. I.—SHOUTING MILLIONAIRES.

I HAVE come to the conclusion that I want to be a millionaire. There is, of course, nothing original in this desire: millions of men before me have had the same wish, and some of them have gone so far as to gratify it. They have been urged on to their desperate deeds chiefly, no doubt, by the mere desire for money in the first place, and secondly by the force of habit which has driven them submissively along the money-making road when once they had got fairly started upon it. But I do not want to become a millionaire gradually: the mere process of acquiring sovereigns, bank-notes, bonds, stock, scrip, balances, companies, manufactories, parasites, butlers, houses, pictures, carpets, statues, and newspapers, has no attraction for me. At the end, on finding myself in full possession of all these luxuries, I should probably find myself a doddering veteran with no power left to me of enjoying even the adulation of a stock-jobber. No; I want to be a millionaire now, while I am still vigorous and fresh, without the least delay, and my reason is that I notice there are more

paragraphs devoted to millionaires by our daily press than to any other phenomenon of the Century.

How glorious it must be to know that you cannot turn over in bed, or turn over your money, or turn an epigram, or do any other of the many possible turns without having the astounding fact chronicled by an army of reporters concealed for purposes of promptitude and convenience in every part of your house and your accustomed haunts. You launch a new gospel, and behold, every leader-writer becomes your evangelist. You found an institute, and are immediately glorified. You double your capital, and every morning paper hails you as a Saviour of Society. You take a driving tour, or compile a blustering democratic farrago of inflated rubbish in the shape of a book, and you get a full account of your coaching deeds, and a column of review on the day of publication. Not even a preposterous speech, in which you advise Englishmen and Scotchmen to upset the Monarchy and become even as the Brazilians, can alienate your admirers. Great are the uses of advertisement backed by millions of money. Therefore I desire to be a millionaire. Am I wrong? Yours,

THE VAGRANT.

A WONDERFUL FLUID.

[In a lecture at the Royal Institution on "Pictures produced on Photographic Plates in the Dark," Dr. W. J. Russell stated that *Punch* uses ink of very great activity, which makes a most emphatic and unmistakable impression.]

You whose cares and cares of life,
Weary toil or wordy strife,
Still depress your courage weak;
To such ills as a corrective
If a "pick-me-up" you seek
Warranted to prove effective,
When your jaded spirits sink
Try a little "*Punch's Ink*."

'Tis with many a virtue fraught,
Quip and crank and "happy thought,"
From hard facts it strikes a spark
(Though their substance dull and gross is),
Wit from dullness, light from dark
It evolves by magic process;
Makes on natures though phlegmatic
An impression most emphatic.

Then, take heart! my feeble verse
Though its merits to rehearse
You employ a pen that's dipt
In the common garden juices,
Faintly though in manuscript
You attempt to prove its uses,
From the "proof" you need not shrink
When arrayed in "*Punch's Ink*."

THE Crown Prince of GERMANY is learning carpentry, and proves an apt pupil. When he grows up he will be able to make and unmake Cabinets as well as his father.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—No. XV.

THE ABDUL UN-EASY CHAIR.

This quaint piece is after many Turkish designs. It has a somewhat hazardous tenure at Yildiz Kiosk. It was much damaged in Armenia, but was newly upholstered and greatly strengthened two years ago by a Greek artist. It is now going to the Peace Conference, where it may be altered according to some novel designs of WILLIAM II.



A ROW IN THE PARROT-HOUSE.

The C-mpt-ll-B-m-m-n Bird. "WHAT A NOISE THEY'RE MAKING! I CAN HARDLY HEAR MYSELF SHRIEK!"

THE BITTER CRY OF LORD NORTHAMPTON.

[The Marquis of NORTHAMPTON, in proposing the toast of "The Institute of Journalists," recently, is reported to have said that, "It was one of the saddest points of our national character at the present moment that wit and humour, at all events in literature, seem to have departed. He asked in vain for a book, a story, or a newspaper, which would make him smile, which would make him laugh."]

I.

A GLOOM o'erspreads the Nation's brow,
Which bears the seal of sadness stamped on.

Its humourists no longer now
Arride the Marquis of NORTHAMPTON!

II.

With modern efforts to amuse
Still would he conscientious tussle—
But no devices authors use
Can make the Marquis move a muscle!

III.

To daily papers he descends,
Searching for Humour every column;
But over none of them unbends,
Becoming more profoundly solemn.

IV.

The comic journals next he tries,
Compares, and sadly scrutinises—
Only to spot with eagle eyes
Old chestnuts under new disguises!

V.

For "Funny Men" have grown so dull,
E'en Titled Persons find them boring!
Useless as *Mr. Yorick's* skull
To set their dinner-tables roaring.

VI.

And last he burns the midnight oil
O'er Fiction, (for he's bent on frivolling!)
Tries KIPLING, BARRIE, HOPE, and DOYLE—
But finds them dreary, if not drivelling!

VII.

His belted sides refuse to split,
In fact, he grows the heavier-hearted;
The obvious inference is that Wit
And Humour must have both departed!

VIII.

And that our stores of Fun are spent,
Of jokes no journalist can do more
And every "literary gent"
Is lacking in the sense of humour

IX.

Of gaiety the world's bereft,
If sense of humour once forsake it;
One solitary Marquis left
To see a joke—with none to make it!

X.

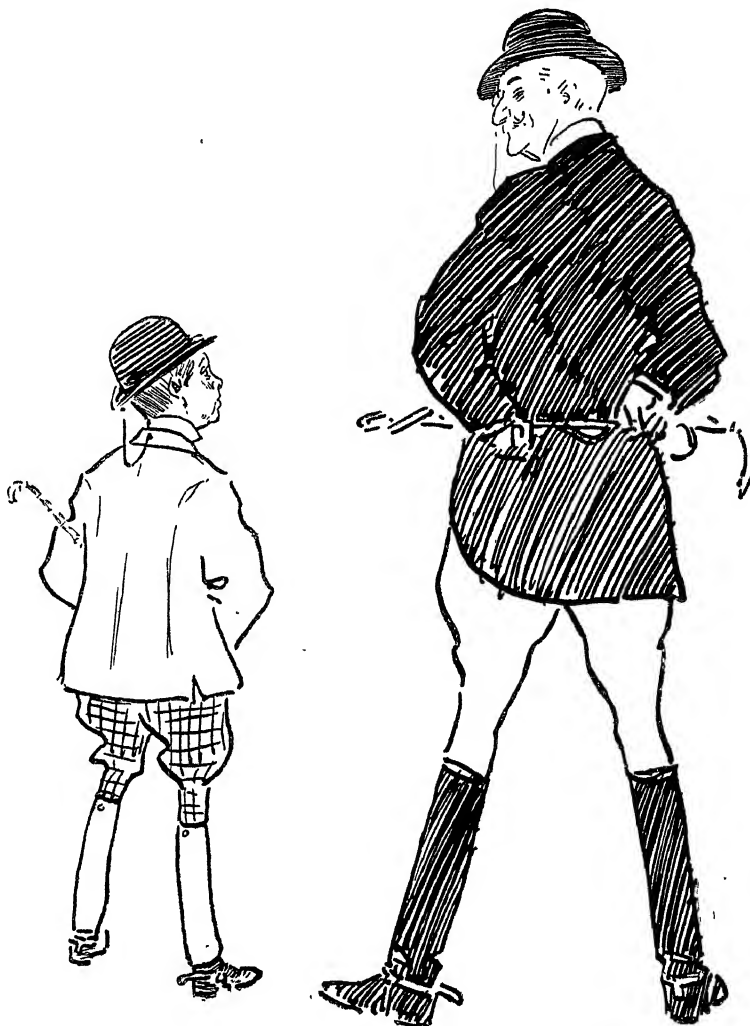
With yearning he is grey and grim
To laugh until his form is limper.
Will no one write a tale for him
To make him smile—or even simper?

XI.

Where is that bold new humourist,
With tilting-helm securely clamped on,
Whose lance may, by some dexterous twist,
Succeed in tickling Lord NORTHAMPTON?

RATHER A LARGE ORDER.—"Wanted, to buy a Jungle, in good condition." This is evidently the advertisement of a millionaire; but why advertise in the *Birmingham Daily Post*? A colonial newspaper, we should have thought, would have been more to the purpose.

THE most important dossier in the DREYFUS case is that which contains the missing documents.



Uncle Tom. "GENERAL STORES IS ONE OF THE BRAVEST MEN THAT EVER LIVED." "
Bobbie. "I DON'T BELIEVE IT, UNCLE; WHY, I HEARD HIM TELL MAMMA AT DINNER
LAST NIGHT THAT HE WAS AFRAID OF PLUM PUDDING!"

THEATRICAL NOVELTIES.

MANAGER FROHMAN intends, so it is said, to bring over a company from America with Miss MAUDE ADAMS to play *Juliet* "for one week only" in London, and then back again to New York. The next newest thing will be a Transatlantic Theatrical Company's Steamer, with theatre built up inside complete, boxes, stalls, dress circle, gallery, and pit, on the self-preserving equilibrium plan, so that in the roughest weather a performance can be given and enjoyed by an audience of passengers without moving from their seats. Pieces will have good runs round the world, fresh audiences embarking at different ports, and returning by another steamer, playing a different programme.

There can be tragedy steamers, comedy steamers, and Shakspearian and Variety steamers of all sorts. Good orchestras. Critics not to be given free passes: and new pieces brought out for the first time in mid-ocean. Perhaps Mr. FROHMAN is already in consultation with some eminent ship-building firms in the North, and will commence his first sea-tour with *The Tempest*, and *Still Waters Run Deep* for the second night. *The Wreck Ashore* must not be in the programme.

TO AN OLD TUNE.

In the merry month of May
Take care,
Beware!
The weather's so fickle! You
Change to clothes for Summer day,
So thin!
Then Win-
-ter winds will tickle you.

BECAUSE the traffic in the City has become increasingly congested, it has been decided to send seventy-three more men into it. How will that help to reduce the crowding? Well, you see, the seventy-three men are all constables

First Man in the Street. Isn't CECIL RHODES quite a NAPOLEON?

Second Man. Well, he "goes Nap" anyhow; and as to *bons a part*,—he knows all about that.

A "MAY MEETING."—It is hoped that Mr. KRÜGER and Sir A. MILNER may meet. Some promise in this May.

"SOMETHING ON FOOT."—A boot.



CONTROVERSIAL.

Cyclist. "A' CANNA UNDERSTAND IT, MEENISTER. A' NEVER THOUGHT TO GET A FALL WITH MY FREE-WHEEL."
Minister. "FREE-WEELL, INDEED! ALLOO ME TO TELL YE, FRIEND, YERE THEOLOGY'S AS BAD AS YERE RIDING!"

A THOROUGHbred.

After "A Double Thread" (by the author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby").

"NOTHING in a woman, my dear ETHELFRIDA, betrays such lack of social *savoir faire* as the habit of telling fibs," said Lady WOLVERHAMPTON. "No sensible man ever believes that a woman means what she says; and that makes it so much safer to tell the truth. That's how I married WOLVERHAMPTON. I told him I had never cared for any man, and he at once became jealous—as I meant he should. If a woman ever becomes a bishop-elect it will be quite useless for her to say, '*Non volo episcopare*.'"
 "By your ladyship's leave, is it not '*Nolo episcopari*'?" said Lord BATHBRICK.

"If you were not a man, BATHBRICK," replied Lady WOLVERHAMPTON, "you would know that knowledge of the Classics is such bad form in a woman; almost like working for your living. But, talking of the sexes, I wonder, ETHELFRIDA, that you have never married any one. It seems such an oversight; the sort of thing that is inexcusable in a well-bred girl."

The heiress turned a cynical eye upon her visitor. "It would be worth while to be a beggar-maid," she said, "if one could make sure of being taken in to dinner by COPHETUA. As it is, I am modest enough to believe that my money is the only reason for my popularity."

"And a very good reason too, my dear," said Lady WOLVERHAMPTON, "if you *must* have one; though there is nothing so unreasonable as a good reason. No man ever yet married a woman for herself, seeing that he could have no possible means of knowing what her actual self was like. They marry us for our hair, or our faces, or the virtues they think we have, or the money of which they are quite certain. And none of these, not even our hair, is an essential part of our permanent selves."

"But I thought, dear lady," interrupted Lord BATHBRICK, "that you always said your husband married you for yourself."

"There you are wrong, BATHBRICK. It was *I* who married him. I got quite a respect for him through never noticing him when he was there, or being able to remember what he was like when he was away. An excellent test of good style. Your well-bred person should have no manners; none, at least, perceptible to the eye. Just as when you ask a man what sort of gown a woman was wearing at a ball, it has always escaped his notice, unless it was either overdone or underdone. And that reminds me that I could never see either sense or grammar in the saying, *Manners maketh man*. Man is born that way, he isn't made."

"Non fit, in fact," suggested Lord BATHBRICK.

"I can't imagine, my dear ADELINÉ," said ETHELFRIDA, with her slight nasal drawl, "how you contrive to say all those clever things on the spur of the moment. How do you do it? I'm always trying."

"Don't be satirical, my dear," said Lady WOLVERHAMPTON; "it is bad manners, and doesn't suit your child-like cast of countenance. The thing is so simple that it is naturally inexplicable. I just jot down these little *jeux d'esprit* as I work them out in bed, or at church, or when WOLVERHAMPTON is talking to me; and then I run through them before paying calls or receiving people. No impromptu ever has a true air of spontaneity unless it has been 'made at leisure.'"

"A most original paradox, my lady," said Lord BATHBRICK.

"I wish, BATHBRICK, you would not keep on throwing my title in my teeth," said Lady WOLVERHAMPTON. "Such things are taken for granted and never mentioned among well-bred people. They ought to resemble the abstract noun in the definition of the small board-school girl: 'An abstract noun is a thing that every one knows of but nobody talks about—like Mary's leg.' As for paradoxes, I begin to fear their mode is passed; the latest piquancy is only to be found in truisms. Nowadays, if you say in the good old-

fashioned manner, "Charity is the one unpardonable sin," nobody pretends not to understand you; whereas if you say, "There is nothing so essentially feminine as a woman," people suspect a hidden meaning and try to conceal their uncomfortableness."

"But how do you manage," asked ETHELFRIDA, "to run off all these epigrams in the course of a conversation without any apparent solution of logical continuity?"

"Tact, my dear, tact. To absorb the conversation yourself is a sign of ill-breeding; nice people reach the same result by ignoring interruption; or, what is better still, and corresponds to the sleight-of-hand by which a card is forced, you compel the others involuntarily to lead up to your next remark. This is easy enough in books where the author has it all his own way; but in real life it requires tact, as I just now observed."

"But suppose you found yourself conversing with somebody possessed of equal tact?" asked ETHELFRIDA, with that slight air of *ennui* which is characteristic of spoilt women of the world.

"I never do," said Lady WOLVERHAMPTON. "It would be too tiresome sitting there like a Christy Minstrel with a black face saying funny things in your turn."

"Yes," said Lord BATHBRICK, "and beginning every time with 'That reminds me of a story.'"

"I know: and it never really *does* remind them. What they mean is, 'Your stupid interruption nearly put my next good story out of my head. It was about, &c.'"

"I wonder," said ETHELFRIDA, with a touch of bitterness at the thin end of her tongue, "that you have never written a book. It would be so *very* clever."

"My dear," said Lady WOLVERHAMPTON, "I can't afford to do it. It would be like killing the goose that lays the oof. Besides, it might have a vulgar success; and that would be so tiresome. And then I could never manage the plot. You see, well-bred people hardly ever have plots in their lives. The very word always makes me think of a kitchen garden in a pauper's allotment. I once had an idea about a girl like yourself, blest with all the good things of life, including a pretty face and a long tongue, with which she lashed every lover whom she suspected of wanting her money. But at last the real Dan Cupid, as she called him, came her way. He was quite a nice boy, and sound on vaccination and that sort of thing, but he fought shy of her money and her long tongue. She had never been in love before, and she was much too clever to understand how so easy a thing is done. So she thought she would get a testimonial of his honesty, as if he were applying for a place as butler."

"Or cook?" suggested Lord BATHBRICK.

"Or cook, as you say. But don't interrupt me, BATHBRICK. Well, she gave out that she had a destitute twin sister, hopelessly estranged, and no better than she should be. This twin was the speaking image of her, only dressed dowdily, and with her hair done just anyhow. And the nice boy met the penniless girl and fell in love with her. Twin No. 1 had only got to frumple her hair, put on a misfit and shorten her tongue, and she was transformed, as by magic, into twin No. 2; and the nice boy would never have found out that there was only one of them, if she had not confessed. And then he was sick to death at the trick and said she was no gentlewoman. You know how touchy men are on these ridiculously trivial points of honour."

"Yes, I know," said ETHELFRIDA; "whereas *you*, dear, would consider that you had been untrue to your feminine instincts if any man suspected you of having scruples."

Lady WOLVERHAMPTON took a short breath abstractedly.

"Well," she continued, "the girl apologised; which, of course, no womanly girl would ever do; with the result that he ran away and went on with being a soldier somewhere in India. Oh, of course she got him back all right in the last chapter; but the whole thing was too absurd for words. Not that that matters much with the public: they forgive an improbably stupid plot, if only the dialogue is impossibly clever; which mine was. But, as I said, I found I could not afford to publish all my best epigrams, with openings to match. And that reminds me that I must be off, as I have some people to dinner, and there is a new phrase-book to run through. Good-bye, my dear; so many thanks for your charming conversation. Come along, BATHBRICK."

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 8.—House crammed. It is the opening night. *Lohengrin*. H.R.H. present and all the Directors. Everybody pleased with themselves, performance, and with everybody else.

Chorus perhaps a little unsatisfactory, but principals first-rate. A charmingly sympathetic *Elsa* (a *débutante* with a future before her), and the great Hungarian tenor in fine form and in perfect voice. *Lohengrin* always popular. Good commencement.

Tuesday.—Absence of any particular wind instrument from



"I'M GOING TO THE FLAREUPS 'AT HOME' TO-MORROW NIGHT."
"WHY, ALL THE NOBODIES OF LONDON GO THERE!"
"HAVE YOU BEEN YET, DEAR?"

orchestra not noticeable, but one of them must have got round to the front—a trumpet perhaps playing blasts of its own accord—as there was an "eager and a nipping air"—a *courant d'air*—about the installed legs. Whence? It was an ill wind that blew no particular good to any one, as it had blown away Royalty and left only a few of the swell regulars and regular swells, also Sir CHARLES HALL—there-when-the-bell-rings in the Omnibus, with Signor MANCINELLI as conductor. Strange how the once fresh delights of *Cavalleria Rusticana* begin to pall upon one, or two, or more for the matter of that. Herr DIPPEL, as *Turiddu* (name always sounding like commencement of comic chorus and belonging to a character who ought to be opposed to Tolderol), was much and deservedly applauded. Mme. LOUISE HOMER-SWEET-Homer was a fascinating *Lola*, and Mlle. STRAKOSCH a good *Santuzza*. But . . . alas! . . . For O, For O! *Cavalleria* is under ordinary circumstances played out; and so is *Pagliacci*. Miss MACDONALD was a captivating *Nedda*; but whether her voice can "carry over," as they say in the City, as far as it is wanted to go in Covent Garden, is questionable.

Wednesday.—A BIZET night. *Carmen*. ZELIE DE LUSSAN better than ever, and, take her for all in all, it is doubtful whether, in this particular rôle, we shall ever look upon or hear her like again. A good performance altogether, especially the *Escamillo* of Mons. ALBERS, who sang and acted splendidly.

Thursday.—There's an improvement in the staging and lighting, though it needs a good deal of the very best electricity to lighten the Wagnerian *Tristan und Isolde*. Much enlightenment every way is necessary. Herr MOTTI conducted; and JEAN DE RESZKE sang and acted *Tristan* excellently well. Herr VAN ROOY was *Kurwenal*, which sounds like the name of a low bred dog of chap who is at the service of the highest bidder, a *Cur-venal*. (Hush! enter Wagnerian policeman in search of pun-maker. Exit without finding him. We breathe again!) Herr PRINGLE good, and Mme. LITVINNE as *Isolde* makes a most decided hit. How is her name pronounced? WAGGY says "Lit-vinne" is "Light wine," but this we venture to doubt.

Friday.—Good old *Faust* to finish the week. So the first syndicate season of the Opera commences well, but nothing very startling up to now. "A time will come," and a time too when Warbling WAGNER has Waned.



AT A SUBSCRIPTION DANCE.

Mrs. Gushington. "AND SO YOU'RE IN THE CIVIL SERVICE! WHICH DEPARTMENT?"

Mr. Potts. "THE GROCERY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

■ MESSRS. JAMES and HORACE, of the great English SMITH family, distinguished themselves from other SMITHS by writing a volume of such really wonderful parodies as has secured the duration of the SMITH Brothers' fame beyond the period ordinarily considered in the history of literature as "immortality." Excepting this solitary achievement there is very little that is really noteworthy in their pleasantly-written and very readable biography by Mr. BEAVAN (HURST AND BLACKETT).

"FRANK died quite conscious and quite, quite free from anxiety, though he left me with two helpless children, and one unborn, and very little money and no friends." Here, in a sentence, we have, my Baronite says, the keynote of the *Life of Mrs. Oliphant*, edited by Mrs. HARRY COGHILL, published by BLACKWOOD. FRANK was Mrs. OLIPHANT's husband. In spite of the taint of consumption, he married a hapless girl, and had three children, who after worrying the mother almost to death, died of the hereditary disease. If a man were to, inevitably if not deliberately, encompass the death of three innocent children by other means, he might be hanged. But the law has no provision for this not uncommon case. As for Mrs. OLIPHANT, she slaved daily, "keeping" everybody, including two worthless sons, whom she pinched herself to send first to Eton, then to Oxford. The book has not the literary value of the *Lives* earlier published of some of Mrs. OLIPHANT's compeers. She went very little into society, had no interesting circle of correspondents, and her own letters are chiefly filled with more or less pleasing incidents connected with the infancy and boyhood of "my TIDDY," and "my CECIL." Others are addressed to her publishers, urging the need of money to keep this dreadful family going. Incidentally these latter reveal the true-heartedness and generosity of the Blackwoods, brought out in fuller detail in Mrs. OLIPHANT's history of the House. "Whatever record leaps to light they never can be shamed." Mrs. COGHILL has, doubtless, done the best with the means at her disposal. But whilst the book lacks the peculiar attraction and charm looked for in kindred

works, it has one all its own in telling the story of a patient, courageous woman's life. In all her novels, Mrs. OLIPHANT has not revealed so sad a human story as is set forth in the chapters of autobiography that preface the collection of Letters.

A delightful old-world flavour, compounded of Scotch sea-captains, prim domesticity, quilts, presses, napery, and innocent simplicity was wafted about me when I made the acquaintance of *Miss Nanse* (author, SARAH TYTLER, publisher, JOHN LONG). Soon, however, the simplicity and the innocence were disturbed by the appearance on the scene of a gorgeous little Indian princess, married to a brutal Scot, who cruelly ill-treats her. Her short, unhappy life moves one to pity for her, to hatred of her husband. Also there appear two nabobs back from India, the coarse brothers of *Miss Nanse* and *Miss Matty*. But I have no space to do more than say that the story is interesting and delightful, abounding in unforced humour and knowledge of human nature. It is a pleasure to read the book, for it is the work of an artist whose touch is always delicate, and whose skill and sympathy never fail.

Permit the Baron to recommend *Mr. Passingham*, by THOMAS COBB (JOHN LANE). It is a simple yet absorbingly interesting story, only an episode in a life-time, admirably told, mainly in crisp dramatic dialogue, without a note of false sentiment. The characters speak for themselves; and an uncommonly good account they give of themselves, too. The moral is that "Society's" absolution is granted to any contravener of the moral law if he be of sufficient wealth and importance to pay Society's price. *Voilà tout*.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

SOCIÉTÉ EQUESTRE DE L'ÉTRIER.—The *Daily Graphic* last week gave us a picture of mounted equestrians, representing ladies and gentlemen who are members of "the Stirrup Club" in Paris. This sounds more imperialist than revolutionary. The Napoleonic idea was always connected with the prancing horse. At all events it is not a revolutionary body; it is a "Stirrup Club," not a "Stir Up" Club. To the members we drink a "Stirrup Cup"!



“WAKE HIM UP!”

FARMER BULL. “IF THAT DOG OF YOURS CAN’T KEEP THE SHEEP FROM STRAYING, I MUST GET YOU ANOTHER!”



Tom (who has dined). "DO MIND WHERE YOU ARE GOING! YOU'LL BE TREADING ON MY PAIN DIRECTLY!"

TO PARIS AND BACK.

"Parigi! O cara!" Paris! O dear! uncommonly dear, too, if you do the thing in style and put up at that truly splendid and luxurious hotel *qui s'appelle "Ritz."* The name in English is suggestive rather of bailiffs, debtors, legal proceedings, and hard-upishness generally, than of millionairism, that is, if spelt "Writs." Forty or fifty francs per diem for a lodging *chez Ritz*, however luxurious, is just a franc or so beyond what even the extra-ordinary *voyageur* is inclined to go. I should want a hundred loan power crane to raise that amount. Now, how would I parcel out the Hotel Ritz? On consideration, thus:—*Au premier*, Emperors and Emperresses, &c.; *au deuxième*, Kings and Queens; *au troisième*, Princes and Royal Highnesses generally; *au quatrième*, Dukes, &c.; and so on up to the top storey. As to where ordinary Marquises and Barons would come in, well—that's quite another storey. The less exalted the rank the higher the *étage*. My advice is, become a number in any reasonable hotel, and then be free to breakfast and dine out where you will. Don't forget, amid your numerous engagements, to breakfast once or twice at *la brasserie-restaurant Mollard en face de la Gare St. Lazare*, and to dine at the Restaurant Marguery, next to the Gymnase. Such is your friend's straight tip.

I have exclaimed as above "*Parigi! O cara!*" but I must alter my song to "*O Paris! Untidy!*" The untidiness of the boulevards! For three days, morning, noon, and night, the Boulevard des Italiens, on the left-hand side going towards the Porte St. Denis, was strewn with torn paper, just as if there had been an autumn fall of book leaves and newspaper cuttings. No brightness nor smartness, though the weather was lovely. As to the thoroughfares, they were all more dangerous than ever, in consequence of motor cars at high pressure, and bicyclists at top speed, being added to the reckless driving of *cochers*, which is far worse than that of the most dashing hansom cabman who, but for the police, would make our London crossings fatal to life and limb. What is crossing the Atlantic to crossing from one side of the boulevards to the other, or even from getting safely from the Café de la Paix to the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines? So many Frenchmen are *décors*; is there a bit of red riband given for saving life at street-crossings, or for gallantry in escorting females through the perils of a Parisian thoroughfare? The few *sergents de ville* to whom is confided the control (!) of the traffic at certain points, do it after the manner of good fairies in pantomime commanding a transformation, and getting a great effect out of the adept use of an awkward-looking magic wand, in the shape of one of our constable's staves, only coloured white. But the constables are not always on the crowded spots, and there are a majority of crowded spots where there are no constables. Well, say what you like about "*gay Paree*," but "*gie me Peebles for pleasure.*"

Having seen IRVING perform the marvellous feat of transforming himself into a semblance of the great NAPOLEON, I was curious to learn how COQUELIN would make himself up for the same historical

personage at various epochs of his career. Ahem! Whether as the Republican General, or as the Emperor in M. BERGERAT'S *Plus que Reine*, M. COQUELIN, as *Napoleon*, is more COQUELIN than ever. Mme. JANE HADING as *Josephine* is admirable. It is but a poor play at best, with a tawdry, waxworkian, spectacular effect of *Josephine's* coronation. Then at the Vaudeville there is another indifferent piece, *Madame de Lavalette*, by M. MOREAU, for which the acting of Madame RÉJANE, Messieurs LÉRAND, NUMÈS (admirable as *Louis the Eighteenth*), MAURY, and of others co-operating in a numerous cast, achieves success. For a laugh, see *La Dame de chez Maxim*, by GEORGES FEYDEAU, at the Nouveautés, and not only for a laugh, it being the very broadest farce, but for a study of perfect comedy-acting on the part of M. TARRIDE and all concerned. M. GERMAIN, the same as ever, reminds me sometimes of TOOLE, sometimes of BROUGH, and he still affects the old French farce-actor's peculiar style of coming, as it were, out of the picture to take the audience into his confidence. All the actresses are uncommonly good, while sprightly Mlle. CASSIVE, who acts capably and dances and sings as well as she acts, is the very life and soul of the absurdity. It is not a piece for the "*Jeune personne*," *bien entendu*; but then so much depends on what sort of a young person she may be.

Now, advice gratis, to those who are going to Paris:—Visit the Salon in the morning between 10.30 and 1.30, when there is no crowd; but, in the afternoon, and especially should it be Summer weather, avoid the Salon, which is crowded by a mixture of all sorts at, if I remember aright, half a franc a head. But for a few woodland scenes, some wonderful reproductions of brass and copper domestic utensils, and a charming picture, "*La Servante*," by J. BAIL, there is not any extraordinary attraction to be found at a single visit among the three thousand works of art, exclusive of sculpture. There is one thing satisfactory to know, and that is, that a very fair luncheon is to be obtained on the premises at a fair price, and those gentlemen who like to spend a whole day at the Salon without being deprived of their post-luncheon cigar, can do so.

So back from our few days in Paris, thankful for having escaped in safety from the reckless drivers of cabs and motors, and from the scorching bicyclists; and, grateful for a quiet evening at Calais, and a dinner, not to be beaten by any *restaurant* in Paris, at the Hotel Maritime, I return by the mid-day Calais-Douvres boat, set foot once again on the chalky shores of Old England, and send in this my account to your bureau, signing myself

LE VOYAGEUR VOLATIL.

THE NECESSARY KIT.

["A housewife will in future form part of the free kit of necessities."—*Army Order*.]

It 'as long been my opinion, as a sodger and a man, That I couldn't get on proper, not without yer, SAIREY ANN; Well, now 'ere 's the latest horder—just yer take a read of it—That a housewife shall be portion of the necessary kit.

Oh, them horders! Ain't I cussed 'em! Oh, the shockin' words I've said!

But now for once, my SAIREY, I'm a-blessin' 'em instead. Yus, they misses pretty horden, but at last they've made a hit, For yer goin' to be a portion of my necessary kit.

They're to serve out housewives gratis, an' I only 'opes, my pet, That they'll let us TOMMIES choose ourselves the gals we wants to get,

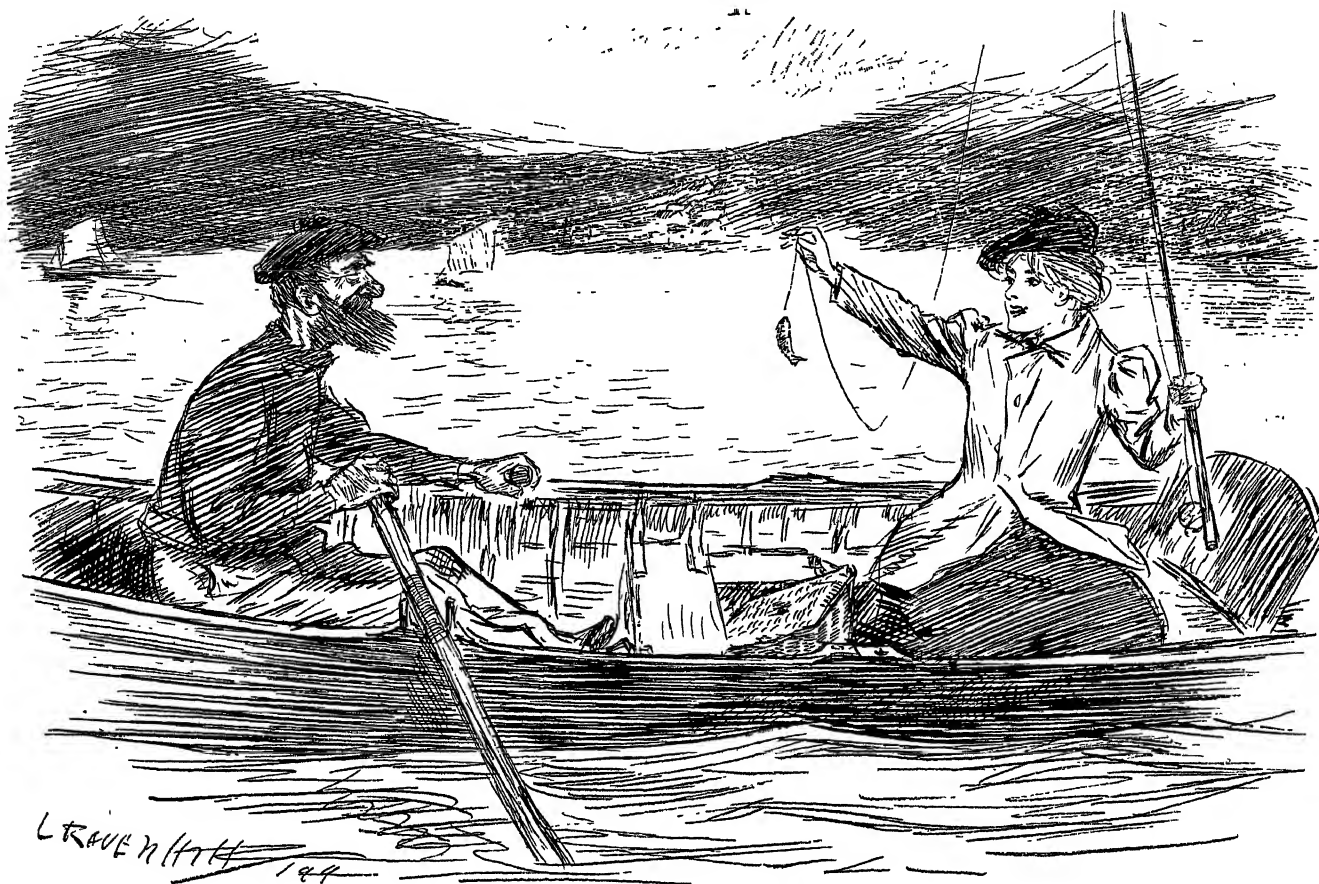
'Twould be takin' of the gildin' off the gingerbread a bit If I got yer mar, for instance, in my necessary kit.

But we'll 'ope the best, my SAIREY, though yer can't for certain tell, And I ain't got much opinion of them parties in Pall Mall, But for once they've put a bullet in the bull's eye, I'll admit, If they makes my SAIREY portion of my necessary kit.

AN ADAPTATION FROM AN OLD FARCE.—In a piece played some years ago at the Gaiety, Mr. TOOLE had a catch phrase which soon became popular. It was, "Keep your eye on your father, and your father will pull you through." This saying, with "Reverend" introduced and the plural substituted for the singular, might be applicable to the present "ecclesiastical crisis." Say the Bishops to distressed clergymen and aggrieved parishioners, "Keep your eye on your Reverend Fathers, and your Reverend Fathers will pull you through." *So mote it be!*

THE following advertisement is taken from the *Birmingham Daily Post*:—

RIDDLE-MAKERS.—Men and youths wanted.—Apply, &c. Here's a chance for Conundrums!



CONSCIENTIOUS FLATTERY.

Boatman. "I CANNA MIND A FINER FESH FOR ITS SIZE!"

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

A CRUSHING REPLY.

WE have received from a celebrated decorator a letter of such prodigious length that it would occupy three entire numbers of this journal. It is vastly longer than a letter published in the *Times* of the 6th. As we are unfortunately unable to devote so much space to this one communication, we publish portions of it.

SIR,—I am not accustomed to writing and grammar has never been my strong point but now, I have let others have their say, I feel impelled to write a letter something like one of Lord GRIMTHORPE's, and which will teach them all to mind their own business though ever so much better than any letter he ever wrote. You see I can't bother about punctuation I just put a comma in here, and there. [Here we omit fifteen lines.]

I did not care two straws, for the American fellow but there was some Italian idiot wrote a letter to you who seemed to have gone, clean off his head. I should like to know how any Italian dares to dictate to an Englishman or to tell you, and I what we ought to do. At least he may tell you but not me. [Here we omit two pages.]

Why I have studied painting all over the world and then, some imbecile from Italy comes and says I don't understand architecture. What is an architect? Give it up? He's a builder. When is an architect not a builder? Give it up? When he's a

painter. I am a painter and one of the greatest painters, that ever [Here we omit thirty-one lines] and compared to who VELASQUEZ and REMBRANDT were mere nobodies. [Here we omit five and a half pages.]

Some fools seem to have a respect for WREN though he never travelled all over the world and could not paint even as badly as most other painters besides me for he never went farther than Paris and of course he liked a cold-blooded respectable bourgeois Nonconformist chilly Quaker Puritan bareness instead of beautiful bright green mosaics with yellow blobs and pink wallpaper patterns that the Italian fool said was like a lobster salad and now I come to think of it I remember I did have some lobster salad and a good plateful too the evening before I coloured the design of that part and that may interest you and the public generally not that I care for their opinion or yours come to that as a sort of anecdote for future *Lives of the Painters* or whatever they call the books and about the greatest painter in the world also. I can't waste time to put any commas into this. [Here we omit nine pages.]

But what I want to know is, how anybody dares to attack me or my friend the Dean whose portrait, you can see in the Academy and which is one of the three best or three only really good portraits there and each painted by me which was a great honour, for the Dean as you must admit. And who are these people? All asses of course. There are architects or, more correctly builders but they only interfere because

they think nobody knows anything about architecture but them, but they are just the very ones who don't know anything about it. There are painters but what business have they to interfere with a painter? There are outsiders but they are outsiders. That settles them. So there remains nobody but me, who is going on just the same even if they yell their heads off. [Here we omit eleven pages.]

If all these fools are furious I simply say, in popular slang as I said, to my friend the Dean whose portrait [Here we omit twenty lines] when he got so angry with those duffers who signed that memorial, "Keep your hair on." And if they answer as he did to me and which I thought was shockingly personal, "Get your hair cut," I shall reply with my accustomed dignity, "I prefer it long as it makes some fools think I am an artist," by which I mean of course that wise men know it already and only fools need an outward demonstration. [Here we omit eighteen pages.]

Yours, &c. U. B. BLOWEDMAN.

P.S.—I fear this letter is rather long as it is only introductory and just, meant to lead up to several much longer ones I will send you as soon, as I can get them written.

THE LATEST EARL'S CAUGHT EXHIBITION.
—The Marriage of Lord CREWE and Lady "PEGGY" PRIMROSE.

DARBY JONES'S TIP FOR THE DERBY.—*For et graterea nihil.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

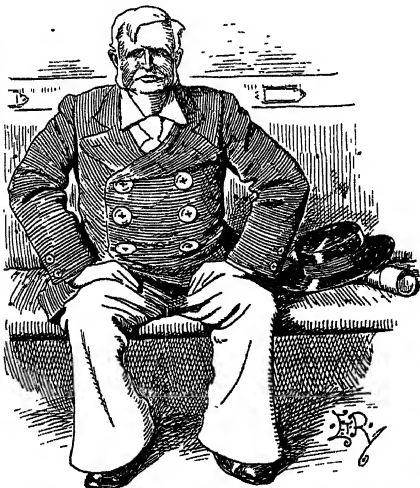
House of Commons, Monday, May 8.—The insignificant world outside the walls of Westminster knows but little of our SOLICITOR-GENERAL. He is not reported in the newspapers, either verbally or picturesquely. If it were otherwise the world would still be lacking in full knowledge of one of its greatest men. It is not only what he says and what he does that make ROBERT BANNATYNE FINLAY a power. Where he sits and how he looks are also matters of import.

SARK remembers it was ever thus in quite altered circumstances. Years ago, when the dust of the earthquake still floated over the wreck of the Liberal Party, the member for Inverness preserved his old seat immediately behind the Front Opposition Bench, to which Mr. G. had been relegated. Not the least great of Mr. G.'s magnanimities was the manner in which he bore without sign of resentment the desertion of old friends and colleagues. Curious exception made in case of FINLAY. If he ventured to interpose in debate Mr. G. turned upon him with the particular blazing light in his eyes Mr. LECKY discovered and recorded. In a rare burst of anger he once in private conversation described the seceder as "sitting with his knees in our backs." To-day the ex-Liberal member for the Inverness Burghs sits in the opposite camp, his contiguity as comforting to PRINCE ARTHUR as it was disturbing to Mr. G. He does not often speak, but his mere presence suffuses over the Treasury Bench an atmosphere of legal lore and personal respectability worth more than £6,000 a year and fees. When he does speak he goes right to the point, wasting no words on the way.

To-night Committee on London Government Bill suddenly found itself confronted by what in his absence might have proved fatal difficulty. Amendment moved providing that a two-thirds majority present at a meeting of a borough council should actually vote on proposal to make elections triennial. A cautious member appealed to law officers of the Crown for legal definition of the word "present." SOLICITOR-GENERAL on his feet in a moment.

"The word present," he said, "means present."

"Do I believe that this here *Son and Heir's* gone down, my lads," said Captain



Mr. Solicitor "Bunsby." "The word present means present!"
(Sir R-b-rt F-nl-y.)



A FUTURE CHAMPION.

The Old Hand. "If he gets on like this I should be sorry to tackle him in a few years' time. Cleverest youngster I ever saw." (Sir W-ll-am H-re-rt and Lord H-gh C-e-l.)

Bunsby, when, on a famous occasion, consulted by *Captain Cuttle* and *Florence Dombey*. "Mayhap. Do I say so? Which? If a skipper stands out by Sen' George's Channel, making for the Downs, what's right ahead of him? The Goodwins. He isn't forced to run upon the Goodwins, but he may. The bearings of this observation lays in the application of it."

Observe how, whilst not lacking in the quality of oracularism, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL's literary style is infinitely beyond *Captain Bunsby's*. By comparison, that great authority is positively verbose.

Business done.—In Committee on London Government Bill.

Tuesday.—MACLEAN, like traditional Britisher, never knows when he's beaten. Up again to-night wanting to know whether, now Blue Book is out, Ministers will give day for discussing Indian Sugar Duties. PRINCE ARTHUR, with the mild asperity of middle-aged father dealing with intractable child, blandly admits interest of topic. No one more than her Majesty's Ministers would find pleasure in discussing it—if only there were time. Of course, "if the authorised Leaders of the Opposition" demanded a day it would be different.

PRINCE ARTHUR's comprehensive glance along the benches opposite as he talked about the authorised Leaders was better than some plays. Starting from below the gangway, it rested for a moment on the suave countenance of the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. It flashed by JOHN DILLON and REDMOND *à la*, sitting in sweet companionship at the corners of the back benches. Crossing the gangway it fell for a moment on Mr. STEADMAN and Mr. CALDWELL. It dwelt for a measurable space of time on the seat, empty for the moment, of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, brightening as it finally fell on the amused countenance of CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, buttressed on either side by faithful henchmen.

The careful selection of the plural, and this accompanying look round, were more effective than an hour's speech on the fatal frailty of the Opposition.

Business done.—Getting on very well with the London Government Bill. PRINCE ARTHUR, after swearing he would ne'er consent to all sorts of things, liberally consents.

Thursday.—Being Ascension Day, Committees which usually meet at noon have doors closed against them up to two o'clock. This in order to give members opportunity of going to Church. JOHN ELLIS made blood-curdling discovery that the naughty Lords not only haven't been to Church, but have been at work in their Committees just as if it were an ordinary day! As soon as ever school opens up and tells the master.

"Please, Sir, why should we have to go to Church on a Thursday when the Lords don't?"

PRINCE ARTHUR taken aback by suddenness of inquiry and enormity of iniquity indicated; quite unusually embarrassed; falters forth reply about the Lords not sitting at all on Ascension Day, giving it up entirely to devotional exercise. JOHN ELLIS not to be put off in that way. Insists that Lords' Committees sat at usual hour whilst the Commons were supposed to be at Church. Driven into a corner PRINCE ARTHUR pettishly protests he "knows nothing about the Lords' Committees."

Here matter dropped; evidently cannot there remain. As JEMMY LOWTHER says, it's bad enough to have the Peers meddling in Parliamentary elections. But if when the Commons go to Church on Ascension Day they are to go about their ordinary business or pleasure, the thing must be looked into. *Business done.*—JOHN ELLIS puts his finger on a flaw in the Constitution of these realms.

Friday.—House still puzzling over JOHN MELLOR's riddle. He flashed it forth quite casually in the vigorous speech he contributed to debate on Church Discipline Bill.

"What is the difference between the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and a Bishop?"

Really, when we come to think of it, there's very little. Imagine DICK WEBSTER in shovel-hat and apron, cased in gaiters those manly legs that in Cambridge days



PROVERBS REVISED.

D'scovery lately made by Jones when "trolling" an Otter.

"THAT A BIRD IN THE HAND IS NOT WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH," AT LEAST WHEN IT'S AN OLD DOG OTTER!

twinkled at surprising pace over the half-mile course, and you have an ideal Bishop. Was that what MELLOR was thinking of? He didn't say. With head drooped on one side in contemplative fashion he gazed across the Table at the plump figure seated by PRINCE ARTHUR, repeated and left unanswered his puzzled inquiry: "What is the difference between the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and a Bishop?"

SARK says there's much that's puzzling about the Episcopal Bench just now. Every day this week he has seen some two or three columns in the *Times* carrying the heading, "The Archbishops' Hearing." He hasn't time to read the article, and asks me, "What's the matter with the Archbishops' hearing?"

Is it failing? And if so, why this public fuss?

Business done.—Finished off the Budget.

PENDING LEGISLATION.

["The House of Commons has passed—and the House of Lords rejected—a Bill requiring seats to be provided for shop assistants in Scotland."—*Daily Paper.*]

WAISTCOATS FOR CLERKS BILL, a Bill compelling employers to provide their clerks with red flannel waistcoats for Winter wear and white drill ditto for Summer.

MITTENS FOR MECHANICS (IRELAND) BILL, a Bill compelling manufacturers to provide mittens for their employees to wear before

and after work, and to see that they wear them.

HOT COCOA FOR JOURNALISTS BILL, a Bill compelling newspaper editors to provide hot cocoa for their staffs between the hours of midnight and six a.m.

PIANOS FOR DOMESTIC SERVANTS BILL, a Bill authorising domestic servants to claim from their mistresses the right to practise on the drawing-room piano daily between twelve and three.

OFFICE BOYS (HOURS OF RISING) BILL, a Bill relieving all office boys from the necessity of rising before nine o'clock during the Winter months.

GOLF FOR EVERYBODY (SCOTLAND) BILL, a Bill permitting all wage-earners to play golf between two and four in the afternoon without loss of salary.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BOYS' PROTECTION BILL, a Bill reducing the thickness of the canes and doubling the thickness of the trousers in Public Schools in order that the latter may be a more efficient protection against the former.

Other measures for securing the comfort of the Individual at the expense of his neighbour are in process of drafting, and will doubtless be introduced as soon as these have been passed.

LYRICAL OUTRAGES.

IX.—AT A RAILWAY STATION.

NEVER the time and the train

And the station all together!

My watch—set "fast" in vain!

Slow cab—and foggy weather!

I have missed the express again.

It was all the porter's fault, not mine,
But his mind is narrow, his brain is bleak,

His slowness and red tape combine
To make him take about a week

To label my bag—and he dared to speak,
When I bade him hurry, bad words, in fine!

O epithet all incarnadine,

Leave, leave the lips of the working-man!

It is simply past

All bounds—aghast

My indignation scarce hold I can.

My watch may have helped to thus mislead,

My cab by the fog have been stayed indeed;

But still, however these things may be,

Out there on the platform wrangle we—

Oh, hot and strong slang I and he,

—I and he!



RATHER SUGGESTIVE INSTRUCTIONS.



Speak up, I am near thee,
My distance I keep;
Cannot see thee, nor hear thee,
In fact am asleep;
Speak up, I'm complacent,
My silence is deep;
I'm away, though adjacent,
In fact am asleep!

If habit but quickens
The spell of thy sting,
My slumber but thickens
The point of the thing;
It is not thy rudeness,
That isn't the word;
It is not thy crudeness,
Though that is inferred;
What ruffles my hair, as
Thou oughtest to know,
Is that, without where-as,
Thou borest me so;
Yea, all that I seize on
As truly *de trop*,
Is that, without reason,
Thou borest me so.

Our second example is a revised topical version of *The Creole Love Song*. The original, itself slightly coloured in the Southern manner, was found to be still further colourable. We have accordingly added a tone or two of rich sepia, with a coat of mahogany varnish. The title remains practically unchanged.

II.

THE KAFFIR RUM SONG.

["Visitors are requested not to give drink to the natives"—*Notice at the Greater Britain Exhibition.*]

I smile all day at the Earl's Court mob,
Till I ache, I ache, in my black, black nob;
I shiver and cough in the chill, chill rain,
And 'tis O, I would I were warm again.

O rum! O Jamaica rum!
The sort that they sell down south!
I pine in the pit of my tum,
For thee I pine in my large-sized mouth!

But O, if my feet had wings,
To fly like a 'possum far,
In a sardine-berth to the ends of the earth,
Where De Beers and the deep bores are;
Away where the rum-barrel blooms
With balm for my thick, thick tongue;
If only to breathe of its odorous fumes,
Or to die with a kiss on its bung!

Will no man give me the price of a grog
For the sake of the whites that I'm here to slog?

It's dull work murdering WILSON's troop
With nothing to oil my sweet war-whoop!
O rum! O Jamaica rum!
The sort that they sell down south!
I pine in the pit of my tum,
For thee I pine in my large-sized mouth!

But O if my feathers were fur,
The fur of a Polar bear,
To fly where my wives in their bee-, bee-hives
Are rending their back-, back-hair!
Away where a Kaffir may bask
Quite nude on his native heath,
And soak like a sponge at the up-tipped cask,
Or lie like a log underneath!

"NOT annulation, but revision," is the cry in Paris now, regarding the DREYFUS case. We can well believe it: for "annulus" means a little ring, and annulation of course the "wheels within wheels," of which DREYFUS, France and the world are heartily sick.

"WHO IS IT HOLDING FORTH TO YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. BROWN?"
"IT'S PROFESSOR SPARKES. GEORGE RAVES ABOUT HIM. SAYS HIS CONVERSATION IS AN INTELLECTUAL TREAT. GO AND ASK TO BE INTRODUCED."
"THANKS; BUT I HARDLY FEEL EQUAL TO AN INTELLECTUAL CONVERSATION THIS AFTERNOON. I THINK I'LL STOP WHERE I AM, IF YOU DON'T MIND!"

OPERATIO NOTES.

Monday, May 15.—A fine performance of *Tannhäuser*, with SUSAN STRONG as *Venus*, showing herself quite up to her name in every respect; while FRAU GADSKI was an admirable *Elisabeth*. Conductor was, for the first time, Herr Dr. MUCK. He's first-rate, so far: going so well, indeed, where this WAGNER is concerned, that the Syndicate would be justified in "running a-Muck" for the whole Wagnerian series. The two VANS, DYCK and ROOY, did not impede the traffic, but, *au contraire*, helped the action and the music, and, not being overlaid VANS, carried every one with them. "Jupiter" PLANÇON excellent and impressive as *Herman*, the King—or, as *Herbert Pocket* said of Mr. Wopsle as *Hamlet*, he was "massive and concrete."

Altogether, a fine performance, and very grand finale to Second Act. Royalty present: house crowded. *Vive Wagner!*

Thursday.—*Die Walküre*, but we were Walküre-ing off for Whitsun-tide, which, with Whitsun-time, waits for no man, and so must leave our brief comments on the *Walküre* family until we can sit down to it quietly. Where's the Anglo-German travesty of this work entitled "*Hookurie-Walküre*"?

COLOURABLE IMITATION.

["Witness. 'The difficulty is that no sooner does a song become popular than hundreds of other versions are published under the same title. There are seven different versions of *The Lost Chord*.' Lord Knutsford 'Do they vary the title at all—say, *The Found Chord*, or something of that sort?' 'No, my Lord.'—*Report of the Select Committee of the Lords on the subject of Copyright.*"]

PROMPTED by his lordship's hint as to the possibilities of a variation in title, trivial enough to be almost imperceptible, Mr. *Punch* hastens, in advance of fresh legislation, to publish modified versions of one or two well-known songs under titles so closely imitative that they might deceive even the original author.

I.

PRESENT YET ABSENT.

(To a Garrulous Consort.)

Like the flight of a wombat
That swoops on a flea
Thy tongue is in combat
Quite often with me;
A two-fold arrangement—
I am where thou art;
Yet my head, in estrangement,
Is far from thy heart.



IMPERIAL BRUIN

DRINKS TO PEACE, COUPLED WITH THE HEALTH OF HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY VICTORIA, EMPRESS OF INDIA.



Mistress. "WELL NOW, WHAT CAN YOU COOK?" Applicant. "OH, I CAN COOK ANYTHING, MUM."

Mistress. "WHAT ABOUT ENTRÉES?" Applicant. "YES, I CAN DO ONTRAYS, MUM."

Mistress. "CAN YOU DO A VOL-AU-VENT?" Applicant (doubtfully). "WELL, MUM, IN MY LAST PLACE THERE WAS ONCE SOME TALK ABOUT A VOLLERVONG, BUT IT FELL THROUGH."

AN EXPERIMENT IN SWINBURNIAN RHYTHM.

CLOUD-canopied, clad in the curtain of crimson, that Spring's ruddy sunshine suffuses at daybreak,

The top of the pine-covered mountain arises, eternal, unbending, rock-helmeted, lone,

The dark purple pall of the cloud hovers over it, silent, deep-throbbing, that soon, haply, may break,

With echoes full resonant, rich and harmonious, tuned to the music of ocean's soft moan.

Yet not from the mountain, nor lightning fork vivid, nor deep-throated thunder in full diapason,

Nor pine tree, with scent like the incense-charged fane, giving semblance of altar and chancel and nave,

Awoke on the lyre the wild chord of devotion (the instrument rapturous solitude plays on),

Nor yearnings and strivings perplexing, bewildering—the form and the key and the harmony gave.

Nor was it the Sea with its rumble and ripple, its breakers and shingle advancing and falling,

Its fickle, flecked foam and its deep purple hue (that reminded the Greek of his resinous wine),

That this lyric inspired, ah! not therefore I chaunted in fury and frenzy these verses appalling,

But solely and simply to make the experiment how many words I could cram in a line.

THE DISTINGUISHING FEATURE OF THE FIRST MATCH OF THE LONDON COUNTY CRICKET CLUB.—GRACE before and after meet.

AN APPARENT DIFFICULTY.

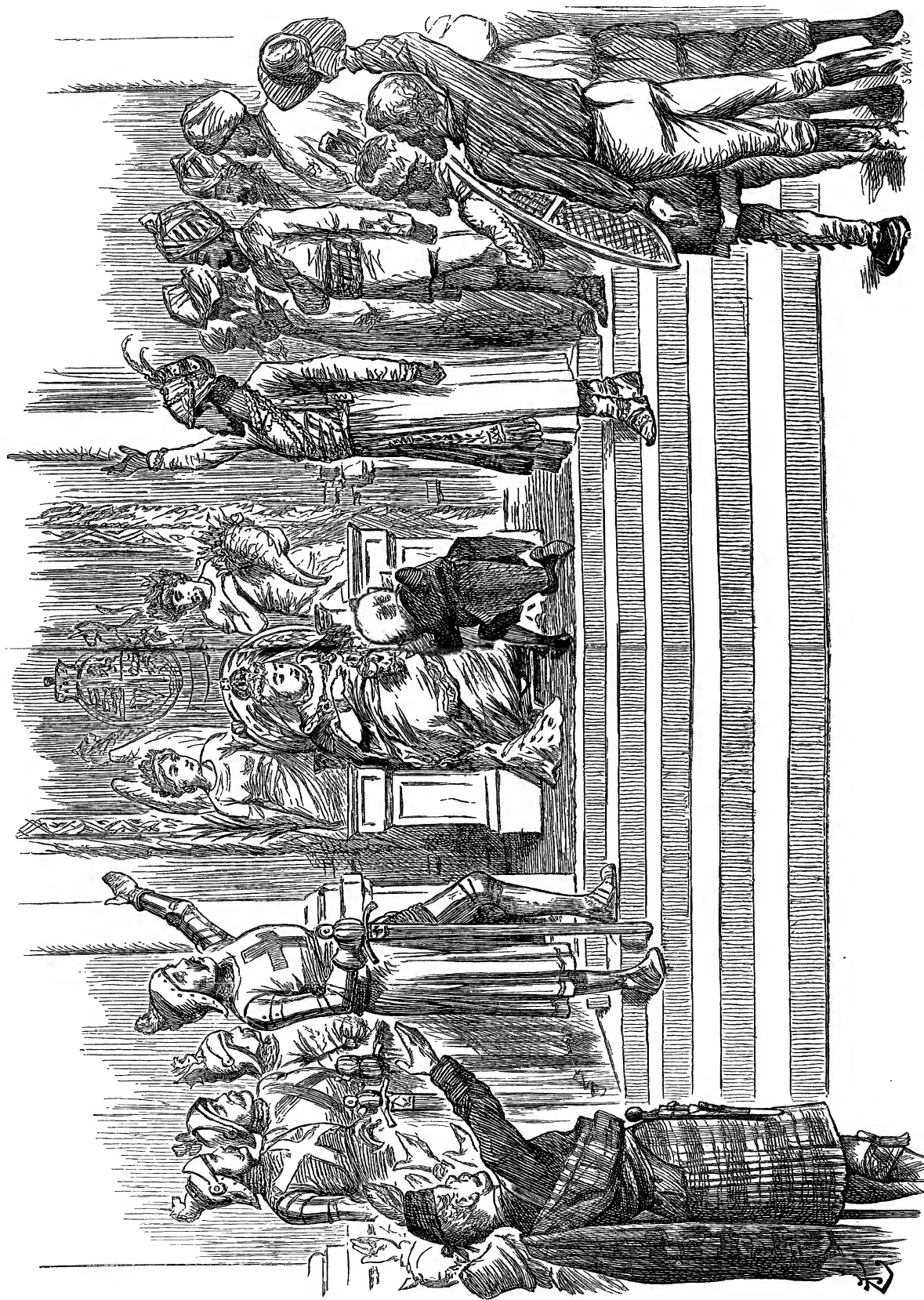
SOMEBODY asked Mr. NEIL FORSYTH, of Covent Garden, how it could be arrived at that every one should be in time for the Opera, at the commencement, so as not to disturb any one during an act? NEIL FORSYTH didn't know: he was puzzled. We would suggest begin earlier and play a *lever du rideau* first. What piece? That's the affair of N. F., and of his Directors. Why not revive the ballet? Only, open the entertainment with it. This suggestion removes a lot of difficulties.

But there's something more important still. Save quite three-quarters of an hour in the whole performance by not allowing more than "ten minutes for refreshment" between the acts. Singers are not more exhausted with their efforts than actors; besides, it does not frequently happen that those principals who finished Act. II. are the first to appear when the curtain goes up on Act. III. They would have, as a rule, the ten minutes' wait and a chorus, at least, before they need leave their dressing-rooms.

No. There's a lot of time wasted at the Opera, and only the boredom of lounging in lobbies to fill it up.

"EPEA PTEROENTA."—By means of the most recent discovery in wireless telephony, words spoken by a person sending a message can be photographed as they are on their way in the air! This is indeed a "Sound View."

NATURAL remark of a Shareholder in the London, Brighton & South Coast Railway on learning the projected improvements at Victoria Station.—"Good, eh?"



AVE! VICTORIA, REGINA ET IMPERATRIX!



"WANTED, A CHAPERONE, GOOD NERVE INDISPENSABLE."

["NEW YORK GIRLS' LATEST.—One of the sights that early morning visitors to Central Park have a chance to enjoy is the appearance of young ladies who are being tutored in the art of 'tooling' four-in-hand teams . . . the chaperone and the guards occupying seats in the body brake always used for the purposes of instruction."—*New York Times*.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *The Passing of Prince Rozan* (THOMAS BURLEIGH), Mr. JOHN BICKERDYKE contrives to make us sup full of horrors. His characters include an Afghan Prince, who doubles the parts of dusky patriot and British swindler, a pre-Hooley company promoter, who buys coronets for the front pages of his prospectuses, and is eventually revealed as the steward of the Afghan patriot's patent yacht, and a lovely Indian princess who is, in reality, the daughter of an English peer. With the rest of the characters, they march through scenes of storm on many seas. There are dark intrigues, there are torpedoes, there is electricity, and there is piracy. The supposed narrator, Mr. Lucas Gilbert, is a barrister sensitive to the appeals of beauty, and an occasional destroyer of the Queen's English. We are told that he was once at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Not there surely did they teach him to write that "the minds of we poor harassed mortals were apt to run riot," that "we were sitting at the table with men whom we feared had the intention of marooning us," or that "as for we men, we had lost the day." Not even prolonged intercourse with a fraudulent Afghan can excuse these solecisms on the part of the heroic but unfortunate barrister.

A Paladin of Philanthropy (CHATTO AND WINDUS) gives the title to a collection of those delightful papers which only Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON can write. He has, my Baronite says, the key of the wine-cellar of English literature of the Augustan and the Silver Ages. At will he brings up bumpers fresh and cool, lacking nothing of colour or bouquet by reason of age. The present volume is particularly opportune in its appearance, since it contains an excellent account of Old Whitehall and the peerless Banqueting House, sole legacy of the seventeenth century to the (in respect of architecture) degenerate nineteenth. In other papers, GOLDSMITH, STEEL, and JOHN GAY live in the very clothes of their time.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN has long been naturalised in this country. Never before have his Fairy Tales been turned forth in such sumptuous dress at moderate charges as Messrs. NEWNES have arrayed them withal. My Baronite, reading again the familiar stories, comes upon one written long before Sedan, which shows how this other Dane's prophetic soul beheld in the future one of the products of that great tragedy. Many years ago he wrote, "There lived an Emperor who was so fond of having new

clothes that he spent all his money upon dress and finery. He had a coat for every hour in the day, and just as in other countries they say of a king, 'His Majesty is in the Council Chamber,' they said of him, 'The Emperor is in his dressing-room.'" The stories are charmingly illustrated by upwards of 400 pictures from the pencil of Miss HELEN STRATTON.

FLORENCE WARDEN is entitled to the degree of "M.S.," meaning Master of the Sensational. Grateful must all who pine for excitement in novel-reading be to this authoress, inasmuch as she has not kept *The Secret of Lyndale* to herself, but has published it to the world, per Messrs. F. V. WHITE & Co. Chapter after chapter leads the reader on, and it is with considerable reluctance that the deeply interested peruser puts down the book at the sound of the dinner hour, or when unconquerable drowsiness compels him to remember bed time. What is *The Secret*? Well, the Baron knows, and ventures to think it is so highly improbable as to amount almost to impossible, admitting, however, that there is much virtue in "almost." The story serves its purpose, which is to interest absorbingly up to a point within measurable distance of the dénouement. The Baron can quote the heroine's words as applicable to the whole story. Says Meg, on learning the secret, "Well, that is scarcely conceivable to me," and at one with the opinion of the heroine is that of the diffident and sympathetic

BARON DE B.-W.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"The sentiment concerning Sunday Papers at Eton."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I really must write telling you my surprise at the strange omission made by Lord ROSEBERRY in his speech about Sunday Papers. Why, fancy, he—a jolly good chap and an Etonian—never even suggested the suppression of the only Sunday Papers which I, and all my tutor's pupils, cordially loathe! I allude to the long-prevalent custom here of "setting" seventh day papers, known locally as Sunday "Q's," or Questions. The issue of these things entails *Sabbath Day Labour* upon *Over a Thousand Etonians*, who, goodness knows, are worked hard enough six days of the week! Please agitate for us in the matter. The pater advised me to write to the *Times*, but I thought, perhaps, that journal might not take me seriously. Besides, you've always been a pal of mine. Hoping to see you on the "Fourth,"

Yours with a great grievance,

SCROGGINS MAJOR.



Inquisitive Guardian. "BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU ANY CHILDREN?"

Applicant for Relief. "No."

Guardian. "BUT—ER—SURELY I KNOW A SON OF YOURS?"

Applicant. "WELL, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D CALL A CHILD CHILDREN!"

THE AGE OMNISCIENT.

O AGE omniscient! O youth
That knoweth all things (bless it!)
And swiftly grasps a subtle truth
When Age can only guess it!
Ah! who shall say by what strange chance
We fall, on leaving College,
To universal ignorance
From universal knowledge?

I have a friend, just fresh from Greats,
And soon to be a Fellow.
He reads the purport of the Fates
As lightly as *Sordello*.
Ah! Genius of twenty-one!
I, older than his mother,
Can neither understand the one,
Nor comprehend the other.

All things to him are clear as light;
He's sure—no hesitation—
That this is wrong and that is right,
That bad beyond salvation;
There is no truth in earth or sky
But he'll at once detect it—

He *knows* that I'm a duffer—I
But only half suspect it.

In politics, beyond a doubt,
We have no single statesman,
Nor are we like to have, without
A certain youthful Greatsman.
Were he in office, we should see
A world of peace and plenty—
Well, well, I knew as much as he,
When I was one-and-twenty.

But possibly his master-mind
Won't always bear such tension,
And some day he may something find
Beyond his comprehension;
And when he's tried his wares to show,
And finds the world won't buy 'em,
My genius perhaps will grow
As great a fool as I am.

In an asylum at Boston, there were recently eleven men who imagined themselves each to be the GERMAN EMPEROR. It is not stated whether they knew that they were mad.

A "HOW'L" AT SURREY.

["W. D. HOWELL made a sensational *début* for the Australians against Surrey at the Oval by taking ten wickets for twenty-eight runs."—*Daily Paper*.]

TUNE—"Ten Little Nigger Boys."

ELEVEN little Surrey boys going in to play,
HOWELL went on and ten boys were they.
Ten little Surrey boys trying hard to shine,
HOWELL kept on and soon they were nine.
Nine little Surrey boys in parlous state,
HOWELL still trundling turned them to eight.

Eight little Surrey boys left from eleven,
HOWELL reduced them quickly to seven.
Seven sad Surrey boys all in a fix,
A "break from the off" and HOWELL made 'em six.

Six little Surrey boys scarcely alive,
A "head" ball from HOWELL and then they were five.

Five little Surrey boys feeling very sore,
A fast one from HOWELL and then they were four.

Four little Surrey boys quite "up a tree,"
"C and b HOWELL" made the number three.

Three little Surrey boys awfully "blue,"
HOWELL bowled CLODE, and then there were two.

Two little Surrey boys tried to stop the rout,
HOWELL bowled one and the side was all out.

SOMETHING INSTEAD.

BEFORE the International Peace Congress gets really to work it would be well to have the moot point settled. Who is running it? Is it the TSAR or Mr. STEAD? From paragraphs appearing in some of the papers—"I wonder how these things get into the papers," said *Mr. Crummles*—it would seem that the TSAR of All the Russias plays second fiddle, whilst the author of *The Maiden Tribute* leads the orchestra. It would be a pity if a great and beneficent endeavour for the welfare of mankind were made ridiculous, and therefore inoperative, because no one thinks it his business to put aside a fussy person. There may be something INSTEAD besides a capacity for self-advertising. Let it be displayed in some other field.



Mamma. "Dear me, Nelly! How have you torn that great hole in your Pinafore? It wasn't there this morning!"

Nelly. "Where do you suppose it was then, Mammie dear?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

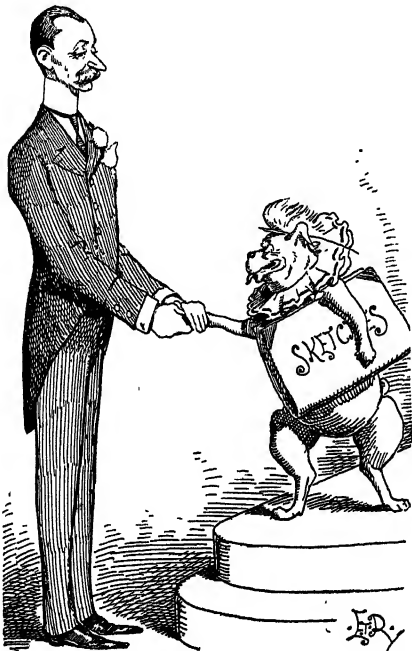
House of Commons, Monday, May 15.—We all know the fate of the pitcher that goes often to the well. Old proverb illustrated to-night in sad case of JOSEPH WALTON. Many times he has thrilled House into respectful silence by disclosure of knowledge of the inner ways of China, his glib utterance of its many-syllabled names. (SARK says China hasn't, after all, so much to boast of in this matter. Effect is cunningly worked up with hyphens. Take any sentence from a Welsh poem, dexterously insert hyphens, strew about capital letters, and you have something not only as unintelligible as the Chinese, but what looks quite as picturesque.) To-night, grown reckless by success, WALTON went just a syllable too far.

Bombarded ST. JOHN BRODRICK with questions as to report of Russia's latest demand for what is politely called a concession. Is Russia scheming to construct a railway from New-Chang to Peking, thus connecting it with the railway going southward to Pao-Ting, so that Russian troops on the march of conquest southward may, at ease, cool their feet in the basin of the Yangtse? This went off very well, at first essay. It was Pao-Ting that choked off the Yorkshire member who has "travelled extensively in India, Burma, and Africa." Rising a third time to fire off his question at trembling target of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Pao-Ting stuck in his throat.

Only a moment, but sufficient to give SPEAKER his opportunity. Up like a shot. Ruled that hon. member was going beyond limits of a question. Literal truth is, he was struggling to get inside them. All the same, WALTON sat down, and ST. JOHN BRODRICK breathed again.

Business done.—Another cheerful evening with London Government Bill.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Regret to find noble Lords pecking at each other just as if



OFF FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Toby, M.P., takes leave of the Speaker's Secretary. (Mr. E. G. Ily.)



"SPORTING WITH AG-RELL-S (AND CO) IN THE SHADE."

(Another web-full for the wily old spy-der of Pretoria.)

they were common mortals. In Committee on Metropolitan Water Bill; Lord JAMES in charge; moves to omit Clause 3 inserted by Select Committee presided over by Lord RIBBLESDALE. Lord TWEEDMOUTH took liberty of offering few remarks in support of clause. This reckless conduct forced JAMES OF HEREFORD's hand. Had long known TWEEDMOUTH's guilty secret. Came down to House without intention of disclosing it; disposed rather to carry it with him to the grave. *Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin* Marjoribanks.

"What," says Lord JAMES, sternly regarding culprit across the Table, "was the noble Lord doing in the Committee room whilst the Water Bill was under discussion?"

Blood forsook the countenance of the arraigned peer, as the tide ebbs from the feet of the ancient town whence he derives his territorial dignity. The scanty Opposition huddled together as sheep forewarned of coming storm. What fearful charge underlay this inquiry? What terrible confession was the House about to hear?

Staggering to his feet, holding on to the Table for support, TWEEDMOUTH hoarsely whispered, "I was there for an hour and twenty minutes, but—" Here the audience, scarcely less affrighted than the accused, strained their ears to catch the almost inaudible whisper—"simply as a spectator."

"The noble Lord," said the accuser, sternly, "was giving moral support to the Chairman of the Committee."

This brought Lord RIBBLESDALE to the front, with gallant assurance that "my noble friend gave me no moral support."

At this point, disturbed by unwonted sounds, the MARKISS, who had sweetly slept through JAMES OF HEREFORD's Episcopal charge in moving rejection of clause, woke up, hurriedly acquainted himself with purport of conversation, and assumed function of peacemaker. Lord TWEEDMOUTH's presence in Committee room not denied; keen eye of JAMES OF HEREFORD had pierced

the flimsy disguise of the black cloak, the wig, the patched eye, and the vain assumption of Italian accent. The MARKISS chiefly anxious to avoid scandal.

"The noble Lord's presence," he said, "seems to have been as mysterious and important as the Secret dossier, but I think noble Lords may dismiss it from their minds."



"THE BREAK-UP OF BOWLES."

The gallant CAP'TEN TOMMY having almost reached the "irreducible minimum" in the matter of limbs, has now been "decimated to the extent of"—one Aye!



"YOU CAN'T SIT THERE, MUM. THESE HERE SEATS ARE RESERVED."

"YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE AWARE THAT I'M ONE OF THE DIRECTORS' WIVES!"

"AND IF YOU WAS HIS ONLY WIFE, MUM, I COULDN'T LET YOU SIT HERE."

Avowedly they did. At least, no more said, but among the mysteries enfolded in the broad bosom of the dying Nineteenth Century will ever remain the purpose of Lord TWEEDMOUTH's visit to the chamber in which sat the Select Committee on the Metropolitan Water Bill.

Business done.—Dramatic scene in House of Lords. Lord JAMES OF HEREFORD unmasks Lord TWEEDMOUTH.

Friday.—Capital title "Our" Lord CHARLES BERESFORD has for his voluminous circular describing his business trip to the Far East. *The Break-Up of China* he calls it. CHARLIE is himself though China fall. Amongst many shrewd observations is one summing up his conclusions of what should be British policy with respect to China. "I hold that to break up a dismasted craft, the timbers of which are stout and strong, is the policy of the wrecker for his own gain. The real seaman tows her into dock and refits her for another cruise."

Thus CAP'TEN TOMMY BOWLES, having received fresh injury in his daily fight, has arranged to be towed into dock for the Whitsun Recess, coming out spick and span, refitted for another cruise when House meets again. Long his war-worn, weather-beaten figure has lent pathetic interest to

the corner seat above gangway, where, like Providence, he sits up aloft and watches over JACK TAR JOKIM and other of Her Majesty's Ministers. A leg lost at Trafalgar, an arm shot clean away at Navarino, his best white ducks perforated in the rear with the only grape-shot fired off Bomarsund, it seemed that Fate had done its worst to the veteran. Last Friday night, in Committee of Ways and Means on the Budget Bill, he, as all the world knows, came out of the Division Lobby with only one "Aye."

There is a good deal of talk about the partition of China. In the comparative leisure of the Recess let the civilised world pause and shed a tear over the partition of TOMMY BOWLES.

Business done.—House adjourned for the Whitsun Recess.

"CHEZ TATA."

["Mr. and Mrs. TATA," the two Indian subjects "of more than ordinary interest," now on a visit to this country.]

UNFORTUNATE names for English hospitality to exercise itself upon. No sooner has a host welcomed Mr. TATA with "How d'ye do," than he must add "Ta Ta."

PRIVATE VIEWS: MOSTLY UNPOPULAR.

(From Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

No. II.—EMPIRE MAKERS.

If I had a son (but I haven't got one,
Which I state in order to counteract
The charge that the verse I indite is not one
Which is based on fancy and not on fact.

For I know there's a kind of necromancy
Which enables a reader at once to guess
That an article based on the merest fancy
Is nothing but facts in a fancy dress.

So I state it again as a final judgment,
This declaration about my son,
Which is certainly not in the least for fudge
meant,—

I haven't a son, Sir, no not one).

But if I were a father (some day I may be),
I never should hesitate at all:
I should train my innocent babbling baby
To the making of Empires large or small.

The education would not be easy;
But what, of that? It's a great career:
You start on a slope that's nice and greasy,
And, whizz! you've a million or so a year.

If any one ventures to say "Jehannum!
Who's this that rushes?" you just reply:
"I'm running up Empires, *tot per annum*;
Join in, if you like, or I'll pass you by."

I should hire a Professor of Shares to lecture,
With a model "House" as a lecture-room,
On water-tight methods that best connect
your

Particular gain with a public boom,

With a slight *excursus* on, say, unloading
Shares of a value of all-my-eye;
And a word (to the wise) on a plan for goading
The public fools to a rush to buy.

He should teach the art, which perhaps is
rarest

In a world where the things that are seem
best,

Of making that dividend look fairest
Which is never declared, but always
guessed.

For toys he'd give him those well-known
toy ducks

That are bought and sold, though the

Times rebukes,

A couple or so of gilt decoy-ducks,
Spelt in the latest style as "dukes."

Then I'd send the lad to a place near Iceland,
Where he'd plant a flag and construct a
town,

And write to his friends of his cold but nice
land

As "another gem for the British Crown."

"You may take my word," he would add,
"I'll pledge it

To an iceberg being a golden heap;
And the ocean here if you only dredge it,
You can wallow in nuggets ankle deep."

He'd call it "The British Arctic Regions,"
And form a company high in price,
And Britain would send her sons in legions
To search for gold in a land of ice.

If he grabbed by a trick some neighbouring
cold State

No loss of credit would make him sore:

"It's only," he'd say, "a rich, dull, old State;
I'm Empire-making and nothing more"

So they'd make him an Earl, all gay and
belted,

And rich as ROTHSCHILD or Mr. BERT,
And sing his praise till the icebergs melted,
And the Empire went to the *Ewigkeit*.



AN AFTER-DINNER DREAM OF THE DERBY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

At a period which everybody hopes is still far off the close of a busy life, JUSTIN MCCARTHY sits down to write his *Reminiscences*, published in two handsome volumes by CHATTO AND WINDUS. Since the time of Ulysses few have seen more of cities and of men. The rare peculiarity of Mr. MCCARTHY's work is that, reviewing troops of friends paraded on the field of a marvellous memory, he has not an unkind thing to say of any one. There is one passage at which the temptation to sprinkle a little cayenne pepper on his dish seemed irresistible. Writing to him in 1866, at the time when on the Reform Bill certain Liberals led by Mr. LOWE deserted Mr. GLADSTONE and the Liberal Party, forming the world-famed Cave of Adullam, Mr. BRIGHT alludes to them as "the traitors of our ranks." For fear that way of putting it should not be harsh enough, he italicises the phrase. Mr. MCCARTHY might here have recalled the fact that when, exactly twenty-six years later, another Liberal cave was formed and Mr. GLADSTONE was again deserted, the seceders were not called anything worse than "Dissentient Liberals," a phrase, my Baronite tells me, Mr. BRIGHT personally resented as offensive. It must not be supposed that because Mr. MCCARTHY's *Reminiscences* lacks the pungency malice purveys that it is mild in the sense of weakness of portraiture, bluntness of observation, or infelicity of expression. In each respect the fact is the reverse, Mr. MCCARTHY therein particularly excelling. In the United States, on the Continent, and at home, he has known most people worth knowing through the past thirty years. In his pages they live again in their daily habit. Of all the friendly crowd the character that stands most fully revealed in these pages, and can most fearlessly meet the light, is that of the biographer himself, for whom, as for WHITTIER, whose sweetness of nature he largely shares, it was written in a day of retrospect—

How softly ebb the tides of will!
How fields, once lost or won,
Now lie behind me green and still
Beneath a level sun!

How hushed the hiss of party hate.
The clamor of the throng!
How old, harsh voices of debate
Flow into rhythmic song!

Literary Gossip—My Baronite regrets to hear that a coolness has sprung up between two lady novelists. Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN recently published a novel she called *The Fowler*. The authoress of *Isabel Carnaby* resents this as being a little too personal. Miss FOWLER threatens to call her next novel *The Harraden*.

In *Marianna*; and *Other Stories* (BURLEIGH), GEORGETTE AGNEW has given us a well-devised original plot (the Baron is speaking

only of *Marianna*), which she has cleverly worked out in a tragically romantic story. Its one fault is a certain diffuseness, arising from the authoress having been led away by her artistic perception of the picturesque. Although the prologue is admirably written, yet, artistically, the story would have gained in effect had not only the prologue, but also the epilogue (for so may be fairly termed the final chapter following on the *dénouement*) been omitted, and had the story finished, no matter how abruptly, with the death of the heroine. *Marianna* might well have appeared alone, without her two companion stories, *The Legend of an Oak Cradle* and *Pauline's Sacrifice*, of which the latter will be singled out by any experienced romance reader as of great merit and originality, but here comparatively put in the shade by *Marianna*. Henceforth the authoress has in *Marianna* a powerful rival to compete with, and that she will do so triumphantly is the opinion of

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

THIS Company has been formed to carry on the ordinary business of a publisher on the system devised by the eminent American humorist, MARK TWAIN, in a moment of seriousness. Instead of issuing books within a few months of their completion, the Company will not publish any work until a century after the death of the author. All unpleasantness, opposition, and fear of litigation on the part of the author's contemporaries will thus be avoided. In the case of any author who may wish to receive remuneration for his work, the necessary deeds will be drawn up by the Company's solicitors to secure for his heirs, or their assigns, a share of the profits or a royalty on each copy sold. The Company cannot treat with any impecunious writer whatever who might be misguided enough to desire some profit for himself during his lifetime. The public taste varies so much during a year, or even during a month, that it would be impossible to estimate the probable sale of any work a century hence.

The Company has received some very important testimonials from eminent authors. The following are a few extracts:—

From a celebrated Authoress.—I think your scheme an excellent one, though I should not personally be disposed to publish my works in this way. The present race of ignorant critics, actuated by mean envy of my attainments and achievements, attempts to depreciate the value of my books. Nevertheless, I have the largest circulation of any novelist in the world. I am convinced that my immortal works, the names of which are in the catalogue of every circulating library, will continue to be published a century hence. SHAKESPEARE is not yet forgotten. Perhaps you might persuade Mr. HALL CAIN to adopt your system.

From a famous Author.—For others, mere penny-a-liners all of them, your plan is admirable. I should not care for it. My works are not for one day, or for one century. They are for all time, including the present. SHAKESPEARE wrote on this system, and I quite approve of it. Possibly Miss MARIE CORELLI would like your method.

From an eminent Poet.—Your system of publication is the best one could imagine for all ordinary poets. But for me, "by appointment" the official writer of odes and madrigals, instinct with journalistic actuality, the delay of a day would be embarrassing. The delay of a century would be too terrible to contemplate. "More long, more loved," as I have myself written, will apply to my poetry. But, immortal though they will certainly be, the actuality is indispensable for my effusions, to which I may apply the words of PETRARCH,

"Oimè 'l parlar, ch' ogni aspro ingegno e fero
Faceva umile."

In my prose writings I am fond of quotations, but I will only give you one more, this time not from a great English or Italian poet, but from a Latin one. "*Tempus edax rerum.*" You might with advantage apply to Mr. ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

From another eminent Poet.—Go to blazes! But previously, ere the sunlight sinks in the summer sea, send one of your beastly touting circulars to ALFRED AUSTIN.

Kruger-Milner Concert.

THE High Commissioner will oblige with a song from *My Milner's Bill*. OOM PAUL will retort with a pirate version of *My Old Dutch*, of which the following is a specimen stanza:

They've bin without a vote for fifteen year,
An' it don't seem a dy too much;
There ain't no party livin' in the land
What's a patch on this 'ere Ole Dutch!

WORTH HAVING.—The "Lyons" share.



"OTHERWISE ENGAGED."

Peace. "DEAR ME! HOW VERY DREADFUL! I WISH I COULD STOP TO SETTLE THAT AFFAIR, BUT I'VE A PRESSING APPOINTMENT AT THE HAGUE."

PRIVATE VIEWS; MOSTLY
UNPOPULAR.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

No. III.—MIDDLE AGE.

WHEN that my years were fewer,
Some twenty years ago,
And all that is was newer,
And time itself seemed slow,
With ardour all impassioned,
I let my hopes fly free,
And deemed the world was fashioned
My playing-field to be.

The cup of joy was filled then
With Fancy's sparkling wine;
And all the things I willed then
Seemed destined to be mine.
Friends had I then in plenty,
And every friend was true;
Friends always are at twenty,
And on to twenty-two.

The men whose hair was sprinkled
With little flecks of gray,
Whose faded brows were wrinkled—
Sure they had had their day.
And though we bore no malice,
We knew their hearts were cold,
For they had drained their chalice,
And now were spent and old.

At thirty, we admitted,
A man may be alive;
But slower, feebler-witted,
And done at thirty-five.
If Fate prolongs his earth-days,
His joys grow fewer still;
And after five more birthdays
He totters down the hill.

We were the true immortals
Who held the earth in fee,
For us were flung the portals
Of fame and victory.
The days were bright and breezy,
And gay our banners flew,
And every peak was easy
To scale at twenty-two.

* * * * *
And thus we spent our gay time
As having much to spend,
Swift, swift, that pretty playtime
Flew by and had its end.
And lo! without a warning
I woke, as others do,
One fine, mid-winter morning,
A man of forty-two.

And now I see how vainly
Is youth with ardour fired;
How fondly, how insanely
I formerly aspired.
A boy may still detest age,
But as for me, I know,
A man has reached his best age
At forty-two or so.

For youth it is the season
Of restlessness and strife;
Of ardour and unreason,
And ignorance of life.
Since, though his cheeks be rosy,
He will not understand,
This boy, that all he knows he
Has learnt at second-hand.

But we have toiled and wandered
With weary feet and numb;
Have doubted, sifted, pondered,—
How else should knowledge come?
And though no rose our cheeks have,
The sky still shines as blue;
And still the distant peaks have
The glow of twenty-two.



Foy (to Brown, who is exceedingly proud of his sporting appearance). "WANT A DONKEY, MISTER?"

SOUTH AFRICA REVISITED.

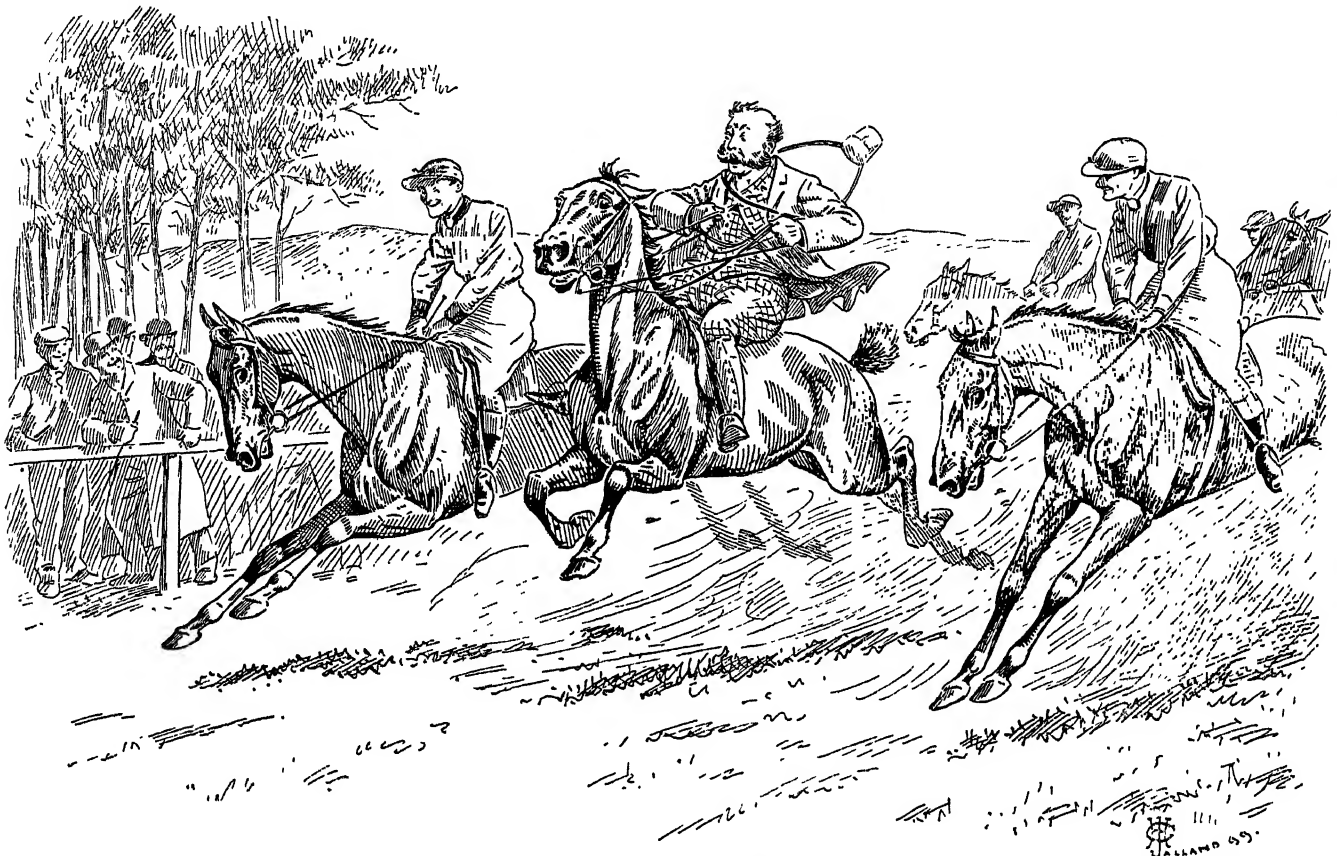
BY ZEDWHYKES.

NEAT-HANDED FILLIS may, or may not, have been well-advised in bringing 300 Kraal-dwellers and *trekkers* into the middle of Giddiest West Kensington, but he has at any rate given us a real live show, a by no means rose-coloured, nor, it may be added, rose-scented, representation of life in the wilds of the Dark Sub-continent. Readers of RIDER HAGGARD and OLIVE SCHREINER, that is to say, every "Great Briton" (why are not we dwellers within the four seas so called?), should "roll up," as they say in the Colonies, to revise their ideas of this corner of Greater Britain, and learn to distinguish between *inspan* and *impi*, *kopje* and *kloof*, and not to spell *veld* with a 't' at the end, as the programme and the public persist in doing.

To see the scenery at the Empress Theatre alone is worth a visit, to say nothing of the baboons that sit on the sky-line, the elephants that deserve the Red Cross for their ambulance work, the battered and

original Gwelo coach with its still more original driver, and the great *indaba* of natives around "Prince" LOBEN sitting (apparently) on his thumb. But when we come to the more than cinematographic reproduction of sanguinary events that occurred only three years ago, with, in one case, the actual participants on both sides repeating history before us, we are on more delicate ground, and one wonders what are the actual sentiments of the swaggering Matabele as they file through the lines of spectators back to their kraal after the performance. However, the "Genial Frank," as they always call him at the Cape, deals out poetic justice in the end. At least five dusky warriors are mown down by the deadly spitfire maxims. Altogether, it is a very good show, with a little too much rifle-cracking, and some food for solid reflection.

SUGGESTION BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.—EDGAR A. POE'S "Gold Bug" was probably a sequel to Jason's Hunt for the Golden Fleas.



JONES RODE DOWN TO EPSOM. "SO MUCH PLEASANTER TO WATCH THE RACES ON HORSEBACK" HE SAID. BUT WHEN HIS HACK BOLTED ON TO THE COURSE AND GOT MIXED UP IN A RACE, HE CHANGED HIS MIND.

HAMLET FOR LADIES.

Now that Madame BERNHARDT is about to appear as *Hamlet* in London, interest is naturally excited as to how the sex of

the interpreter is likely to affect the rôle. The following points, according to our trustworthy Paris Correspondent, are the principal ones in which Madame BERNHARDT's interpretation will depart from accepted traditions.

On first seeing the *Ghost* (in the fourth scene of the first act) masculine actors have usually spoken in a husky and awe-struck whisper by way of tribute to the supernatural visitant. Madame BERNHARDT will greet the mysterious phantom with a shrill scream, without which no lady, on the stage, has ever been known to receive a ghost.

Again, in the third act, when *Polonius* is eavesdropping, the accomplished actress will make a great point of *Hamlet's* cry, "How now! A rat?" Springing lightly upon a chair and wrapping her cloak tightly about her ankles, she will give a masterly representation of the terror which the presence of a rat or mouse invariably arouses in the breast of a lady on the stage. The *Queen*, similarly alarmed, will take refuge on another chair, and it will be only after a servant has entered and despatched the invading beast that the two ladies will venture to look behind the arras. They will then discover the corpse of *Polonius*, and the curtain will fall upon an edifying scene of relief, Madame BERNHARDT exclaiming, in French, "Thank goodness, it wasn't a rat after all!"

In the Soliloquy, again, a novel and interesting point will be made. *Hamlet* will be discovered working at a sampler, and when he comes to the lines—

When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?

he will seize and brandish this implement,

which, as may be supposed, will be lying on an adjoining work-table. These, and other special features of Madame BERNHARDT's interpretation, will be anxiously looked for when M. MARCEL SCHWOB's version is produced next month at the Lyceum.

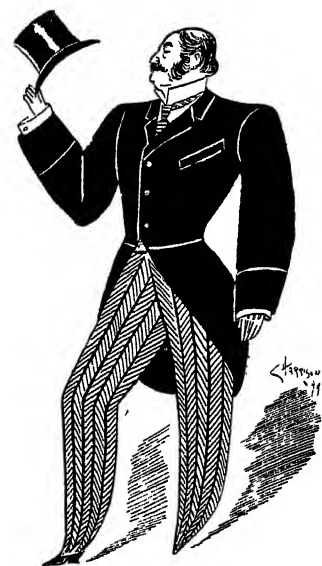


PEEL'S PILL FOR PALE-ALE PEOPLE.

Dr. Peel. "This is our prescription, Mr. Bung. If you will swallow it, your troubles will be at an end."

Mr. Bung. "I should rather think they would!"

[The findings of Lord PEEL's Report (to be presented shortly) on the Licensing Commission have been published, and contain very drastic recommendations regarding the extinction of public-houses.]



[The Tailor and Cutter again complains of the sartorial art as displayed in the pictures of the Royal Academy.]

Suggestion for future portraits: Heads by eminent painters, other portions by eminent fashion-plate artists, as above.

AYLWINNIEWYNNE; OR, THE ROMANY ROT.

(After Mr. Th-d-re W-its-D-nt-n, by Mr. Punch's Depreciator.)

CHAPTER I.—The Apostle.

"You are with me, dear Master," said the mystic WILDBEEST, "and all the exponents of the symbolic school are with me, too, when I say that studies from the human figure may be divided into two broadly-distinguishable groups—studies from the male, and studies from the female. Now my late model, who assisted me in the second of these two fields of labour, was a gift of the gods; sent, I am assured, from Heaven by my sainted grandmother, who was in the bargee business. Without affectation of modesty, I may say that she promised to be the making of my immortal picture, '*The Pursuit of Innocence*' (now due in Bond Street); and would also have contributed largely to the triumph of the adjacent predella, representing '*Arethusa in the Bulrushes*'."

"As chief living apostle of the Aylwinniewynnian theory, first evolved by the inspired father of our young, but erring, friend, the hero, in his epoch-compelling work, *D.T.*; or, *The Spotted Dog*—a work despised by H-RE-RT SP-NO-A, but highly commended by the great and good W.T. ST-D—I am something of a mystic. But not to every double-sighted seer is it given to discover, in the promenade of the Walhalla, selling daisies, a type of virgin pure as the unsullied flowers she proffered to the passer-by. I tracked her home to the residence (at Wapping) of her mother, Mrs. BLUDGEON, specialist in bloaters. She it was that in person chaperoned the Ideal to my studio; though, after a few sittings, I dispensed with the elder lady's services, which were all too plainly prompted by venal avarice. Everything went well till the adorable Miss BLUDGEON developed fits. During the crises of these cataclysms her *tout ensemble* became rigid; while her face, the emblem of artless innocence under its eager Celtic fringe (for she came of a Welsh line,—I think the Snowdon-Llanberis branch) acquired the verisimilitude of a carbuncle set in paste of Paris."

"Taught to regard all phenomena as designed for my ultimate profit by the sainted JEMIMA WILDBEEST (now in Heaven, but formerly in the bargee business), I took advantage of these recurring seizures to paint the possessed girl into my picture of '*Lot's Wife*' for the ensuing Salon. What were the predisposing causes of her malady (I allude to Miss BLUDGEON rather than to the wife of the well-known patriarch) I am at a loss to conjecture; but I confess that the events which immediately preceded these appalling visitations appeared, to my thinking, inadequate to account for so complete a derangement of her mental equilibrium. Such simple and altogether beautiful words as *chal*, *chavi*, or *dukkeripen*, falling inadvertently from my lips in the course of a soliloquy, would throw her, without fail, into a condition of coma bordering upon petrification. The most distant and incidental allusions to the great gipsomaniac, my honoured friend GEORGE THEODORE WATTS-BORROW, would produce a similar catastrophe."

"At first, I would have you understand, there was nought of ulterior design in my Romany ramblings. But gradually, as I grew to recognise the hand of the sainted bargee at work in these manifestations, and since my second masterpiece, that of '*Lot's Wife*,' was somewhat in arrears—considering the comparative maturity of the season—I frankly admit that from time to time of set purpose I produced the conditions that I had found favourable to demoniacism; thus, peradventure, employing my mystic powers less mercifully than became an Aylwinniewynnian adept. In the regrettable result, during a dim gloaming in the moon of February, she fell into a state of rigidity, from which, when I desired to revert to my other canvas, '*The Pursuit of Innocence*' (the pigment on the countenance of '*Lot's Wife*' being too wet for further manipulation), I signally failed to extract her."

"Eastward in a taximeter cab I conveyed her crystallised form, and when I reached the first rung of the ladder leading to Mrs. BLUDGEON'S chambers, the girl was dead! I took the liberty, a few days later, of calling to inquire after her, and learned that her condition was unchanged."

"Ah!" said the Master.

"For Miss BLUDGEON herself," continued WILDBEEST, "I make no inane lament. As she graced my poor studio with her unearthly presence, so will she be the ornament of any other sphere whereinto that which is carnal enters not; and I am confident that at this moment the sainted JEMIMA WILDBEEST is according her an enthusiastic reception. The Mother, though for so near a relative she was singularly free from racial similarity, will not, I fear, replace her readily. But it is for myself that I am most painfully exercised. Your own experience, dear Master, will have taught you how increasingly difficult it must be, in this gross Agnostic age, to discover either the type, at once alluring and guileless, that should serve me for my first *chef-d'œuvre*, '*The Pursuit of Innocence*,' or the other, the Pentateuchal type, suitable for my second *chef-d'œuvre*, '*Lot's Wife*'; while the prospect of



Owner. "I TELL YOU I CAN'T HELP YOU. HAD A BAD DAY!"
Genial and Festive Cadger. "WELL, I SHOULDN'T 'AVE ARST YER, GUV'NOR, BUT I 'VE LORST ALL THE MONEY I 'AD ABOUT ME BACK-ING YOUR 'ORSE. AND NOW, TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, I FIND I 'VE BEEN AND LEFT ME CHEQUE-BOOK ON THE DRORIN'-ROOM TABLE!"

finding in the selfsame woman a model for ideals so inherently divergent, is beyond the bounds of human probability. Even your Romany friend with the biceps, the bruising Lady TRILBI, would not altogether meet the case."

"I should say not," said the Master.

It is impossible from the fragmentary intercourse recorded above to give any just idea of the incomparable brilliance of epigram and repartee which used to characterise every audible word of the Master, doubtless already recognised by my readers as no other than the famous GABRIEL D'ANTY. The dawn, stealing up the monumental river and throwing into Rembrandtesque relief the pure outline of the Chelsea barges (WILDBEEST was never rightly inspired except within smell of a barge), found the two friends still in converse. The Master, true to his familiar sobriquet of Camaralzaman, was attired in a flowered Oriental dressing-gown, while the Aylwinniewynnian WILDBEEST assisted in his customary costume of a Salvation Bombardier.

After a hearty supper of Curaçoa and Cymric rabbit, they adjourned to the back-pleasance. It was characteristic of the Master that he should have fitted up this oasis in the Wild South-West as a first-class *ménagerie*. Here was a specimen of every creature known to Barnum, from the most insignificant armadillo to the largest-sized hippopotamus, the latter asleep at the time in a Renaissance fountain.

"How you adore Nature!" said his friend, patting the snout of the unconscious brute. "My sainted grandmother, JEMIMA WILDBEEST—"

"You err," interrupted D'ANTY. "My love of Nature is a laboriously acquired taste, won from books. What I admire, WILDBEEST, in the constituent members of my Zoo, is their human idiosyncrasies; I derive a divine joy in discovering the facial affinities between them and my personal friends."

A typical remark that may serve, if faintly, to indicate those endearing qualities in D'ANTY that so fascinated the artistic circle of which he was the acknowledged Master.

(Not finished yet.)

A SHOW WHICH OBVIOUSLY OUGHT TO BE PATRONISED BY ALL JOURNALISTS.—The Article Club Exhibition at the Crystal Palace.



"GREAT ATTRACTION!"

NOW THAT MADAME BERNHARDT HAS MADE SO CONSPICUOUS A SUCCESS AS *HAMLET*, WHY SHOULD NOT SHE AND OUR LEADING TRAGEDIAN JOIN FORCES WHEN SHE COMES TO LONDON? SIR HENRY'S *OPHELIA* WOULD BE SURE TO ATTRACT MORE THAN PASSING NOTICE.

THACKERAY AND MR. PUNCH.

FROM the United States—"Whence Winds are Wafting Wheat and Weather, Winter Wool and Warm Well-Wishing"—the American *Critic* has lately arrived, containing strange allegations as to the contributions which THACKERAY, noblest and most brilliant of my early lieutenants, is supposed to have contributed to my pages.

Is the American *Critic* poking fun at us, I wonder, or at its readers? Does it find some latent humour in affixing—or seeking to affix—one man's name to the writings of his contemporaries, selected at random with all the boldness of irresponsible ignorance? No, no, Mr. *Critic*, you belie your name:

true criticism does not consist in accepting the *ipse dixit* of the first gentleman who claims, as you tell us, that his knowledge is gained from "patient work, his information being derived from sources known only to himself." Known only to himself! I should think so. It does not require a Critic to ascribe Mr. Fox's policy to Mr. BURKE, or to discuss the "*Night Watch*" as the finest work of the hand of RUBENS. How many years of "patient work" would be required for such discoveries?—and what amount of mystery as to the source of his information?

If you had not made such a mighty fuss about your articles and your Mr. DICKSON, I should perhaps have been disposed to

let the matter pass; but when you announce *urbi et orbi* that by dint of "special knowledge" and "years of research" you are making tremendous revelations as to the inner facts of my past history, it behoves me, as the jealous proprietor of that history, to tell you that your facts are no facts, and that that treasure—for treasure I admit it to be—is not what you quaintly call "Thackeray treasure," at all. "A wise scepticism," said your admirable Mr. LOWELL, "is the first attribute of a good critic." It is to be regretted, Sir, that you have left this first attribute to your readers and your commentators.

No, Sir; Mr. THACKERAY did *not* write "The Astley-Napoleon Museum." That amusing sketch was penned by my most excellent GILBERT ABBOTT ABECKETT. By the same hand is the burlesque of GEORGE ROBINS's method of advertising his auction-sales. That the appropriateness of THACKERAY's sketch to it is not apparent to your Mr. DICKSON does not in the circumstances surprise me. "Punch's Condensed Magazine"—in which your author so shrewdly sees THACKERAY's hand and the germ of his immortal "Prize Novelists"—is unfortunately by quite another of my early contributors, ALBERT SMITH. My first sole editor, MARK LEMON, it was who contributed "Recollections of the Opera," which you sagaciously reprint at length as THACKERAY's; and the honest if bitter pen of DOUGLAS JERROLD wrote "Beau Brummel's Statue, Trafalgar Square"—in which you admire the Titmarshian touch, and find prophetic hints of *The Four Georges* and *Vanity Fair*. Embroider your subject as you will, your material will be taken for what it is, a tissue—of rubbish.

There are other errors, but I have said enough. I only add that, so far as I am concerned, you may confuse other authors and other writings in other works as you choose. But you will please leave my writers untainted by your "special" criticism, and, above all, you must consider Mr. THACKERAY's name and reputation as sacred. His record is a fair one, and needs no bungling interference from the first blind ferret that calls himself a "Thackeray expert." One of the chiefs at South Kensington recently informed the astonished House of Commons Committee of Inquiry that he considered that the Parliamentary examination had "knocked the bottom out of expertise"—and I joined in the general surprise. But, upon my word, if Mr. ARMSTRONG had had many Mr. DICKSONS under observation, he stands magnificently vindicated to-day! PUNCH.

FAREWELL TO MAY!

(A Poem with Parentheses.)

What a merry month of May!
(Heap the coals upon the fire),
When the frisky lambskins play,
(Glad I'm wearing warm attire),
Daffodils peep out of bed
(Would that I were snug in mine),
Chesnuts blossom overhead
(Wonder when it will be fine?)

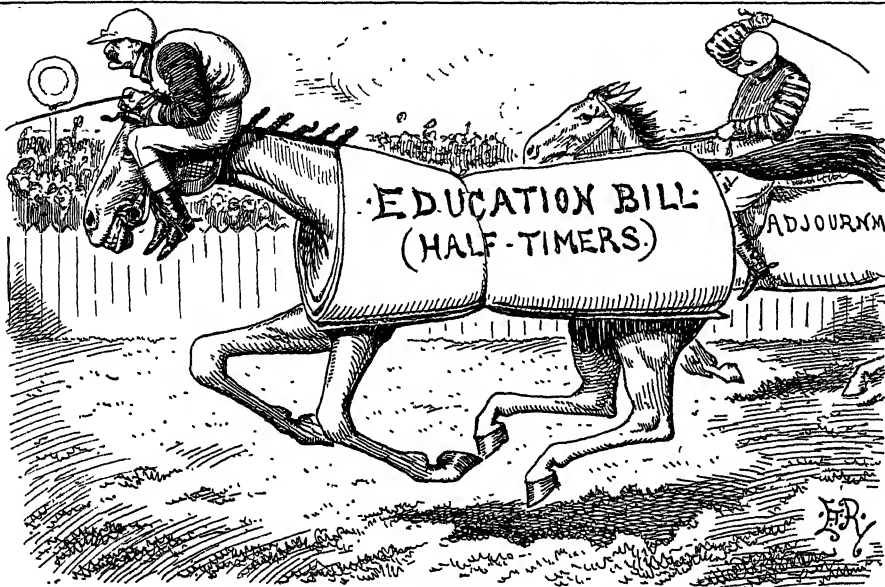
Shepherds play on pipes of reeds
(Pass the matches, if you please)
To the milkmaids in the meads
(Atchoo! bless me! what a sneeze!)
Nightingales sing down the lane
(I'm as hoarse as any crow),
Spring is with us once again
(Eh? What's this? Commenced to snow?).



MORAL SUASION.

SIR ALFRED MONTAGUE sings :—
THERE WAS A "HIGH COMM." WHO SAID, "HOW
SHALL I TACKLE THIS WILY OLD COW,

I WILL SIT ON THIS STILE
AND CONTINUE TO SMILE,
WHICH MAY SOFTEN THE HEART OF THIS COW!"



THE REAL DERBY WINNER.

ROBSON UP—GOES ONE BETTER THAN TOD SLOAN.

ASCOTT HEATH ON THE DERBY.

HONOURED SIR,—My revered Uncle, DARBY JONES, being still confined to his room by gout (I state this fact in view of the malevolent suggestions of certain traducers), I am requested by him to convey to you my impressions of what the Ordinary journalist styles "The Great Epsom Carnival." My Uncle and myself differ, I trust, very much in our appreciations of Humanity and Horseflesh. Between ourselves, now that he is laid up on a bed of sickness, he knows no more distinction between a rocking-horse and a racing crock than does an ordinary mortal between sausages and mashed potatoes and a *filet de sole à la Dieppoise*. There you apprehend me, I imagine. His idea of the Derby is a panorama of vulgar revelations, such as you may read in the descriptive account of any daily newspaper.

The show arranged by Mr. CHARLES MORTON on the cinematograph would probably run as follows:—

(1) THE START,—Mr. COVENTRY in a dead heat.

(2) THE RACE,—TOD SLOAN, MORN Y CANNON, or O. MADDEN trying to square Tattenham Corner.

(3) THE FINISH,—Cheering of the Winner while the Welshers vamoose.

Throw in the Property Dog, the Policemen, the Coaches, the Omnibuses, the Nigger Minstrels, and the Toy Vendors, and you will probably have a correct realisation of a scene, which I am given to understand will be brought to our eyeballs in the forthcoming Crystal Palace Review. This is not my way of looking at the Derby. I am young and foolish (so I am told), and I like to find others as young and more foolish as myself. Give me Epsom on the top of a coach, whence I can gaze upon creation—and it is creation unlimited in every respect—with the eye of a Lord thereof. I don't run about like my honoured Uncle picking up "tips." I have them all in my pouch. I don't salute Noblemen and Eminent Commoners with hat liftings, as he does,

because I feel the Equal of any Man or Woman, and all the hat lifting in the world doesn't make *Winners*. It only promotes sycophants and cigarettes. From a Piccadilly and Pall Mall point of view the Derby is over, but I venture to differ with preconceived notions in as far as place-money is concerned. Therefore I predict without prejudice—

I cannot go Nap on *My Son*,
For *Modesty* can't find a place,
But they tell me the *Sword* is Al,
That the *Ensign* may p'raps go the pace;
Of the *Curse of Ould Erin* beware
(I've heard this from many a lip),
To whom *Landlord* may prove a smart scare
When the *Baronet* comes down the "dip."
For myself I am going for one,
Sly *Keenard* the winner I find,
And the Westminster crack is the crock you should back

With the *Frenchman* and B.'s just behind.

My revered Uncle—a Goth in matters of taste—begs me to call your attention to the fact that gin mixed with all manner of bitters, Orange, peach, Angostura, Khoosh, etc., is the most appetising teaser in the world. I have not tried his recipe, but I give it for the benefit of yourself and friends.

Your Obedient Servant (registered),
ASCOTT HEATH.

THE OLD REFRAIN.

THE attention of such composers as love the modern fashionable ballad with a French refrain (and the present writer flatters himself that his French is the genuine article—rather!) is directed to the following lines:—

Oh! sing me a song, my darling,
Oh! sing to me once again,
The cuckoo bird and the starling
Are chanting the old refrain.
Then tell me a tale at twilight,
Do not refuse me, dear,
I hear the cats on the sky-light,
Laissez les tous venir.

Oh! sing to me in the gloaming,
The song that I love the best;
The cattle are homeward roaming
The rose has retired to rest;
Then sing in those accents tender
Which I so love to hear,
Toasting my toes on the fender,
Laissez les tous venir.



THE "LIQUID AIR" DEPARTMENT IN THE STORES.

A possibility, if the New Invention can be utilised as above.



Our Poet. "AND WAS MY ANGEL-MOVED TO TEARS BY MY POOR LITTLE WORK?"
Our Daughter. "YES, DEAR. SO SILLY, WASN'T IT, TO CRY AT NOTHING!"

"GOOD BUSINESS!"

"*PAR parenthese*," says the writer of the account in the *Daily Telegraph*, from which we quote, "the Tournament will also go on tour as far as Glasgow, and that ultimately Liverpool and other large centres will be able to see how the British Soldier recruit is trained—and made a first-class fighting man."

Is the Military show to go on tour like WOMBWELL'S Menagerie or LORD GEORGE SANGER'S Circus? If so, make Mr. LORD GEORGE SANGER a Field-Marshal, and give him all the arrangements. Will there be also starring engagements of noble commanders and gallant officers, who will personally show how fields were won? The roystering Irish private must not be omitted "with a song," after the style of CHARLES LEVER'S *Micky Free*, and of course, the pipes and Highland Fling will offer no inconsiderable attraction due north. If this idea is well and thoroughly carried out, what a chance there will be for those who have been forced unwillingly to retire, and who are as young as ever they were. There could be a revival of the good old Military and Equestrian drama of ancient Astleian days, modernised, of course, and Napoleonic episodes omitted. An excellent idea. What says the Commander-in-Chief?

THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.

DEAR SIR,—If there be now any misapprehension on the part of Messrs. ROBERTS and DAWSON as to whose right it is to hold the proud position of Champion of England at billiards, permit me to state that having won the West Diddlesex Handicap, the Austro-Germanic Tournament, and the Franco-Belgic Carrousel, I consider myself to be the leading representative of British Billiards; and I am willing to stake any sum from half-a-crown upwards to prove my title. My conditions are as follows:—

1. No pockets allowed save in the case of losing hazards.
2. No cue to be used less than six feet in length.
3. No calling of the game by the marker.
4. No representatives of the press to be present.
5. No blue chalk to be used.
6. The spot stroke to be barred only when detected.

I think, Sir, that you will agree that these conditions are fair. Yours obediently,
JOHN JIGGER.

MOTTO FOR THE TRANSVAAL CONFERENCE.
—Peace in the Rand is worth two in the Bosch.

THE CRITIC AS PLURALIST.

At Sea, May 23, 1899.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been looking up a late controversy in the *Daily Chronicle* on the question whether a critic should write a variety of reviews on the same book under different pseudonyms, and so give the false appearance of a wide consensus of opinion about the merits of that book; and I find a letter written by a Mr. BULLOCK which says, "Every one knows when he reads the columns signed 'CLAUDIUS CLEAR' and 'A MAN OF KENT' in the *British Weekly*, and the column signed 'O. O.' in the *Sketch*, that he is reading 'Comment and Chat' by the gentleman who edits the *Bookman*. . . . Every one, I say, whose foot is within the literary circle knows this. . . . Within the pale no one is deceived in the least; every one reads and knows." Now, Sir, I am very far from wishing to insinuate that it is possible to have your foot, and even your head, "within the literary circle," without so much as consulting the printed matter of any one of the three organs above-mentioned; but I do protest against the confusion of journalism with literature. "Within the pale," indeed! Why, Sir, the gentleman's spelling is at fault: it should be *pail*, Sir, P-A-I-L; a twopenny bucket beside the great ocean. Yours, AN OLD SALT.

SAFE FINANCE.

(Page from the *Diary of an Up-to-date Calculator*.)

Monday.—Really must get a better house. Arranged to take a very presentable mansion in Grosvenor Square. Rather expensive, but when I come in for my money I shall be able to afford it—at any rate for a fortnight.

Tuesday.—Greatly neglected horse-racing. Should be able to pull off something by some careful calculation. Booked a few bets. If I lose it will be all right when the money I depend upon is paid to me.

Wednesday.—Visit the Stock Exchange. Act contrary to the advice of my broker and flutter a bit. If I lose I can fall back upon the small fortune waiting for me.

Thursday.—Cards are really a very pleasant distraction. Went to the club, and with the aid of outside bets, found myself on the wrong side to quite a fair amount. However, can settle up when I obtain my expected fortune.

Friday.—Completed my outfit. Wardrobe and jewel case replenished. Set up for the season. Heavy expenditure, but warranted by my expectations.

Saturday.—Stony broke! Oh, horror! All my calculations falsified. By some unlucky chance, contrary to expectation, I did not draw the winner of the Derby Sweep!

"THE RUE DE LA LUNE COMES DOWN."—With regret one reflects that another bit of *vieux Paris*, the Rue de la Lune, is about to be "improved" off the face of the town. Wherefore to parody a popular poem of the *café-concert*,

Il faut aller voir
La Rue de la Lune,
Cette rue ancienne
Qui tombe ce soir.

But, perhaps, this threat of destruction, like the majority of French menaces, is all moonshine. In any case, should "Moon" Street fall, we trust the tenants of its houses will be adequately remoonerated.

THE TRUE REASON.

["According to the *Drapers' Record*, the dearth of dancing men is due to the rough materials of women's dresses. Some of the corsages now being worn are as damaging to a coat as a bundle of thistles, and prove fatal to the nap."—*Daily Paper*.]

PHYLLIS may wear some rugged stuff

That tears one's nap like thorns and thistles,

Her corsages may be as rough

As bristles;

That is not why in ball-rooms hot

I dance no longer through the season;

No, *Drapers' Record*, that is not

The reason.

Shall I, for fear my coat may tear,

Refuse to sport with AMARYLLIS?

Shall I the dainty waist forswear

Of PHYLLIS?

Shall I through all the long, long night

Desert the solitary CHLOE,

Just to preserve my nap so bright

And showy?

Preserve my nap? Ah, that brings round

Another aspect of the question;

Sleep is as precious as a sound

Digestion;

To dance with PHYLLIS is, no doubt,

A charming substitute for heaven,

But I prefer my bed about

Eleven.

FOOD AND PHILOSOPHY.

(Mems. from a Note-book picked up in
Pall Mall.)

THOROUGHLY enjoyed my first meal. Porridge, coffee, a steak, and a couple of eggs. Just enough to usher in the day's doings. Cannot understand how the French manage to live on a tea, even when "complete."

Mid-day and lunch. Mistake to have it too late. And yet breakfast has to be digested. Say 12.30. I think soup is essential. Not too much, but just enough to serve as a contrast to a fried sole, a roasted fowl, and some simple sweet. Cheese at discretion, with a *café* and a *chasse*. Surely that is enough for any one.

Five o'clock is sacred to chat and tea. But there can be no possible objection to buttered buns or a few muffins. But not too many. As the clock approaches six one gets within reasonable distance of dinner.

Seven-thirty, and the principal meal of the day becomes its principal business. An oyster or two, or even three. A couple of ladles of soup—clear of course. A fish *entrée* and whitebait. Perhaps a *filet de bœuf*. A vegetable. A capon salad, savoury, and dessert. What more could one desire? Champagne for choice. Mistake to mix your wine. Coffee and brandy, of course.

After the theatre, just a snack. Grilled bones at the club. Nothing more. Wash them down with a glass of beer.

Indeed it is true, as Lord ROSEBURY said at Carshalton, "However wealthy you are, you cannot eat more than one dinner a day." Quite, quite true! You can only eat one dinner a day—and extras!

CURIOUS, YET TRUE.—Why is it highly probable that Mr. WILSON BARRETT, actor, manager, and author, cannot write his own name? Because it seems that he always "makes his mark" with the sign of the cross.

SLEEP NO MORE!—Since the QUEEN'S birthday the people of Windsor will never repose quietly throughout the year, for they always have a Knight Mayor now.



A PROTEST IN THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

Honest John (M.-l-y). "NAY, FRIEND BALFOUR, OUR POCKETS ARE CLOSED TO THIS ACCURSED MAN-OF-ARMS! SUCH UNSEEMLY GLORY WILL BRING OUR LITTLE LAND TO SHAME. VERILY, IT BRINGETH TO MIND THE WORST DAYS OF THE MEN WELLINGTON AND NELSON!"

IL POVERO.

["Lord ROSEBURY had a trying task yesterday—to demonstrate that on the whole it is rather better to be a poor man."—*Daily News*.]

HENCE, vain, deluding Cash,
Of Stock Exchange and Speculation born!
In gold-mines, black, forlorn,

Where niggers toil and dynamite doth
crash.

Find out some loathly cave
Where the lean miser, o'er his hoarded
notes

And shining gold-boys gloats,
The while, with gleaming eye and craning
neck

He counts thee— Hence! and wreck
The happiness of him that is thy slave.

But come, thou Goddess, fair and free,
Hail, thou gladsome Poverty!
Strip me of my stocks and shares,
Banish all my eating cares;
Take away these castles, do!

Take these spreading acres too,
Take these servants, take these horses,
Take away these endless courses;
And, instead of Paris cook,
PHYLLIS, with her cooking book,
Shall the remnant mutton hash,
And the sausages and mash.
Or, since Indigestion waits
On my PHYLLIS' well-stocked plates,
Send me hunger, send me drouth,
Let me live from hand to mouth!
And when Sleep would close mine eye,
Let me to the doss-house hie,
Or on the Embankment damp,
Tortured with the cold and cramp,
Let me snatch a moment sweet,
While the policeman's off his beat.
These delights if thou canst give,
Poverty, with thee I'll live.

We may expect a lively time in "Kaffirs" now that the Earl's Court Exhibition is opened.



Young Lord Duval Fitznoodle (to fair companion on box-seat, whom, with her Mother, he is taking for a drive on his Coach through his park). "I THINK YOUR NAME IS SUCH A PRETTY ONE, MISS PRIMROSE."

Mrs. Primrose (from seat behind her daughter, with great empressment). "OH, BUT MY DAUGHTER LIKES YOUR NAME, MY LORD, SO MUCH BETTER—DON'T YOU, MILLIE?"

OPERATIO NOTES.

HERE we go up, up, up with the prices, for what are considered special occasions, but the plan won't suit the public, especially that portion of it looking forward to the establishment of a National Opera House, at prices of admission within easy reach of most musical amateurs.

Saturday, May 20th, is to be noted in Operatic history for the conversion of *Les Huguenots*! That is, *The Huguenots* was to have been given, but Mons. SALEZA being "indisposed," *Cavalleria* and *Pagliacci* were substituted. Sure such a pair of Operas were never composed to meet by nature, and to help a management in distress.

Mlle. STRAKOSCH came out admirably as *Santuzza*, and that clever, quick-change-to anything—and ready, aye, ready at a moment's notice—artiste, Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, was dramatically excellent (she can never be anything else, bless her!) as the little mother *Lucia* (without the Lammermoor).

Whit Wet Monday.—Don't know how *Faust* went, or if SALEZA, convalescent, was back again. Hope so. Mr. P.'s musical staff went a-Maying, with umbrellas and

waterproofs, and returned for WAGNER'S *Der Fliegende Holländer* on Tuesday evening. Mr. DAVID BISPHAM was as double a Dutchman as heart could desire. Frau GADSKI was charming in singing and spinning as *Senta*. The nautical stage carpenters, or machinists, in charge of the Dutchman's ship were apparently, as was natural, very much at sea; while Herr SCHRAMM, a first-rate "Man at the Wheel—with a song," might have been almost better employed on board as the steward. The Operatic vessel was piloted, in orchestra, through the violent waves of sound by Dr. MUCK, and altogether our gay old friend, the Flying Dutchman, "out for a flutter," for this night only, was thoroughly satisfactory.

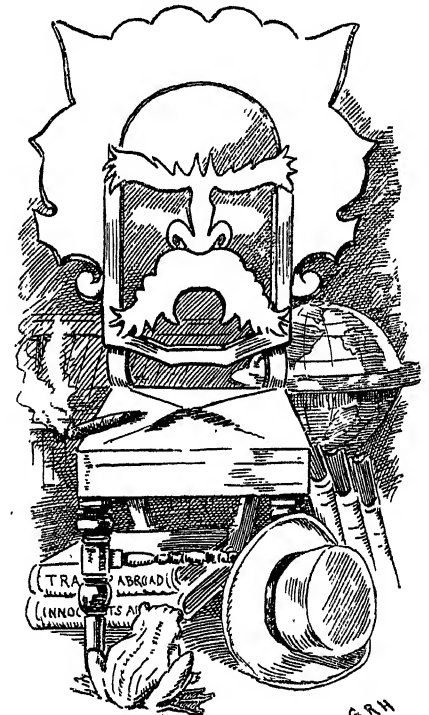
Wednesday, May 24.—Queen's Eightieth Birthday kept Operatically at Windsor, where Mons. JEAN and Mons. EDOUARD DE RESZKE, or, to put it briefly and classically, as there were two "Mons," the *Montes DE RESZKE* lift up their fine voices in the characters of *Lohengrin* and *Heinrich der Vogler* (ARRY the Warbler), with Madame NORDIGA, Mister DAVID BISPHAM, Frau SCHUMANN-HEINK, and Herr MUELMANN to complete the right royal cast. Needless to

say that in spite of the Duke of SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA, attended by Lord MONSON, having left the castle after dinner (don't they like music?) the performance was a most brilliant success, and all the singers, personally conducted by Signor MANCINELLI, having been presented to her Gracious Majesty, and having responded heartily to the loyal toasts proposed by Messrs. HARRY HIGGINS and Mr. MAURICE GRAU of the Opera Sing-dicate, subsequently returned to town congratulating themselves on its having been a most heavenly performance, under the patronage of the celestial representative, Herr VON ANGELI, who had watched over them with affectionate interest.

Thursday.—The night after the Fair, i.e., after the Queen's Fête. Reaction expected. Not a bit of it. In spite of last night's fatigue, Mons. EDOUARD was going stronger than ever as the Herbalist Friar in *Romeo and Juliette*, while as to Madame MELBA, she was at her very best as *Juliette*, to the delight of a crowded house. M. SALEZA, excellent as *Romeo*, and MANCINELLI all life and leading, and quite freshened up after his Visit to Windsor.

"ZANY" writes to us:—Russia wants the right to construct a branch line from Kiakhta across the Gobi desert to Pekin. The *Daily Mail* says, "The commercial advantages of such a line are not immediately apparent." Surely it would be the popular line to Gobi.

Six important documents in the DREYFUS case are now missing. How careless people can be when they have custody of damaging evidence!



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—No. XVI.

THE TWAIN WRITING CHAIR.

This is a seat of great mark in literary circles, where its quaint design is much admired. Made of honest New England ash and stained by the tobacco plant. Used as a deck chair in all parts of the world. Unfortunately damaged by a careless publisher, but now in perfect repair. Expected by its owner to last another 100 years.



Doctor. "YOU REALLY MUST KEEP YOUR SPIRITS UP. MY GOOD SIR SOME YEARS AGO I HAD EXACTLY THE SAME ILLNESS!"
 Patient. "AH! BUT NOT THE SAME DOCTOR."

PRIVATE VIEWS: MOSTLY UNPOPULAR.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

NO. IV.—WHAT ARE WE?

("...Which has made Englishmen what they are!"—Any Public Speech.)

SAY what has made us English the English that we are!
 Why are we so untameable by KAISER or by TSAR?
 Before the flag of England why are all others furled?
 Why do we rule in majesty a meek, submissive world?
 Our armies march to battle, a thin, a scarlet rank,
 And, lo! except for Englishmen, the battle-field is blank.
 In hosts all foreign navies may gather on the main,
 French, German, Dutch and Russian, and what is left to Spain;

But, should they dare to beard us, our coats we swiftly doff,
 And doom them to a watery grave before a gun goes off.
 Oh, dauntless is our Tommy, resistless our Jack Tar!
 What makes these English heroes so splendid as they are?

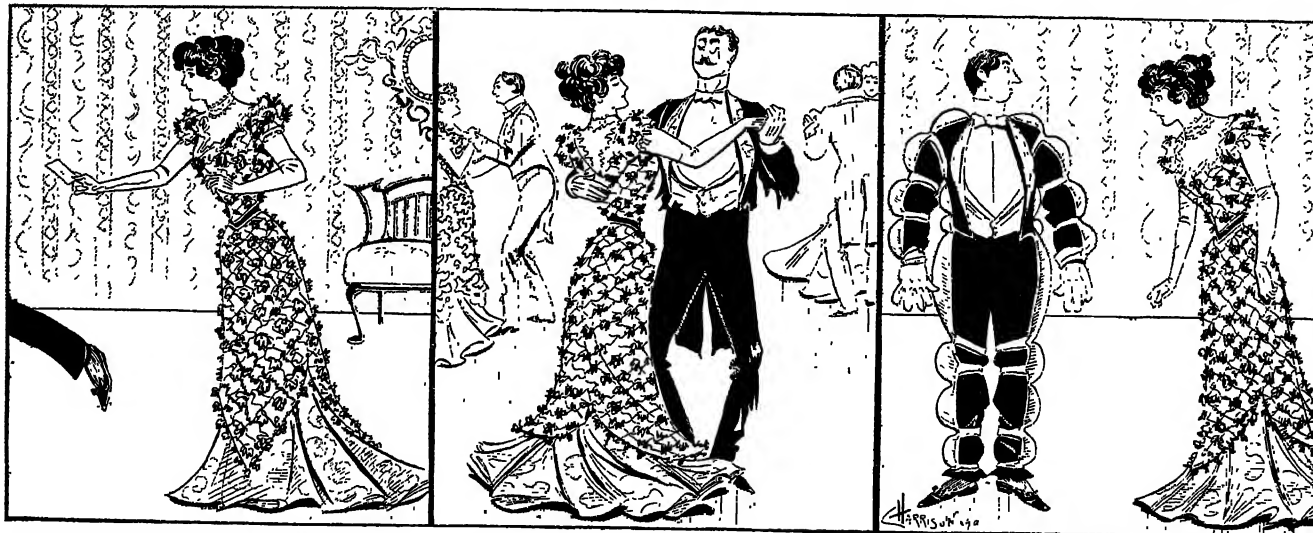
To Afric's torrid deserts, to Mandarin'd Cathay
 From teeming London's centre our commerce takes its way.
 In Omdurman or Newchwang we still keep up our tails:
 While others stand and haggle we lay the land with rails.
 The lion in Uganda is startled from his dream
 By English engine-whistles and puffs of English steam.
 Yet would I that this lion, who stalks Uganda's waste,
 Had not for native porters so obdurate a taste.
 Each day these juicy natives are less by two or three,
 And dark Uganda's lions have porter-steaks for tea.
 And, oh, I did not wonder when England's Premier rued
 That those who serve a railway should serve as lion-food.

With CAINE to write our novels, with AUSTIN as our pote
 (This wounded word from AUSTIN's immortal works I quote),
 Our literary England, as every schoolboy knows,
 Conducts the car of poetry and leads the van of prose.
 Our daily press is almost pathetically clean:
 No blush it paints upon the cheek of charming seventeen;
 Unlike some other countries, whose journalists must lie
 In black and blatant headlines that take the public eye;
 And where a mass of readers, un-English, rude and coarse,
 Demands a daily pabulum of murder and divorce.
 Our press, like all we own or do or think, is better far:
 How comes this wondrous portent? What makes us what we are?

Each different orator I hear propounds a different cause:
 One says it is our Monarchy, while one prefers our laws.
 Another votes for cricket-fields, where thousands, stuck like glue,
 Athletically sit and watch the play of twenty-two.
 A fourth proposes farmers, the race whose sturdy toil
 With unremunerative corn adorns the costly soil.
 A fifth declares for Sunday, the one day out of seven
 Designed to draw our English thoughts from earthly things to
 Heaven;

The day on which nor LAWSON nor HARMSWORTH may appear,
 The day kept strictly sacred to Church and Mrs. BEER;
 On which with good and pious things our moral selves we drench:
 It makes us what we are, he says, and quite unlike the French.

Which is it? Church, or farmers, or cricket-fields, or trains?
 Or County Courts, or Laureates, or long and brilliant reigns?
 Our commerce or our navy, our girl's unblushing face?
 Our strength, our health, our manliness, our Epsom Derby race?
 Our passion for reposing on one day in the week?
 Our golden hoards, our gilded youth, our little silver streak?
 Each one of these has claimed, I know, in whole or bit by bit,
 The manufactured Englishman as being due to it.
 Yet ere we give our verdict, allot the envied prize,
 And say what made the English, let some new seer arise
 And tell us, while we hail him as wisdom's brightest star,
 Not merely what has made us, but what in truth we are.



As the new "spiky" Ball-dress Material will
 drive all the eligible dancing men off,

Except a few millionaires who can buy new
 Dress Suits every evening,

May we suggest a suitable protection as above?



THE BLOCK IN PARLIAMENT STREET.

Little Bill (to Policeman A. B., Director of Traffic). "PLEASE, SIR, CAN'T YOU GET ME THROUGH?"

THE IDEAL NEWSPAPER.

Of all the men who hither hie
From law-court, club and City,
Is none so regular as I
In Lobby or Committee;
No bosom here more ardent burns
To air its typed reflection,
And Mr. SPEAKER often turns
His eye in my direction.

For prosy members may run on,
Or rant like any mystics,
But I am loaded with incon-
-trovertible statistics.
My secretaries days have spent
Red-inked, with hair dishevelled,
While in Blue Books and Parliament-
-ary Returns they devilled.

And yet, next morning—Oh, the beast-
-liness of these reporters!
I hoped to get at very least
A column and three-quarters;
But when I ope my paper, ere
My coffee has been swallowed,
I find it simply stated there
That "Mr. BLANK then followed."

A paper! What! these scraps of news,
These vapid, windy leaders,
These murders, would-be-smart reviews,
To tickle idle readers!
No, give us something solid, sen-
-sible, substantial, real—
Report us—me—verbatim, then
You get to my Ideal.

SARTOR VERY MUCH RESARTUS.

Now that a journal has been started deal-
ing with the costume of man, there seems
to be no reason why the touch-and-go artists
of the daily press should not devote as much
attention to masculine attire as they do to
the garments of the fair sex. *Mr. Punch*,
ever anxious to be more than up-to-date,
ventures to submit a couple of samples of
the style necessary to the cut:—

"At Church Parade yesterday we noticed
Lord ALGERNON BIGTREE talking with Sir
CHARLES McMUFFLER, the former wearing a
rich blue diagonal overcoat with ermine
collar and cuffs, which contrasted well with
a lemon and olive Italian silk necktie con-
fined by a massive gold ring studded with
rubies and emeralds, while the very curly
brimmed Himalaya hat was adorned on the
left side with a plume of mingled macaw
and humming-bird feathers. Lord ALGER-
NON's double cheviot trousers were of pearl
greyshot with carmine, and his gloves, lemon
sewn with olive to match his neckerchief.
He carried a Toothpick umbrella of the same
hues. Sir CHARLES's costume was less
aesthetic, but very effective. The coatee, cut
away sharply over the hips, was of green
billiard cloth, with *revers* and collar of black
lambskin, the buttons being of Norwegian
silver, and the buttonhole of arum lilies;
a racoon cap with tail pendent was voted
very smart. Sir CHARLES's somewhat broad
neck (I understand that he wears 18 in.
collars) was enriched by an Indian bandanna
scarf, fastened by a couple of cairngorm
pins connected by a string of Scottish pearls.
The waistcoat and kilt were of the familiar
McMUFFLER tartan, red, white and blue—
a heavy lapis-lazuli watchguard being
thrown across the former, and an effective
addition to the costume was a phillibeg
of porcupine quills. In lieu of hose Sir CHARLES
wore cardinal velvet spat-puttees, fastened
with turquoise clasps."

"At the entertainment given last night by
the Duchess and Duke of KENSAL RISE the



Mrs. Snobson (who is doing a little slumming for the first time and wishes to appear affable,
but is at a loss to know how to commence conversation). "TOWN VERY EMPTY!"

beau of the ball was undoubtedly Mr. OREGON
P. VAN SLITTER, of New York, who appeared
in a complete suite of white Lyons velvet,
with white patent-leather shoes to match.
Mr. VAN SLITTER's only ornaments were the
splendid family diamonds, which almost
concealed the front of his matchless Valen-
ciennes shirt. The wealthy young Knicker-
bocker's auburn beard and moustache were
Vandyked, and his hair dressed in the
Charles I. or Cavalier style. Other remark-
able personages were Sir MEPHISTO PHILES,
in raven black, with scarlet shirt and stock-
ings and bloodstone buttons; Lord GRIMPO,
in an Alpine blue satin suit, with opal and
diamond ornaments; and Sir TITUS KLON-
DYKE, in orange poplin, with massive gold
embroidery and yellow diamonds crossing
his cloth of gold vest, cut very low in the

front, and fastened by two nuggets weighing
about half a pound a piece. The noble host
wore his famous black pearls and a milliner-
made suit of slate *move antique*. The next
ball at Kensal Rise House will be a fancy
one, when some remarkable costumes will
assuredly be on view."

REFLECTION BY THE LONG-SUFFERING MACE
OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The right man
in the right place. Sir CHARLES DILKE
writing to the papers from "Speech House,"
Coleford, Gloucestershire.

A NEW "BAT"-TALION.—After the single
innings defeat, by Middlesex, of Lord
HAWKE's Yorkshiremen, that team was
talked of as the 'Awkward Squad!



AN ECHO FROM EPSOM.

"WOT 'S THE MATTER, CHAWLEY?"

"MATTER! SEE THAT HINNERCENT BABBY THERE? 'E'S GOT 'IS POCKETS FULL O' TIN TACKS!"

AYLWINNIEWYNNE; OR, THE ROMANY ROT.

(After *Mr. Th-d-re W-tts-D-n-t-n*, by *Mr. Punch's Depreciator*.)

CHAPTER II.—*Trilbi's Coup de Bubitrap*.

THE following passage is extracted from the diary of AYLWINNIEWYNNE:—

Llanberis, Thursday.—This has been a most unusually trying day. I confess that it was not without a sense of boredom that I started on foot, after a hasty breakfast, bound for the summit of Snowdon, and escorted by TRILBI, who carried her basswn, a luncheon-basket for three, and a clasp-knife to cut out her heart with in case the dukkeripens went wrong. I had suggested the mountain railway, but TRILBI had menaced me in the region of the belt with a left-hand teaser from the shoulder unless I did as the dukkeripen told me.

Frankly, all this Romany rot was getting on my nerves. It seems there was WINNIE's dukkeripen that said she was to marry me; and TRILBI's dukkeripen that said she (TRILBI) was to lose her heart to a Gorgio—meaning me, though there was a full-blooded Gypsy high up on a branch of my family tree. Now, when dukkeripens disagree, honest Christians are supposed to come by their own. Still, the odds had an air of being against me in view of my recent trials. You see, when you get engaged to a girl, say, at Cromer, and the same evening her father desecrates your father's tomb, and takes a family carbuncle off his chest, with a curse attached; and then is found stark dead in a landslip with the carbuncle on his own chest, curse being handed down to next-of-kin; and his daughter goes off her head, and is subsequently heard of in North Wales, and then seen selling daisies in a fog outside the Haymarket Theatre; and then goes and sits for "*Lot's Wife*" and "*The Pursuit of Innocence*" alternately, according as she is in or out of a fit; and finally can't get out, but is taken home to Wapping and dies, and is traced to a pauper's grave;—well, you don't expect, after this, to meet her one fine morning walking up a precipice on Snowdon in the pink of health and ready to marry you at any moment. No ordinary person by merely playing on a Welsh basswn can produce these results. But then TRILBI was not precisely an ordinary person. Only the day

before, at tea-time, she had suddenly become rigid, and assumed the semblance of "*Lot's Wife*," and recited correctly the curse that went with my family carbuncle; for all the world as if she and WINNIE had exchanged themselves. To tell the trwth (as they spell it in these parts) all this rather unhinged me; and after an indifferent night I should much have preferred, as I said, to take the train.

But ah! that ascent! I have no space to describe it, but it is given in *Baedeker*, I hope with an asterisk. Suffice to say that when we reached the Knockers' Llyn the mountain, as so often happens, was silhouetted against the sky.

"Hear that?" cried TRILBI. "Them's the dukkeripens knockin' their heads together. That's why us calls it Knockers' Llyn. I've seed the spirits at it."

Calculating, as I did, the capabilities of the left biceps of this passionate Titaness even in her saner moments, I forebore to correct either her grammar or her facts. The noise came, of course, from the blasting at the slate quarries. But I humoured her, hinting that I heard the Knockers very well.

"Now for my basswn!" said TRILBI; "and I'll raise a livin' mullo for our feast!" The prospect of adding to our baskets this toothsome fish—for such I took it to be—was a source of solace; and I awaited eventualities.

In ten minutes, by my watch, the effect of the basswn, with solo, began to work. Up the side of the precipice, in an opalescent haze and a serge walking-dress, came the curiously lifelike figure of WINIFRED WYNNE. I imagined myself to be the victim of an illusory cinematograph.

"My dear Henry, how do you do?" she said, as naturally as one could wish. Raising my hat, I replied, "An hallucination, I presume?" The prolonged embrace which ensued, almost too sacred for words, convinced me that my credulity was groundless.

"This waist is real!" I exclaimed, and I still think it was a beautiful thing to say.

"This is indeed a pleasing surprise," remarked WINIFRED. "I quite understood you were living with a Gypsy-woman in a bungalow."

"An unworthy suspicion," I replied warmly, "engendered by the calumnious organs of the Social Press. But you must have

quite a quantity of news for me, and I want my luncheon. Push on, dear one, if you please."

Clearing her throat, my love began to talk like the very best kind of book. Although the period of what I will call her absent-mindedness (covering a lapse of something under five years) was a blank, from the day when her sacrilegious father's corpse sat up in the landlip with a carbuncle round its neck, to the hour when she perceived two manly feet—since shown to be TRILBY's,—mysteriously protruding from behind a screen in D'ANTY's country residence, the lecture she delivered on the remaining portion of her recent career was so exhaustive in its elaborate detail, its artistic observation, its verbatim reports of conversation, that I am not ashamed to say that during the recitation of it I yawned more than once in the direction of the luncheon basket.

In reflecting upon the ornate rhetoric and poignant sympathy of this remarkable speech, and comparing it with a letter of D'ANTY's that I subsequently read, I can only conclude that she must have memorized it from that gentleman's dictation. Had I perused his letter in time—it lay at the moment unopened in my pocket, where it had been forgotten in the general rush of dukkeripens—I could have easily curtailed WINNIE's recitation and got on earlier to the luncheon. This meal, I may add, eventually proved to be my wedding breakfast, WINNIE's dukkeripen having got the better of TRILBY's. I append an extract from D'ANTY's composition—a model of the epistolary method—in which the solution of the two great associated mysteries of WINNIE's cure and the apparition of the protruding legs is shewn to be quite easy when you know how it is done.

CHAPTER III.—*The Epistle of D'Anty.*

HAVING been fortunate enough to witness the model's re-animation, which, by a divine coincidence, not to be lightly explained by the materialist, occurred, after a three-days' trance, at the precise moment when I happened to be calling upon her—for I had never wholly accepted the theory of her decease—I caused her to be conveyed from her Wapping apartments to the comparative luxury of my country retreat. I then sent for the famous Dr. SVENGALI, whose powers of magnetic mesmerism had become known to me through the historic monograph of the late Mr. DU MAURIER. It appears that by the Saltetre cure it is feasible, under hypnotic tension, assisted by a powerful magnet, to take the disease of a patient suffering from disorderly hallucinations and transplant it into the receptive system of a healthy victim, with the result that the original owner of the malady is made whole, while the new proprietor, by the exercise of tact, easily throws off this temporary incubus.

Now, our mutual friend, TRILBY, whom I had been anxious to secure as model for my picture of "*Penelopomnesa*," very generously placed herself at our disposal in this matter, saying in her brave and picturesque way that she "did not care a brass balanser how many Gorgio cusses we stuffed her with." In the result, the simplicity of our experiment was only equalled by its success. Placing the two subjects on parallel couches, with a sundering screen which rendered them invisible to one another, save for the protrusion of TRILBY's admirable feet, Dr. SVENGALI emitted hypnotic influences; then, by the aid of a brain-pump and an exceptionally potent magnet, larger, on the one hand, than the common kind which attracts needles, but smaller, on the other hand, than the Horse-shoe Fall at Niagara, he effected the transfer to everybody's satisfaction. Miss WYNNE was at once rendered sane, though, if I may say so, less interesting; while TRILBY's recovery will be complete when she has worked off one outstanding fit; at which, should you meet her in the neighbourhood of Snowdon, I trust that you may have the pathological happiness of assisting.

In conclusion, my dear AYLWINNIEWYNNE, I wish you a more than tolerable honeymoon. And, if you will excuse the familiarity of one who, having met you at least three times, probably knows you better than you know yourself, I would remind you that there are potentialities in the direction of spiritual influence over the universe of matter more extraordinary and surprising than you, with your material prejudices, would readily suppose.

I am, my dear AYLWINNIEWYNNE, your candid Friend,
GABRIEL D'ANTY.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, May 27.—Return of Herr SCHEIDEMANTEL as *Hans Sachs*, the poet-cobbler, in *Die Meistersinger*. The operatic and dramatic mantle of SCHEIDEMANTEL has not fallen on any one's shoulders since he was here in 1884, and could only just, as it were, give London a "look in" for a few days, as he was badly wanted back again in Dresden. "Here to-day, and gone the day after to-morrow," was Herr SCHEIDEMANTEL's motto, but he



HIS OPPORTUNITY.

She (to timid admirer). "I HAVE JUST BEEN READING ABOUT WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY. DO TELL ME WHAT IT IS ALL ABOUT. I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT A BIT."

He. "WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IS—AH—THE MEANS BY WHICH I HAVE BEEN WIRING A CERTAIN QUESTION TO YOU WITH MY EYES FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS!"

made himself so popular on the occasion of this visit, that presumably it will not be another fifteen years ere he is seen as an actor and heard as a singer once again at Covent Garden. PRINGLE as *Pogner* capital, as likewise BISPHAM as *Beckmesser*. The music of *Die Meistersinger*, taken in small doses, is delightful, but taken at one draught it becomes wearisome. On such an occasion the intervals or waits between the acts seem weightier than ever.

Derby Night.—VERDI's *Aida*, not apparently the favourite; certainly not *La Favorita*, the usual Derby Night opera: almost hitherto as inseparable as *Darby* and *Joan*. Musical people must have lost their notes at the races, the house being uncommonly poor. Frau GADSKI, as the undaunted heroine, splendid: great loss to the absentees. Madame LOUISE HOMER up to Homeric standard in the part of *Amneris*; *Ramfis*, or *Rumphis* PLANÇON, as *Jove-like* as ever; Herr DIPPEL first-rate as *Radames*. As "*Una Sacerdotessa*," her reverence Mlle. BAUERMEISTER was admirably clericalesque; last, but not least, Mr. LAMPRIERE PRINGLE was as stately an *Il Ré* as the greatest stickler for Royal Egyptian monarchical etiquette could wish: "a *Ré*," as Mr. WAGSTAFF observed, "that lightened up the darkest scenes." Mr. STEDMAN's "choir of boys" was, of course, good, but if they have "power to add to their number," why not increase it, and make his "quire" a ream? MANCINELLI meritorious, happy and glorious, and so, good night Derby Day of 1899 at the opera.

HAPPY GEOGRAPHICAL THOUGHT (*when crossing the Channel in exceptionally rough weather*).—"Oh dear! What a pity that the sea everywhere can't be the Pacific Ocean!"

AN "ARMS" HOUSE.—Heralds' College.



Nursery Governess. "NOW, ELSIE, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE A NAUGHTY GIRL, I SHALL HAVE TO PUT YOU IN A CORNER!"
Elsie. "I DON'T TARE. I CAN FINK FUNNY FOUGHTS."

DÉROULEDE ET DREYFUS.

Tous les deux innocents ! Encore des infamies !
À bas les juges !

QUEL outrage ! Quelle infamie ! DÉROULEDE innocent ! Jamais ! Il est magnifiquement et glorieusement coupable. Il a voulu conduire les soldats—vive l'armée !—à l'Elysée pour expulser l'ignoble et méprisable LOUBET, dreyfusard, panamiste. (*Here we omit ten lines of vituperation.*) Et les juges—à bas les juges !—et le jury—est-ce qu'il faut dire "à bas le jury" ? Ah non ! Ce sont de braves bourgeois—l'ont prononcé innocent. Mais tout de même il est coupable, coupable d'attaquer ces ministres infâmes. Et ils osent le mépriser. Ils voudraient briser son clairon. Quel outrage ! À bas les ministres, à bas les juges, à bas les dreyfusards ! Ah, j'étouffe ! (*Here we omit thirty-five lines of vituperation.*)

Mais ce n'est pas tout. Eux qui ont acquitté DÉROULEDE ont mensongèrement reconnu l'innocence de DREYFUS. Ah, le traître ! À bas les Juifs, à bas le Syndicat de Trahison, à bas les Anglais ! (*Here we omit forty-one lines of vituperation.*) Dire que leur client au nez de tapir n'est pas coupable, c'est le plus honteux mensonge, le plus abominable outrage, la dernière infamie d'un gouvernement tellement dégradé par les chèques du Syndicat anglais-juif que—(*Here we omit sixty-eight lines of vituperation.*)

Mais si DÉROULEDE est coupable, est-ce qu'il faut l'envoyer à l'île du Diable ? Non ! Mille fois, non ! Si DREYFUS est coupable—et qui ose le proclamer innocent sauf les infâmes salariés de l'abominable Syndicat anglais-juif ?—est-ce qu'il faut le garder à l'île du Diable ? Oui ! Mille fois, oui !

Pourquoi ? Parce qu'il faut distinguer entre un héros et un traître. Mais, en effet, je suis un peu confus moi-même. Parlons d'autre chose. Parlons de l'ignoble LOUBET. (*Here we omit twenty-three lines of vituperation.*)

Malheureusement l'illustre MARCHAND, fils de prolétaire, s'est montré si discret, si calme depuis son arrivée en France, que nous ne pouvons en espérer aucun résultat. Ce n'est pas un BOULANGER.

C'est un gentleman, comme disent les misérables Anglais. Entre nous je trouve ça admirable, mais je le regrette quand même. Ce que nous avons perdu ! Quelle chance d'embêter les ministres ! Hélas !

Et tous les autres Français ont tranquillement accepté le rapport de ce BALLOT-BEAUPRÉ, qui—(*Here we omit fourteen lines of vituperation.*) Oh, honte suprême !

Parole d'honneur, à part le vaillant et admirable MAX RÉGIS, il n'y a que DÉROULEDE, DRUMONT et moi ! Entre nous, DÉROULEDE est imbécile, et DRUMONT est fou. Donc il n'y a qu'un seul patriote en France, HENRI TROFFORT. Moi je suis la France ! À bas les Anglais, à bas les Allemands, à bas les Juifs, à bas les dreyfusards, à bas les traîtres, à bas les juges, à bas les ministres, à bas les Français, à bas tout le monde ! Vive moi-même !

HENRI TROFFORT.

SPARE A KOPEK !

[The British-American Church at St. Petersburg has opened a fund for the famine-stricken provinces of Russia. Less than ten shillings will save a *muzhik's* life till the next harvest.]

In far Kazan dumb, helpless millions lie
At the last gasp, without the strength to cry
"Help us, O Brothers, ere like flies we die !"

Year in, year out, gaunt famine is their lot,
Their home a squalid, typhus-ridden spot,
Wherein, the last black crust consumed, they rot.

Though Charity begins at home, it need not end ;
Good folks who thousands on good living spend
One coin to save a life may surely send.

SOME COMPENSATION. — Alas, poor *Holocauste* ! MARCHAND arrived in time.



AT LAST!



"CAUTION! THIS HILL IS DANGEROUS!"

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE ON THE RIVER.

GET a house-boat and be sure that it is watertight and free from rats and other unpleasant visitors.

Take care that your servants have no objection to roughing it, and can turn their hands to anything usually supplied in Town by the Stores.

Accustom yourself to food in tins and bottles, and learn to love insects with or without wings.

Acclimatise yourself to mists and fogs and rainy days, and grow accustomed to reading papers four days old and the advertisements of out-of-date railway guides.

Try to love the pleasures of a regatta. Do not quarrel with the riparian owners or the possessors of other house-boats. Enjoy the pleasures of masked musicians, and take an intelligent interest in the racing. Illuminate freely, and do your best to avoid a fire or an explosion. And if you have fireworks, don't sort them out with the light of a blazing squib or some illuminant of a similar character.

Be good, and mild and long-suffering. Rest satisfied with indifferently cooked food,

damp sheets, and wearisome companions And make the best of storms of rain and hurricanes of wind. In fact, bear everything, and grin when you can't laugh.

Another and a better way.—Put up at a comfortable riparian hotel, and when the weather is against you, run up to town and give a wide berth to the Thames and its miseries.

THE TEMPLE FLOWER SHOW.

(By the "Inner" Man.)

DID not go to the Derby; went to the Flower Show instead.

The Countess of LIMERICK and others showed a collection of fruit. Rather tantalising, this hot weather, to spread so appetising a banquet before one, and not to allow one to taste the delicacies. Left quickly, to avoid temptation.

An excellent exhibit of irises, lilies, and tulips by Messrs. BARR AND SONS—appropriate name for exhibitors in the gardens of the Inner Temple.

A tremendous display of orchids. Who is responsible for the christening of these or-chids? Nice short name "Odontoglossum crispum," for instance?

URBS IN RURE.

"When every one has a bicycle and flies to the suburban roads, the suburban dwellers will desert their houses and come back to crowded London to find quiet and freedom from dust."—*Daily Paper.*

TIME was desire for peace would still
My footsteps lure to Richmond Hill,
Or to the groves of Burnham I,
Much craving solitude, would fly;
Thence, through the Summer afternoon,
'Mid fragrant meads, knee-deep in June,
Lulled by the song of birds and bees,
I'd saunter idly at mine ease
To that still churchyard where, with GRAY,
I'd dream a golden hour away,
Forgetful all of aught but this—
That peace was mine, and mine was bliss.

But now should my all-eager feet
Seek out some whilom calm retreat,
"Pip, pip!" resounds in every lane,
"Pip, pip!" the hedges ring again,
"Pip, pip!" the corn, "Pip, pip!" the rye,
"Pip, pip!" the woods and meadows cry,
As through the thirsty, fever'd day,
The red-hot scorchers scorch their way.
Peace is no longer, Rest is dead,
And sweetest Solitude hath fled;
And over all, the cycling lust
Hath spread its trail of noise and dust.

So, would I woo the joys of Quiet,
I seek no more the country's riot,
But the comparatively still
Environment of Ludgate Hill.
There, 'mongst the pigeons of St. Paul's,
I muse melodious madrigals,
Or loiter where the waters sport
'Mid the cool joys of Fountain Court,
Where, undisturbed by sharp "Pip, pip!"
My nimble numbers lightly trip,
And country peace I find again
In Chancery and Fetter Lane.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY. No. 17.

THE 'C.J.' SEAT OF JUSTICE.

An exceptionally powerful piece of humorous design, made from old law cases of Irish bog oak. Occupies the chief "place" (within the meaning of the Act), &c., &c.



Brown. "WELL, MY DEAR GIRL, I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE BEEN RATHER PLEASED THAT I'D WON FIFTY POUNDS. IT ISN'T AS IF I BETTED REGULARLY, BUT I HAD THE TIP THAT THE HORSE SIMPLY COULDN'T LOSE."

Mrs. Brown. "THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT I ONLY TRUST THAT IT WON'T LEAD YOU INTO BAD HABITS, AND I THINK YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD THE DECENCY TO PUT A LITTLE ON FOR ME."

WITHOUT CEREMONY.

["The old third person formal sort of invitation is never used by smart people nowadays. All correspondence of this kind has become refreshingly simple and direct."—*Society Paper*.]

THE following examples, taken from some of the most aristocratic post-bags, serve to illustrate this glorious fact:—

I.

DEAR MRS. SMYTH (OR SMYTHE),—Can't remember how you spell that stupid name of yours, as I only met you once. But you're rolling in money, I hear, so you may be useful. I shall be at home on Wednesday fortnight, 4 to 7, so if you like to turn up, I don't mind. In fact, on the whole, I'm rather keen that you should

come, because your husband might find a berth for JACK—my youngest son, you know. Yours most affectionately,

ERMYNTRUDE PLANTAGENET.

II.

DEAR LADY PLANTAGENET, — Not good enough, by long chalks.

Yours eternally, JANE SMITH.

III.

DEAR OLD DUKE,—There'll be eating and drinking here next Saturday—usual hour. Do come. Meant to ask Archbishop of Canterbury, the Speaker, and Mr. CECIL RHODES, but can't be bothered to write any more letters. So if you happen to run up against them, you might just mention the date and place to them. Hope you're pretty chirpy. Yours, CLARA ALAMODE.

IV.

DEAR MABEL,—As we're pretty good pals, and our people expect it, and you've got dibs, and all that—what d'you say to double harness?
Yours, etc.,
CLARENCE LOLLIPOP.

V.

DEAR CLARENCE,—Yours to hand. Righto! Announcement sent to *Morning Post*.
Thine,
MABEL.

VI.

Luk ere, ole Markuss, I'm blowed if I be goan to pay so much rent 'nother time, so I tulls 'ee flat. Naw, naw, 'twon't do, nohow. Dang it all, why, JOHN STOKES, 'e pays less money than I do, an' 'is land be a sight better than mine. So I puts it straight-like, and am yours luvv'ngly,

THOMAS HODGE.

P.S.—Mr. THOMAS HODGE presents his most umbel respect to the most hon. Marquis of BAREACRES, and 'opes the above gives no offence, which none is intended. Mr. HODGE wishes to apply for a reduction in his rent, and 'earing that nowadays the upper sercles like their letters written in a friendly way, with no nonsense about 'em, 'e 's dun wot he can to oblige.

ARRITZING ATTENTION.—Ritz's new hotel in London ought to be near the Law Courts. Don't know how customers will like being attended to by waiters who are serving Ritz!

THE *Daily Mail* proposes that private autocars should be named by their owners, like yachts. We throw out *The Stormy Petrol* as a suggestion.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—No. 18.

THE FASHODA (STUMBLING) BLOCK CHAIR.

A very stout French chair, made of the best material, of patriotic design and highly popular at the moment across the Channel. Used at one time to carry the tricolour across an insalubrious part of Egypt, but since happily relieved and returned to France. Periodically damaged by an excess of moisture, which recurs upon sight provocation. This chair is greatly admired in England, although it was at one time used by an unscrupulous political party as a stumbling-block to trip up a well-known general. [From the Military Museum; Paris.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday, May 31.—A fine day and, withal, the Derby Day. School re-opens after Whitsun Holidays. Occasion seems created for a count out. A private member's bill holds the stage. The Government Whips don't keep the door in the Lobby; in fact, they have gone out by it. Her Majesty's Ministers take the liberty of extending their holiday. JOHN O' GORST in sole possession of Treasury Bench, save when JESSE COLLINGS from time to time enters, and wanders over its three acres in search of the cow. Front Opposition Bench by comparison quite a populated place. C.B. there brisk and early, supported by quite half-a-dozen colleagues.

That promising against forebodings of a count. ROBSON, Q.C., begins to cheer up. It is his day and his bill, the latter designed to secure an added year's education for the children. Soon as SPEAKER takes the Chair becomes clear that the bill isn't going to be wiped out because there's no quorum. At least two hundred present; a great thing for an ordinary Wednesday; a marvel for the Derby Day. Successive divisions show that majority are on the children's side. Only Lancashire won't have the bill, which is calculated to interfere with trade. So Lancashire members band together, resolved to prevent it getting through Committee-stage at to-day's sitting.

WHITELEY lives up to his world-wide fame. Such a Universal Provider of amendments never was seen since Irish members retired from business of obstruction. TOMLINSON, sitting above gangway, gaped with admiration. Here was a Heaven-born leader, a man whose deft fingers could put the bobbins on the Parliamentary spindles and remove them when filled. Lancashire, like *Todgers's*, could do it when it liked.

In spite of overwhelming majority, it did the Half-Timers Bill. Made speeches, took hopeless divisions, walked humbly but



"IRRESPONSIBLE FRIVOLITY."

An impression of Sir W. Harcourt in the Outer Lobby, June 1.



TOO MUCH FOR THE SOUTHRONS.

Sir L-w-s M'Iv-r. "Man, it wud tak' mair than twa cockneys to move ut! I woudna wish to be boastfu', but it tak's a braw cawmell laddie like mysel' to toss sic a bonny 'caber'!"

Sir L-w-s M'Iv-r, Mr. H-nb-ry, Mr. St-dm-n, Mr. P-ck-rag-ll.

firmly in the steps of the lamented JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR. Speaking in metaphor, it kept the pot a-biling till half-past five was reached. After that hour on Wednesdays debate may not be prolonged. So ROBSON, Q.C.'s, little bill, having been brought up almost within touch of the goal, dropped out of the running.

"They may say what they like about Thermopylae," said TOMLINSON, who wasn't at Christchurch without learning a thing or two. "I think we've shown the world to-day that if a pass has to be held against overwhelming numbers, the Spartan spirit still survives in Lancashire."

Business done.—The Half-Timers Bill successfully obstructed.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Pears came back to work to-day, bubbling with energy. True they are a day later than the Commons in bucking to after the holidays. But they started some days earlier, which makes things straight. Plenty of room to swing a cat if any one had felt uncontrollable desire for the occupation. The Woolsack crowded, Bishop of LONDON sharing it with LORD CHANCELLOR. Elsewhere nearly empty benches. GRAND CROSS, in white waistcoat, emblematic of Summer, came in with

the month of June. He solely represented Her Majesty's Ministers, Lord SPENCER appearing for Her Majesty's Opposition. With characteristic modesty refrained from taking seat on Front Bench. Never was a man to push himself to the front. Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND here. Understand when one gazes on his manly face what SARK means when he says he would not like to have been at Chevy Chase ranged against the PERCY.

Principal business of the day, according to agenda, was "JONES's Divorce Bill." What happened to JONES or to his bill difficult to say. Procedure in Lords embarrassing to the commonalty. Lord MORLEY, Chairman of Committees, stands at Table with paper in his hand, mumbles something that sounds like "read a second time, mum mum mum; read a third time, mum mum mum. Committee." Sits down. LORD CHANCELLOR gets up, says something to the same effect, with additional remark that sounds like "Content" or "Not Content." Then it's all over with JONES; Lords go home, feeling they have deserved well of their country.

Business done.—Supply in Commons. JONES's case on in the Lords.



Honest Dealer. "E'S A GOOD 'OSS. BUT I MUST TELL YER, 'E 'AS ONE FAULT—'E 'S A LITTLE GIVEN TER RUNNIN' AWAY WITH YER."

Client. "IF THAT 'S ALL, HE'LL DO SPLENDIDLY. THAT LAST HORSE I HAD OF YOU WAS GIVEN TO RUNNING AWAY WITHOUT ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Well, After All——" (HUTCHINSON), Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE'S latest novel, might truthfully have been called "*Better After All.*" One going through a series of experiences is ever prone to regard the last as the best or the worst. Yielding to that human infirmity, my Baronite, familiar with Mr. MOORE'S latest works, is disposed to think he here excels himself. Perhaps he doesn't. Certainly he has done uncommonly well. The plot is admirably constructed, its unsuspected secret preserved to the very last page, where it is flashed forth in an effective scene. The study of the woman whose Knight loves and rides away, leaving her faithfully nourishing her affection to find him coming back after many years utterly indifferent, is good. More lightly painted in, but not less effective, is the figure of the faithless Knight, and his unfeigned unconsciousness that he had made so deep a mark on a woman's heart.

Robespierre and the Red Terror (HUTCHINSON) is an attractive-looking book. The subject, always of deathless interest, is just now freshly revived for the British reader by the play at the Lyceum. A glance down its table of contents increased the zest with which my Baronite approached it. But alack! Dr. JAN TEN BRINK, even with the assistance of Mr. HEDEMAN'S translation, cannot overcome the obscurity, not to say the incoherency, of the Dutch language as it strikes the unlearned Saxon. If Mynheer JAN TEN BRINK is an average specimen of his race, in matters of narrative the fault of the Dutch is lack of lucidity. There is no sequence in his chapters, which begin anywhere and land the bewildered reader nowhere particular.

Seven cities, we are told, contended for the honour of being the dead HOMER'S birthplace: cities "through which, when living, HOMER begged his bread." At least seven religions and anti-religions have claimed SHAKSPEARE as their own. The Baron's opinion is that in no case has the claim been made out. There is

not evidence sufficient to show what SHAKSPEARE'S religious opinions really were, or whether he really had any. But there is enough evidence to show what they were *not*; and this has been done in a very skilful and scholarly way by the late Mr. SIMPSON and the living Rev. S. BOWDEN, between them, in the volume just published by Messrs. BURNS AND OATES. By the very simple and straightforward method of letting his writings speak for themselves, they show clearly that "SHAKSPEARE was not on the winning side in his day in politics or religion, that he carefully avoided all those appeals to popular prejudice about monks and nuns, popes and cardinals, which form the farcical element of so many plays of his time; nay, more, that in adapting old plays he carefully expunged every satire of the ancient faith." Beyond that nothing is clear. He kept his convictions to himself, and said "nothing to nobody," which, in the Baron's experience, is rather the way of people in the present day, who, like him, are actors first and dramatists afterwards. It may not be a very heroic way. But it isn't every one who has a taste for martyrdom. This *Religion of Shakspeare* is, in the Baron's judgment, a very clear, candid, and conclusive bit of work. THE B. DE B.-W.

NOISY DOGS.—Lord SUFFIELD, when annoyed by the barking of dogs that rudely interrupted the flow of his lordship's eloquence, told the secretary, according to the *Daily Mail*, "in somewhat petulant tones" to "stop those dogs barking." His lordship naturally was hurt to think that any of his audience should lose a syllable of his speech. He might have said, Shakspearially, when I "Ope my lips, let no dog bark!" or, from the gentle Dr. WATTS, he could have smilingly quoted, with gracious condescension,

"Let dogs delight
To bark,"

and then his lordship's speech might have "been taken as read."

L'OPULENTO.

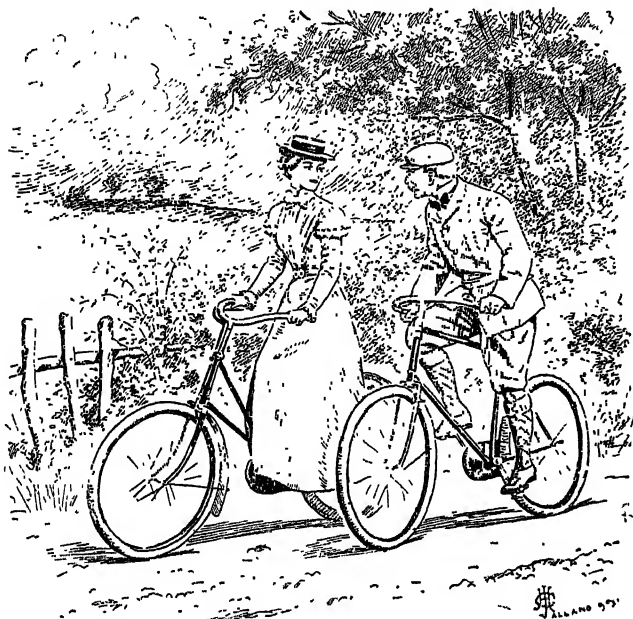
(Vide "*Punch*," May 31.)

HENCE, hateful Poverty,
The brat of Filth and Squalor misbegot!
Drag out thy wretched lot
Wet-nursed by drunken Brawl and Misery.
Hence to some noisome lair
Where Alcohol exhales her poison'd breath
Of Pestilence and Death,
What time in that fierce battle for bare life,
Tiger-like, man and wife
Famished, do tear and rend each other
there.

But come, thou Goddess, fair and kind,
Gorgeous in the gems of Ind,
Lapped in beauty, bred in health,
Hail, thou golden Goddess, Wealth!
No longer let me wearied go
In jolting 'bus to Pimlico,
Nor travel that dark Stygian round,
Cavern'd in the Underground.
But let me, when men homeward hie,
In winged hansom westward fly,
Or let my spanking bays, still faster,
Convey me home, their lord and master.

Or, should Appetite remind
That as yet I have not dined,
Let me to the Club repair
When the *chefs* are busy there.
Man is human, and, they say,
He can dine but once a day,
But betwixt your pot-house steak
And the dinner I would take,
What a chasm! As for drink,
Show me the slave who dares to think
His miserable cider *riant*
A patch upon my *Château-Brick*.
Some love twist, and others brag
Of the pungent joys of shag.
Faugh! Bring me the weed that grew
By the waves of Cuba blue,
Mellow'd to a tender age
In some cedar hermitage.
On downy couch reclined, I
Would watch the smoke clouds curling by,
Careless of all save idle themes—
So let me lie and dream sweet dreams!

These delights if thou canst give,
Wealth, with thee I mean to live.



DANGEROUS!

He. "WE HAD BETTER HURRY, MISS GWEN. THERE'S A THUNDERSTORM COMING."

She. "OH, I'M NOT AFRAID. ARE YOU?"

He. "NOT FOR MYSELF. BUT YOU FORGET HOW ATTRACTIVE YOU ARE!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, June 3.—A mad night, my masters, at the Opera. MELBA as *Lucy*, not "W. H." "of that ilk," but "of Lammermoor." Too hot to be very lunatic, so Madame MELBA, singing splendidly (*ça va sans dire*, naturally, as it's all vocal), was *sana in corpore sano*, and just about as mad as a bonnet-maker in comparison with a hatter. Great ladies' night; the weaker sex being engaged in diplomatically dining, in order to celebrate Her Majesty's birthday. M. SALÉZA, "scotched and kilt," was excellent as *Edgardo*. Henceforth, "M. SALÉZA" must be translated as "Mac SALÉZA." Delightful to hear once again "The old, old song," and the familiar DONIZETTI "toons," that have been for the better part of this century sung by the finest of voices, played by the grandest of orchestras, chorussed by the most powerful of choruses, ground to powder by organ-men, blown to bits by brazen German bands, and after all this, still the compositions come up as strong as ever, with MELBA, our "Advance Australia" *prima-donna*, to infuse into them additional vitality. So "on they goes again." The fact that the "Fourth of June" was being celebrated at Eton on this night (the

3rd), and that the birthday festivities were rampaging everywhere "round the town," and that the weather was prematurely warm, all this ought to have had an appreciable effect on the quantity and quality of the audience. But it hadn't. Every one was enthusiastic, and every one did their best, not forgetting "Sweet Alice," played in her most amiably sympathetic style by Mlle. BAUERMEISTER.

Monday.—Faust. "Ici (ce soir) on parle français." MELBA, the two DE RESZKES, Mlle. OLITZKA (a name that somewhat recalls *Mazeppa*, only his young lady was *Olinska*), BAUERMEISTER-Singer of course, and Monsieur ALBERS, all singing in French. Therefore, this being an educational performance, the operatic management makes an extra charge; and on Tuesday night again, for *Die Walküre*, up goes the price of stalls, just five shillings' worth more value than on the *Faust* night. We wish they may get it, and we hope they do. Make hay while the sun shines; as you make your hay so you must lie on it, with other proverbial philosophy at the Operatic management's option, while yet the National Opera House is only "in the air"—but it's an air that is likely to become very popular. Poor JEAN DE RESZKE! Does any one remember the linen-draper's advertisement, "Try our stout Jean"? Well, that is what the hot weather did to-night; it "tried our stout JEAN;" so, M. SALÉZA was his most excellent *remplaçant*. Then Signor ANCONA replaced the absent ALBERS, and being a thoroughly dramatic artist, the part did not suffer.

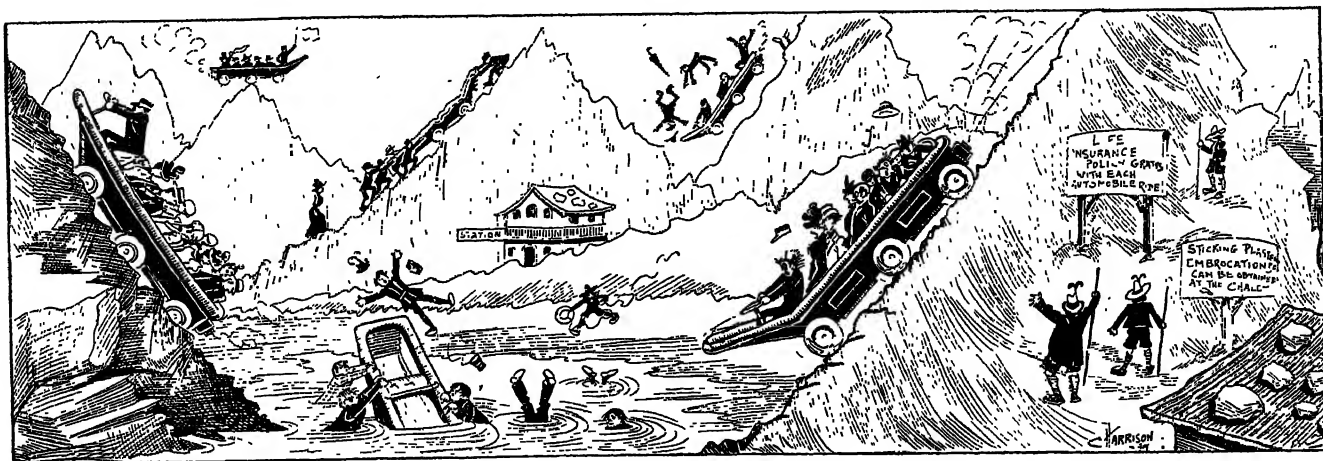
Thursday.—Change of weather. Cool night. Cool audience, apparently taking as a matter of no particular importance the revival of MOZART's delightful *Don*, represented on this occasion by a first-rate singer, but no "great shakes" as an actor, Signor SCOTTI, who, as *Mr. Vincent Crummles* might have written in a local paper, despite his name, does not come from North of the Tweed, having been born in Naples. EDOUARD DE RESZKE as *Leporello* and M. GILLIBERT as *Masetto* were the too not very "low" comedians, each of 'em being about six feet high; EDOUARD being all that, and a trifle to spare. Their "business," which is evidently a pleasure to them, was the "conventional comic" of old Italian Opera which still causes not a few simple-minded people to smile. EDOUARD's singing was faultless. Mlle. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN was, as heretofore, a charmingly skittish *Zerlina*, who, with a few years more experience of this wicked world, might develop into a *Carmen*. Madame NORDICA crowned her former success as *Donna Elvira*; and LILLI LEHMANN—a "lilli" most artistically painted without injury to her lilliship—excellent as *Donna Anna*. M. SALIGNAC as *Don Ottavio* performed excellently the most trying part of male chaperon (with a mask and a song) to the wicked *Don's* two sadly deceived black sheep.

Friday.—Flying Dutchman: his last flight this season.

"Little Fish are Sweet."

UNTIL to-day, excepting "samlet,"
Where was the word to rhyme with "Hamlet?"
But now in *Times*, June 6, there's "samlet."

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.—IGNORAMUS bets NOODLE that "Salle ERARD" is a distinguished rival of "SARAH BERNHARDT." Of course, NOODLE loses.



SUGGESTION FOR A NEW STYLE OF SWISS MOUNTAIN CLIMBING. THE AUTOMOBILE SWITCHBACK WATERSHOOT EXPRESS.



THE NEW ALDERWOMAN.

Right Hon. Lord Courtney. "MOST BECOMING, I ASSURE YOU, MADAM—ANYHOW, IT'S THE BEST WE CAN DO FOR YOU AT PRESENT."

ANOTHER CONFERENCE.

A FEW days ago my neighbour JONES came to my house, and demanded to see me. I saw him. He was very angry. He said my cat had scratched up some of the best flowers in his garden. I told him I was very sorry, but I really could not exercise much control over the cat. He remarked that I should not need to do much in that way for the future, seeing what a little remained of my cat after the intervention of his dog, but that that was not the question, which was, how about his ruined flowers? This roused me, and I called him a cowardly ruffian to set a savage dog on a poor, feeble cat. Whereupon the conversation became general, so to speak, and continued on the same terms after JONES had picked himself up at the bottom of my front steps, and was shaking his fist at me from the other side of the garden gate, a performance which I perceived somewhat indistinctly since my left eye had been temporarily closed by his right hand.

As JONES, still addressing me, entered his own house, our mutual friend TOMKINS came along. "Hullo, SMITH," he asked, "what on earth's the matter?" I told him. I also gave him to understand that the next part of the performance would be in the police court. Had we been Parisians, swords or pistols would have settled the dispute. "Stuff and nonsense, my dear fellow," he said, "don't make fools of yourselves in public. The last fashion in quarrels is not a summons or a duel, but a conference." After a long argument he convinced me. Then he went to see JONES.

An immense time elapsed, during which I bathed my eye at intervals. At last TOMKINS came in. "It's all right," he said, "I've convinced him at last. You meet at my house to-morrow evening after dinner, say nine o'clock."

I went. TOMKINS is rather fond of ceremonious meetings. He is chairman of a company, is on the committee of two clubs, and sometimes presides at public dinners. I was ushered into his library, as it is called. He had arranged three chairs round the table, and pens, ink, and paper on it. He sat at the end; JONES and I at each side. JONES had a great bump on his forehead and seemed to have sprained his left wrist, but I fancy my black eye was more noticeable than his injuries. He and I were coldly distant in demeanour.

TOMKINS began the discussion. He said it was a very unfortunate dispute, originating in a somewhat trifling mischance. (Here JONES and I cried "No, no!" at the same moment.) Well, perhaps not trifling, but still arbitration was better than any appeal to force. If either could suggest any compensation— Here JONES said he wouldn't have taken five pounds for those flowers, and I said that I valued that cat far beyond any mere shop price, whereupon the wretched JONES remarked that she wouldn't be worth much at any shop now, and I was only checked by TOMKINS, who suggested that the question only needed to be thoroughly discussed, to be thrashed out— But the word "thrashed" was an unfortunate one to use, and it was nearly a quarter of an hour before he could pacify that howling cad JONES, who spoke so loudly that I could hardly make myself heard even by shouting.

After this TOMKINS finished his opening speech rather abruptly, and invited JONES, whose name in alphabetical order came before mine, to address the conference. To



Phil May
/99

A TESTIMONIAL.

Little Boy (writing to his Schoolmaster). "EVERYBODY AT HOME IS DELIGHTED WITH THE PROGRESS I HAVE MADE AT YOUR SCHOOL. WHY, WHEN I CAME TO YOU I KNEW NOTHING, AND NOW, EVEN IN THIS SHORT TIME, I KNOW TEN TIMES AS MUCH!"

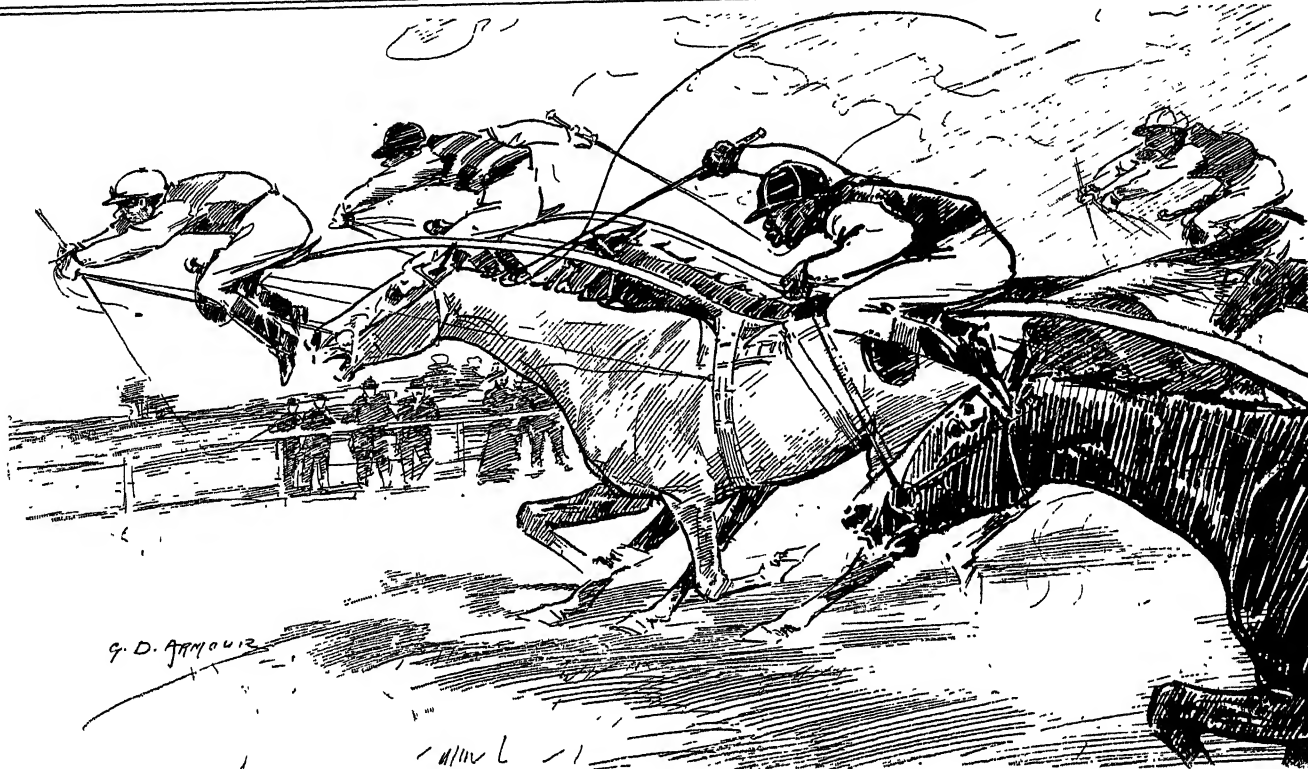
please TOMKINS I sat silent as long as I could, but when that beast JONES said my cat had disturbed him night after night with the most fiendish noises, and that he was glad his dog had settled her, I told him plainly that he was a liar and a murderous blackguard, and if TOMKINS and the table had not been between us, the conference would have ended at that moment.

Then it was my turn to speak. Having much more command of my temper than the violent ruffian JONES has of his, and still trying to please my host, I began in the most moderate language. I soon warmed with my subject, and should have said much more had not the miserable JONES, contrary to all precedent at con-

ferences, cut short my remarks with his inkstand. I had just dodged it, and had retorted with mine, when TOMKINS, remarking that we were not in the Austrian parliament or on a French race-course, requested us to leave.

So our conference was a complete failure. The only result is that the brute JONES and I are more hostile than ever, and that TOMKINS speaks to neither of us.

GRAM FOR LEGAL EXAM.—If asked to "explain the meaning of 'a Charter Party,'" be sure to exhibit your accurate legal and historical knowledge by replying, "A Baron in the time of King JOHN."



"THE COMING RACE."

EVOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN SEAT. GETTING THE WEIGHT WELL FORWARD.

THE FORTUNE OF WAR.

(A fragment of a Military Romance, to be published a few years hence.)

["The long-proposed introduction of motor-cars into the Army for transport purposes is on the point of accomplishment."—*The Outlook*.]

... "COMRADES!" cried the proud General, addressing his troops (standing around him in the circular square ordered by the latest drill-book), "at last we are about to reap the reward of our exertions. Thanks to our trusty motor-cars, we have traversed the desert at an average speed of twenty-five miles an hour. Our casualties have been few and insignificant. A dozen or so of the engines blew up, but not more than fifty men perished by these accidents. We have, indeed, to mourn the loss of some of the 75th Dragoons, whose motor-car went wrong in its steering, and rushed at express speed into the middle of a lake. And not a few of our heroes have been arrested by the native police on the charge of furious driving, with the result that they now languish in dungeons, awaiting bail. But what are these trifles, compared with the glory that will soon be ours? The enemy are now within thirty miles of us—a distance which, with a little extra pressure, we can cover in an hour. So, forward! Mount motor-cars! Tie down the safety-valves! Seize starting-levers! Now, when I give the word! Are you read—"

At this moment a grey-haired officer interrupted him.

"Alas, Sir!" he cried, "we cannot advance! It is impossible!"

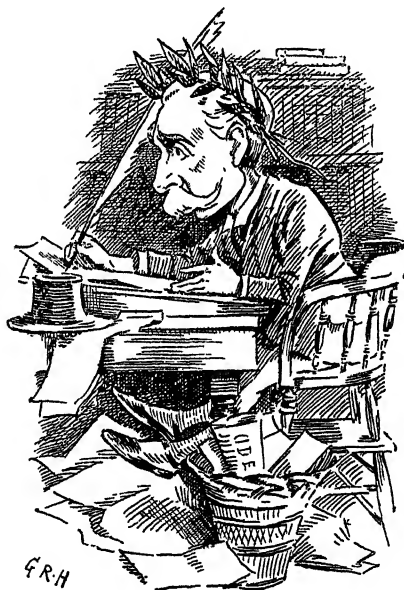
"Impossible?" echoed the General, in amazement. "Why?"

"For the very good reason that—we've run out of oil!"

A loud groan burst from the army on hearing the dreadful news; the voice of the General himself shook as he replied:

"Then, for once, we must ride."

"You forget, Sir," said the other, "that nowadays we have no horses. Shall we—march?"



OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

["The 'Birthday Honours' were published a fortnight ago."]

"The proper style and title of the Poet Laureate is still Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN."]

"No!" cried the intrepid leader. "March? Never! Death before dishonour! Men, your General may have to die a rather unpleasant death; but never, in this scientific age, never will he insult you by suggesting that you should walk!" and rapturous cheers from the army greeted this noble utterance. But just when hope was dying in every breast, and the only possible course seemed to be to wait patiently until the enemy attacked and destroyed them, a small motor-car with red-hot bearings whizzed through the crowd and stopped before the General. Need we mention that its driver was none other than HENRY DE PLANTAGENET? (He's my hero, of course, and he went out scouting on his own account—as heroes do—in the last chapter.)

"Sir," he cried triumphantly, "I have news, great news!"

"Well?" said the General.

"Yes, it is a well, a well of natural petroleum, in fact, which I have discovered not half-a-mile away!"

The General clasped his hand, while the army roared themselves hoarse with delight. And, an hour later, only a faint flicker of dust on the horizon showed where the expedition was scurrying towards the doomed enemy.

At the Village Cricket Match.

Umpire (carried away by enthusiasm on seeing the young Squire send a ball hard to leg). Well hit, Master ARTHUR, well hit! (Remembering himself.) But don't make no short runs!

RIDERS INVARIABLY "SENT TO COVENTRY."
—Jockeys.

LONDON THE BEAUTIFUL (?).

(By Z. Y. X.)

[An American lady, who has journeyed in every part of her own country and Europe as well, writes to the *Daily Telegraph* of June 8 to say that she gives the palm for beauty to our Metropolis, the only blemish being the shabby appearance of its 'bus-conductors.]

ÆSTHETICALLY London is a place of pure delight;
No other city in the world 's as grateful to the sight—

So says a lady Yankee!

She's gone through Europe's capitals, the States from East to West,
But finds there's only London town that's perfect—for the rest
She wouldn't give a thank 'ee!

Yes, what is there that's picturesque in Italy or Greece
Compared with our advertisements, our slums that never cease,
Our statues like the Griffin?

Where else such palaces (of gin), such haunts of perfume rare,
As Covent Garden, Bethnal Green, such nectar-laden air
As Cockney noses sniff in?

Though Venice boast her gondolas, and Stamboul its caïques,
The lover of the Beautiful our penny-steamer seeks,
For Wapping beats Bellagio;

Who cares for Tokyo's jinricksha or Torontonian sleigh,
Or smart Parisian petrolelette, when fairy growlers stray
Through London streets *adagio*?

Elysian is the Underground, the Strand's a beauty spot,
In fact, in all this paradise, there's but a single blot
Upon our city's 'scutcheon!

That is, the 'bus-conductors' dress, whose shabbiness gives pain
To undefeated Anglophiles like our *Américains*
E'en distantly to touch on!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Intimate China Mrs. ARCHIBALD LITTLE calls her book, just published in a handsome volume by HUTCHINSON. A more fastidious person than my Baronite might quibble about the title, which perhaps will not stand too close inspection guided by the usance of the language. But it expresses, if awkwardly, what Mrs. LITTLE means—that she is not a mere globe-trotter, but has really lived in China, and has studied the people in their home-life in regions rarely visited by a European. The result is a series of vivid pictures, the word-painting assisted by some of the most successful and interesting photography yet presented in a book. Coming out almost simultaneously with Lord CHARLES BERESFORD's work, it serves as an admirable supplement. "Our" Lord CHARLES, travelling on behalf of Chambers of Commerce, notes and records all that is worth knowing about the commercial resources and openings, the naval and military armaments of China. Mrs. LITTLE comes along and tells us how the Chinese live at home, how they work, play, worship, marry, and are buried. On the whole the testimony is favourable, throwing a flood of light on this still scantily-known human bee-hive.

Mr. ALFRED LUBBOCK's *Memories of Eton and Etonians* (JOHN MURRAY) will be found most interesting by those whom it specially concerns. The materials gathered by the memorialist are comparatively so scanty, that its title might have been more correctly given as "Short Memories." Mr. LUBBOCK, one of the many LUBBOCKS *maximi, majores, minimi, and minimissimi*, whose names appear on Etonian School-lists, went to the college in 1854 to take his place in "Lower School," and left in 1863, when, as he says, he could yet have remained a couple of years, seeing that he was only eight years of age when he went there. Nowadays, as the Baron is informed, boys are not admitted until they have attained the ripe age of twelve. Mr. LUBBOCK devotes himself chiefly to cricket and cricketers, though occasional reference is made to "the boats," which constitute the feature in the recreation of the great Public School. The Captain of the Eleven is distinguished by any uniform, whereas the Captain of the Boats is gorgeous, but even he pales before the glories of the real little live admiral with cocked hat, sword, pumps, and pink silk stockings, who condescends to steer the *Monarch*. It may be that most of the stories of HAWTREY, COOKESLEY, BETHEL the Bursar, PLUMPTRE, and others, Mr. LUBBOCK put aside as too well known to bear repetition. Perhaps so. The book, however, will command the attention of Public School cricketers generally, and being evidently animated throughout by the most sincere affection for "the Old Place," it is sure of a hearty welcome from all young, elderly, or old Etonians.

As Mr. ARTHUR W. ABCKNETT has in the most "affectionately respectful" manner dedicated his book, entitled *The Modern Adam; or, How Things are Done* (and published by Messrs. HURST AND BLACKETT), to "Mr. Punch," it is not for the Baron, as Mr. P.'s



SOMETHING LIKE PRESERVATION.

Irate Individual. "ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, THAT YOU ARE FISHING IN PRESERVED WATER?"

'Arry (not quite so innocent as he would appear). "PRESERVED WATER! AND IS ALL THE FISH PICKLED, THEN? BLESS'D IF I'VE SEEN ANY LIVE 'UNS ABOUT."

representative, to offer any criticism on this handsome present, any more than it would be the duty of Mr. Punch's Keeper of the Punchian Stables to examine the mouth of an Arab steed presented by some grateful donor to Mr. Punch, and to express an opinion on its probable market value. No one would think of offering to Mr. Punch anything that was not the very best of its kind, and therefore does it not logically follow that the entertaining work here mentioned is one for which Mr. Punch, with his hand on his heart, expresses, with all the eloquence of emotional silence, his deepest gratitude, and most sincere admiration? *Verb. sap.* Praise indeed, is such approbation from *Magister Punchinus. per*

THE BARON DE B.-W.

MY FAVOURITE SONG.

(By One who does not Sing.)

My favourite song is not "The Pirate King,"

"Let 'em all come!" or "Now we sha'n't be long!"

Nor do I count "A little bit of String"

My favourite song.

Such ditties as may please the unthinking throng

To me no meed of thundered plaudits bring.

Yet, lady mine, I think 'tis not far wrong

To say that my poor voice shall resonant ring

With all its weakness made exceeding strong,

When, trying to "sing your praises," I shall sing

My favourite song.

WAS HAMLET FAT?—"Fat! of course he was fat," observed a great Shakspearian actor. "In my time I have played many parts, and I tell you, my dear boy, that *Hamlet* is one of the 'fattest' parts going. Why, *Hamlet* is all 'fat.' You should see me play the Moody Dane." But we escaped that.



A CONTRAST.

MR. BIGWIG, THE EMINENT Q.C., AND HIS CLERK.

PINERO'S "POP."

THE spirited author of *The Gay Lord Ques* was inspired by the happy thought of introducing on to the stage, in the course of the third act of this piece, a bottle of "fizz," in order to add to the sparkle of his already brilliant dialogue. *Lord Q.* tastes the wine and praises it; so does somebody else in the play, the lady, if we rightly remember, whom he comes to visit at night on the occasion when they have this bottle of "Pop" between them. We are reminded of the Pop-ularity of this comedy by receiving a wine-merchant's advertising circular quoting Mr. PINERO's introduction of this brand into his play as a special recommendation of it to public favour.

All the world knows that Mr. SIMS, Dramatic Author, has conferred a benefit on those whom Providence has afflicted with baldness by his invention of a "capillary attraction" or "extraction" which, we believe, has achieved an almost world-wide reputation, and which may be handed down in bottles as a Hair-loom through many generations. What is the "next article" that our dramatic authors will place before the public? In the glorious days of old Christmas Pantomime, the clown used to exhibit some elaborate "tricks," which were boldly labelled as advertisements, and, like those painted on the scenes and once, only once, on a "curtain," were, we believe, regularly paid for as such, just as the proprietors would have paid for "spaces" on hoardings and in railway stations.

If this fashion be generally adopted by our present dramatists who will find "spaces" in their dialogue for allusions to wine-merchants, hair-dressers, tailors, upholsterers, &c., &c., then the sharp manager producing a Shakspearian play ought to derive a considerable profit from similar introductions into the text of the "Divine WILLIAMS," which is full of "modern instances." *Macbeth's* "So foul and fair a day," might afford a chance for references to barometers, or to the manufacturer of waterproof coats and capes. "Stands Scotland where it did?" will serve as a text whereon to hang the time-tables of excursionist holiday tickets and cheap fares. "I know a bank" is evidently suggestive; so also, "How far that little candle throws his beams" would bring out the advantages of electric lighting; while *Hamlet's* mention of his "inky cloak" and "suit of sables" would offer first-rate chances to the providers of mourning and seal-skin mantles and wraps.

In fact, a Shakspearian revival would be a very mine of advertising wealth to any manager who should take the straight tip for tap (if he went in for wine) from ARTHUR BEES-WING PINERO, our premier dramatic author. Acting managers, too, must be on the look out for drams for dramas, and by assistance of stage manager, and by kind permission of manager and author, these allusions could be worked in at rehearsal.

THE PARTY "WITH A PAST."

(After a Song of O'Shaughnessy.)

["They come one after another . . . Lord ROSEBERRY, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Mr. MORLEY, Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. (A Voice: 'Let them all come.' Loud laughter.)"—Mr. Balfour's Speech at the Café Monico, June 7.]

I MADE me yet another bower
For my new love;
I sat on every sickly flower
And planted fresh above;
Why will the cuttings not come out?
Why are my efforts lost?
My old loves come and walk about
And make a blighty frost.

They enter by the good old gate,
One at a time,
Scarce otherwise than when of late
Their love was in its prime;
My last—poor HENRY—tries to smile,
The braw and canny chiel,
But I am conscious all the while
How silly he must feel.

The lord who left me on the shelf
(I loved him most),
He saunters in and calls himself
"A disembodied ghost";
He has his picnics just the same
As if he were alive,
And warmly toasts his widowed flame
In dregs of '85.

The knight, my oldest, loves to sniff
Round the gum-trees,

And snorts to catch the merest whiff
Of incense on the breeze;
With swelling chest and chins aloof,
And feet that go like lead,
He rudely trails his wanton hoof
Over my primrose-bed.

And one in ghoulish guise will come
Beneath the stars,
And wear an eye austere and glum,
And make a face at Mars;
And mutter low of prophets' bones
And skulls and scattered vaults;
And cross himself with pious groans
For other people's faults.

I like to think they keep in touch
With the old days,
Only they manage things in such
Uncomfortable ways;
And though they pass my latest swain
With patronising nod,
I fear the system strikes his brain
As being rather odd.

But what if Numbers 1 and 2
Of those old loves
With whom I once was wont to coo
As do the turtle-doves—
If round a corner each should run
Against the other's nose!
That is the dread that dims the sun,
And rots the nascent rose!

LA CHANSON DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE.—"Linger longer, Loubet!"

CERRIG-Y-DRUIDION.

["It is very gratifying to note that already the excellent example of Llansannan in commemorating its worthies is likely to be emulated by other localities in Wales. Cerrig-y-Druidion, which was the native parish of JAC GUANYFORS (the Welsh satirist), OWEN MYFYR (poet and antiquary), and TALIESYN HIRAEITHOG (poet), is contemplating a similar movement."]

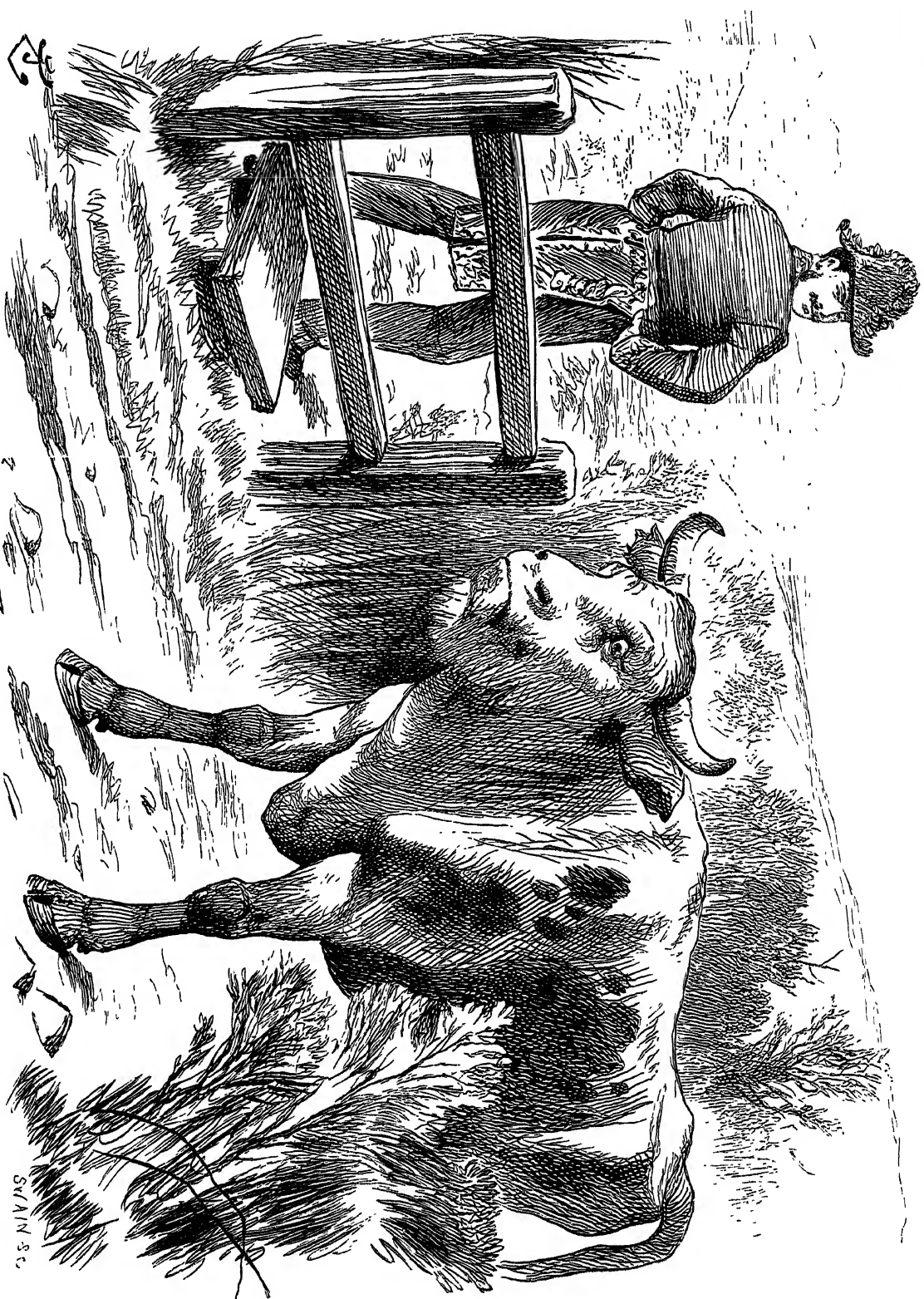
South Wales Daily News.]

WHAT! shall thy great ones, like the snow,
Vanish and be forgotten? No!
Thy prophets all unhonoured go?
No! Steady on!
Such Vandalism shall not be
Charged upon Wales, still less on thee,
Mother of great men, Cerrig-y-
Druidion.

Wilt thou forget thy JAC, who flew
In nimble flights of lightning hu-
mour, swift and airy as a new
And bouncy ball?
And OWEN MYFYR, too—shall none
Remember him? And that last one
Whose name is greater still, though un-
pronounceable?

Is there a scroll of glory? Yea,
SHAKESPEARE and MILTON, such as they,
Have somehow got their names, they say,
Already on.

But perish MILTON! What care we?
Perish your SHAKESPEARE—who is he
Beside thy heroes, Cerrig-y-
Druidion?



THE SMILE THAT FAILED.

SIR ALFRED M-LIN-R *again sings* :—
THERE WAS A "HIGH COMM." WHO SAID, "NOW
I'VE CONFERRED WITH THIS WILY OLD COW!

I HAVE SAT ON THIS STILE,
AND CONTINUED TO SMILE,
BUT IT'S HAD NO EFFECT ON THE COW!"

[*Exit.*



"PARTS OF SPEECH."

"GOOD MORNING, ROSIE. SHALL I FIND YOUR MOTHER AT HOME, OR IS SHE GONE OUT?"

"No, 'M, SHE DIDN'T BEEN. I SAW SHE AT THE WINDOW WHEN I WAS A WENTIN'."

MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIC RECIPES.

No. I.—How to WRITE A CELTIC DRAMA.

(After witnessing the performance of Mr. Martyn's play, "*The Heather Field*.")

CHOOSE for your scene an Irish bog. Among brutal Saxons the theory still lingers that Ireland is all bog, and this will give *véraisemblance* to your picture. If you require an Interior, an Irish cabin will be most appropriate, for there is another curious superstition on this side of the St. George's Channel, that all Irishmen live in cabins.

For the subject of your drama select something gloomy and Scandinavian. It is true that the *Times* says that "Lunacy and surface drainage are not cheerful subjects for drama," but your Celt knows better. Everything depends on the treatment. Did not IBSSEN contrive a drama of enthralling interest on the subject of the drainage of a watering-place? And they say IBSSEN is a Scotsman by descent, which is next door to being a Celt.

Let your characters be crazy or neurotic. You will find IBSSEN's works a perfect store-house of these, and if you "lift" one or two of them nobody is likely to detect the theft. *Rita Allmers*, or *Mrs. Borkman*, or that sweet thing, *Hedda Gabler*, would all come in useful, and, as your scene is an Irish bog, there is an obvious opening for a Wild Duck.

If the plot of your play is gloomy, the dialogue should be even gloomier. Irish humour would be quite out of place on this occasion. No one must flourish a shillelah or sing "*Killaloe*" to lighten up the proceedings, and the stirring strains of "*The Wearing of the Green*" must be rigidly

banished. This paramount necessity for gloom will probably place you in a somewhat difficult position, and may make it necessary for you to banish the Irish brogue altogether from your cast. Long experience has shown that a Saxon audience invariably associates a brogue with latent humour, and if anybody laughed it would be all up with the Celtic Renaissance.

In writing Celtic drama you should choose your critics with some care. Mr. GEORGE MOORE is somewhat headstrong for the purpose, and his eulogies will be apt to provoke the smile which it is your first duty to banish from the faces of your audience. Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER would be your best card, if you could persuade him to take a favourable view of your dramatic workmanship. But if you failed in this (as the author of *The Heather Field* did), I am afraid you will have to fall back upon the smaller fry of the Dublin Press. This will be one of those distressing cases of the prophet who is only honoured in his own country.

When your play has been written and produced, let me earnestly counsel you to have it translated into Norwegian. This will enable Great Britain to make some return for the inestimable boon of Scandinavian drama under which she has long been groaning. It will also be playing off an excellent jest on Herr IBSSEN, who is believed to be somewhat bored with the adulation of his admirers in this country.

ON THE COURSE.—*First Sportsman*. Backed anything? *Second Sportsman*. Yes,—a bill. ["*Exeunt severally.*"]

THE LION OF THE SEASON'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What is the necessary attribute of a Lion of the Season?

Answer. An interesting personality.

Q. What may that be?

A. Something sufficiently out of the common to attract curiosity.

Q. Does it matter in what shape the novelty appears?

A. Very little, as society votes variety to be charming.

Q. Is a literary Lion nowadays popular?

A. Not very, as most people write books.

Q. Then a man or woman who had not composed a novel at some time or another would be a distinct novelty?

A. Certainly; but then such a person would be handicapped by the probability of being extremely stupid.

Q. But surely it is stupid to write a bad novel?

A. Quite so, but stupider not to be able to write at all.

Q. Then what is the best mode of becoming a Lion?

A. By discovering a new continent or suffering imprisonment amongst cannibals for five or six years.

Q. And what is the reward of such a time of misery?

A. A fortnight's *fêting* in Belgravia and Mayfair.

Q. Is this sufficient?

A. More than enough. The fawning of Society begins to pall after a week's experience of its clogging sweetness.

Q. Is there any celebrity other than literary or exploratory capable of securing the attention of Mrs. LEO HUNTER and her colleagues?

A. Prowess in the cricket field is a recognised path to social success.

Q. And has not an amateur cricketer an advantage over other competitors for fashionable fame?

A. Yes; he can claim his days for matches and his nights for rest.

Q. From the tone of your last answer it would seem that you do not consider the lot of a Society Lion a happy one?

A. You are right; but the *fêted* one has the satisfaction of knowing that the fevered notoriety of a brief season is usually followed by the restful obscurity of a long lifetime.

How to EFFECTUALLY PRODUCE "SILENCE IN THE RANKS."—Use the *Dum Dum* bullets.

TOBACCO.

["DEATH FROM EXCESSIVE SMOKING.—Aunt PEGGY BAILLY, the oldest maid in the United States, died on Saturday. She was 112 years old last March, and had smoked pipes since she was eight."—*Daily Graphic*.]

TOBACCO, I have loved thee well,
Thy praises oft my tongue would tell
What time in meads of asphodel

With thee I wandered.
At midnight glowed my kindled clay,
My fancy firing; dawning day
Reddened as o'er thine ashes gray,
Pensive I pondered.

Yet had I known the fatal draught
That in thy curling wreaths I quaffed,
More deadly than the poisoned shaft

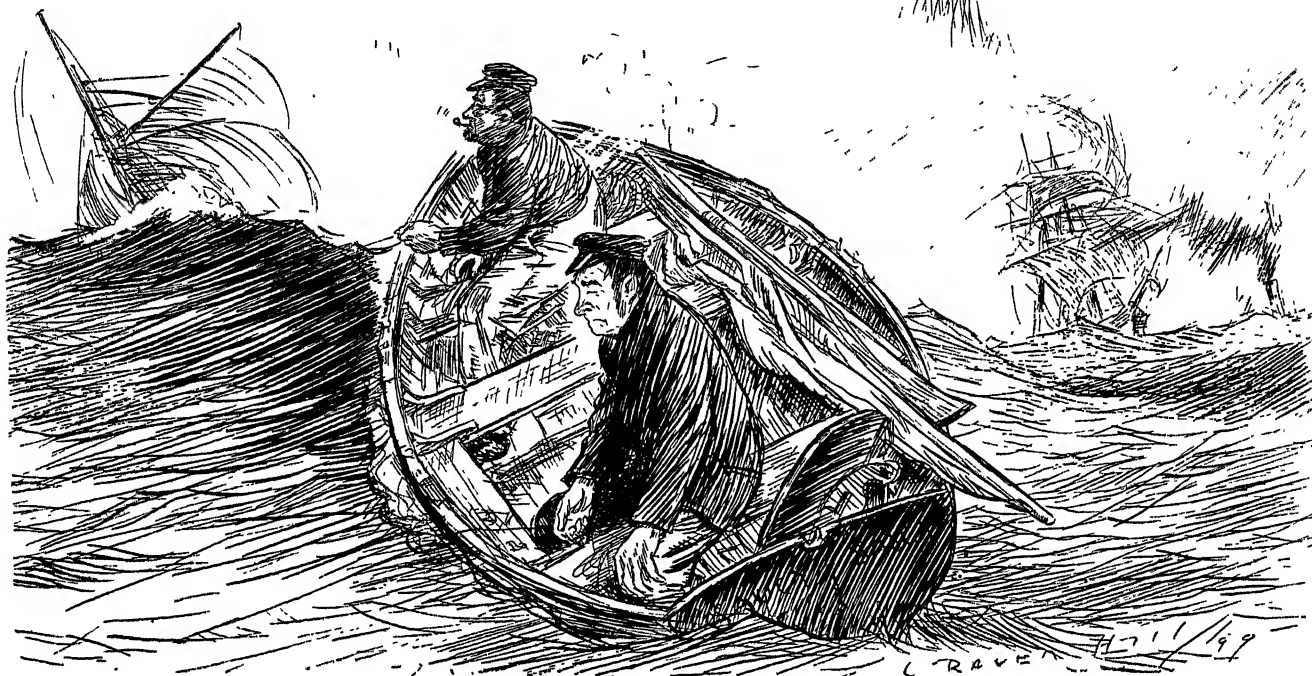
Of wild barbarians,
Then had I broken clay and briar,
And dashed the fragments in the fire,
Forswearing thee, destroyer dire
Of centenarians.

For who thy poison can defy?
Thy victims in their thousands die,
Thick as the butcher'd heaps that lie

Countless at Blenheim;
Nor Time itself can help provide;
They that a hundred years defied,
Fall in their centenarian pride,
Felled by thy venom.

Yet haply, spite of all they say,
I had not broken briar and clay,
Nor quite so lightly thrown away
The joy that fills one,
But lingered on, spite poison slow,
Another sixty years, or so:

It takes a century, you know,
Before it kills one.



HOPE DEFERRED.

Jones (who is not feeling very well). "How LONG DID YOU SAY IT WOULD TAKE US TO GET BACK?"
Boatman. "'BOUT 'N 'OUR AN' A 'ARF AGIN THIS TIDE."

FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

MORE Encyclopædia and further demands for eatables from my nephews. Must have magnificent digestive organs. Feel quite envious. Wonder where on earth one gets "Poted Lopstir"? Must enquire of housekeeper.

"DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY.—Weeve gone to the D." (I tremble! What *have* they been doing, now?) "and there issent a Rooral Sport begining with a D" (I breathe again) "unless its Dum Bels or Driling. Drilings rather sport (but not Rooral) wen we rag the old Sarjint hear hes 6 foot and was in the gards—our Sarjint is an old Blue-gard—well yestiddy he sed to FATTY JONES thro out your chest so FATTY blew himself out and the Sarjint sed no no that aint your chest thats your stumick and orl the fellers neerly birst with larfter well thats not a Rooral Sport so we pars on to E and we carnt think of ennything for that and so F comes next and F's Football of coarse. Thanks orfly for Postle Orders and sossidges munny is orlways usefool but the sossidge seasons over ass theres no more fires at night in the Doormattry so we carnt cook them we tride one ror but it was orfool If your housescraper has enny poted Lopstir witch she dussent want you mite tell her to send sum tins hear ROPLEY minor has a sister witch he will rite to four sum harepins to eet it with thare jest as good as fawks and dont want cleening afterwards
 Your affeckshunt nephew MAX."

Football.—Ass a manly eggsucksize this gaim is no comparryson with uther parstimes it is jest ripping by Gum it is Football is plaid with 2 Gaols one at each end and a lot

of flags round the ground to keep the cads orf and a Ball witch is the senter of a traction and round witch the battel most feerceley ragis Thares 15 players a side of coarse I meen the rugby gaim the uthers rot Eech side tries to seese the Ball and get in to Gaol with it If you get a tutch down then you are aloud a kik at Gaol and if you suckseed theres grate cheers and aplaws and if you dont orl the fellers say whata Rotter and I could have dun it easely merself and so on We plaid a mash a month ago and our fellers orl startid haking and the other fellers sed no haking aloud and the Riffree sed you mussent hak so we pretended to do it hak—I mean ack—sidently and by Gum they did get wild the uther fellers I meen Football is plaid on a Heeth or Commun or uther opin Spase The Riffrees tarsk is a invildious one and not to be sort after This important but mutch harrisd indyvidgel hass to deside orl points ass thay arice and sumtimes gets bashed over the hed four doing it too Wotever your profession in life avoid that of the Football Riffree it is too fool of insident.

Vs.—Weeve got a 5s caught hear but I dont mutch care for the gaim This gaim is also corld Squosh rakkets I mite of cared for it only the only time I tride playing 2 of the big fellers caim in and sed out you go so orl I know is that you play in a caught with a ball and a long Handel rakket but its no good trying to get the caught unless your one of the big fellers.

P.S.—Young STINKER was going to send sum rot abowt phessent shuting as he thort phessent was spelld with F he is a littul ass and so beasely iggnerent.

NOTICE BOARD FOR A FOREIGN RACE-COURSE.

PERSONS are particularly requested not to pelt the Head of the State with vegetables, and to remember, when expressing their sentiments, that ladies are present.

To assist the police in the exercise of their duty; disturbers of the peace are invited not to hide behind parasols and feather boas.

When shouting at their seniors, young men are desired to remove their false noses and blue spectacles.

Insolent politicians in button-holes are informed that the old arrangement of "pistols for two and coffee for one" was a privilege that belonged to their fathers, and one that cannot be relinquished without dishonour.

In brief—French aristocrats are required to act as French gentlemen, and not as French cads.

AT MONTE CARLO.

Angelina (sentimentally). Look, EDWIN, how the dear palms are opening themselves instinctively to the golden air.

Edwin (brutally remembering his losses at the table and the long hotel bill). If you can show me any palm in the place, human or vegetable, which doesn't open itself instinctively to the golden air, I'll eat my hat!

[ANGELINA sighed profoundly, and EDWIN opened his purse strings.]

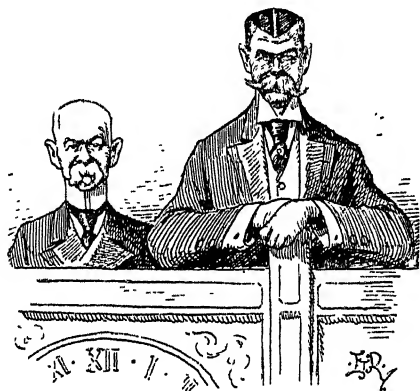
CHANGE IN THE TEMPERATURE.—After the intense heat, forecasts of slight showers. A *propos*, perhaps, of M. COQUELIN's visit with his latest play, *Plus que Rain*.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 5.—A crowded House with some distinguished strangers in the Gallery. Whether "BOSS" brought KITCHENER to watch the fray, or whether KITCHENER brought "BOSS" is not known. However it be, there they sat, neither in the least resembling familiar pictures of NAPOLEON Crossing the Alps. The Sirdar, tanned with the fierce sun of the Soudan, looked like a bronze image among the pale-faced peers who thronged the gallery. As for "BOSS," it wasn't his funeral; he was just out for the evening with a friend. He sat it through, cool, alert, quizzical, ready for anything that might turn up, on the whole apprehensive that there would be no row.

Nor was there. If proceedings had a fault it is that they were a trifle dull. Admiral CHARLIE BERRSFORD, V.C., as usual, steamed and steered right on to the point. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, in adroit speech, associated himself unreservedly with PRINCE ARTHUR in commendation of military renown of the Sirdar. But hard fate of Leader of Liberal Opposition ever compels him to endeavour simultane-



IN THE PEERS' GALLERY, HOUSE OF COMMONS, JUNE 5.

Cabul to Candahar, and Cairo to Khartoum.
(Lord Kitchener smiles on his critics.)

ously to walk on both sides of the road. C.B. must needs show himself shocked by desecration of the MAHDI's tomb. Others voiced same sentiment.

"All right," said Admiral CHARLIE, "but let us be consistent. Here's your British Museum, containing whole rows of mummies, kings and other respectable gentlemen, dug up in Egypt, brought over here to make a Londoner's Bank Holiday. Honest JOHN MORLEY is a trustee of British Museum; is therefore responsible for this state of things. He shudders in his shoes when, as a deliberate act of policy, possibility of fresh rallying of Mohammedanism round the tomb of the MAHDI is averted. At the same time he's got King MYCERINUS and a lot of other old Egyptians on show in his museum. How's her 'ead now?"

"Yes," says SARK, "that was good; not sure that the Irish didn't go one better. When JOHN MORLEY recalled the fact that after the Restoration the bones of CROMWELL were dug up and scattered on the earth, Irish members below gangway savagely cheered. All the same, they voted against grant to KITCHENER, by way of showing their horror at treatment some-



"POOR CREATURES."

(Our artist hastens to explain that the above words refer *only* to certain gentle religious enthusiasts of the Soudan, unfortunately slain on the field of Omdurman, who by their virtues and their quiet pastoral life have gained the whole sympathy of the above gentlemen.)

thing similar being dealt out to the Scourge of the Soudan."

Business done.—A little cheque for the Sirdar drawn by a rattling majority.

Tuesday.—Pretty interchange of high courtesy between those puissant knights, LE SIEUR CAWMELL-BANNERMAN and LE CAPITAIN TOMMY BOWLES. Budget Bill to the fore; ALWYNE COMPTON moved amendment, disclosing quite suspicious familiarity with abstruse question of aggregation of property for Death Duties. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD not in his place. Absence not occasioned, every one hopes, by anything like serious turn in case of son LOULU.



Oom Paul dances the Bloemfontein Break-down, or Dutch Double-shuffle.

This was to have been LOULU's wedding day. Sun got up bright and early; the New Forest put on its best June frock: but the bridegroom-elect, instead of taking his way to the church, takes to his bed and the happy day is postponed. Only for a short time. When LOULU is settled down in his new estate, the House of Commons expects he will give up his time to maintaining the family name in the old place. His pleasant presence long familiar in the lobby and behind the SPEAKER'S Chair; plenty of room for him, and a warm welcome from both sides, when he takes his seat below the gangway.

But that is another story; LE SIEUR and LE CAPITAIN left saluting. C.B., with his genial cynicism, admitted his absolute ignorance of the question at issue. "A few may understand it," he observed, citing half-a-dozen names, including that of "the Member for King's Lynn, who knows everything."

LE CAPITAIN brought his mailed fist with natural grace to the salute. A flush of modest pleasure showed itself beneath the



"THE IMPORTUNATE WIDOW."

(As suggested by Mr. Balfour.)

rugged tan of a countenance that has fronted hard weather in all latitudes. Conscious he had long been of his own infirmity in the matter of omniscience. To have it publicly acknowledged by so high an authority as the Leader of the Opposition was more than modest merit dreamt of. LE CAPITAIN not to be outdone by LE SIEUR in graceful courtesy. When opportunity came, he rose, and again saluted. "Sir," he said, bending his stately figure in deference to the Chair, "I never claimed to know everything. On the contrary, on some matters I am as ignorant as the Leader of the Opposition has just confessed himself."

Business done.—In Committee on London Government Bill arranged that women may not only sit upon the new Councils, but may aspire to the aldermanic chair. Whether those who are successful are to be styled aldermen or aulderwomen is a delicate question left for the Report stage.

Thursday.—RICHIE's appearance at Table just now sent flutter of excitement through-



Young Mistress. "THIS ISN'T A CLEAN KNIFE, JANE."

New Servant. "ISN'T IT, MUM? I DON'T KNOW HOW THAT IS. I'M SURE IT OUGHT TO BE. THE LAST THING IT CUT WAS SOAP!"

crowded House. Air thunderous with rumour; talk of Irish obstruction to Vote of Thanks to the Army in the Soudan; OOM PAUL turned rusty; positively declines to answer friendly inquiries after the health of Mrs. KRUGER; will have none of DON JOSÉ'S blandishments. What next?

Well, here was RITCHIE discovered at the Table, doubtless the bearer of some portentous message. House hushed; members strained forward lest they should lose a syllable of the Minister's speech.

"Sir," said RITCHIE, turning to the SPEAKER, whose trained composure was scarcely equal to the strain of the moment, "I beg to ask leave to introduce a bill dealing with undersized fish."

House relieved from vague apprehension of evil, broke into almost hysterical laughter. PRINCE ARTHUR smiled in pleased appreciation of success of his little joke. Seems easy to do, but requires a good deal of thinking out. Effective point was of course to place this particular bill in hands of the biggest man on Treasury Bench. First thoughts turned to CHAPLIN. After Cabinet Council, President of Local Government Board and President of Board of Trade stood up back to back. RITCHIE towered

by half an inch; so bill left in his charge.

"All very well," said SARK, "but these little successes are sometimes purchased at disproportionate cost. We've heard of the Ministry of All the Talents. How would it be if, on review of its general course of legislation, the third administration of Lord SALISBURY were known in history as The Undersized Fish Ministry?"

Business done.—Vote of Thanks to the Army in the Soudan.

Friday.—"Really," said PRINCE ARTHUR, when JEMMY LOWTHER once more brought on the subject of Peers interfering with elections to the House of Commons, "the importunate widow is not in it with my right hon. friend."

This sally a great success, but on closing night of busy week JEMMY has grounds for reflection that he has saved the State. Wednesday afternoon was wild enough, with its gutting of the Service Franchise Bill, its triumphant passing through Committee of the apparently doomed Half-Timers Bill, its near risk of establishing Sunday Closing, and the narrow escape of Scotland from abolition of the Law of Primogeniture.

JEMMY was the boy who stood on the

burning deck, whence all but he had fled. Treasury Bench deserted save for beaming presence of JESSE COLLINGS. But what was he among so many? Opposition, rampant with audacity, radiant with success, prepared to carry all before them. JEMMY, with his back to his corner seat, stood like Beachy Head fronting the turbulent Channel, immovable, magnificent. Again and again the wave of revolution surged round him; temporarily submerged in the cases cited; but think of all he averted.

And then to be called an importunate widow by the very man whose post, temporarily abandoned, he had held against overwhelming odds!

Business done.—More clattering of China on Foreign Office Vote.

STATE REGULATED ART.

[Lord SALISBURY recently suggested that Art should be placed under State regulation.]

Jan. 2000.—Just passed my Final and am now full-fledged R.A. Papers very stiff, but knew Chemistry well, and worked out correct formula for TURNER'S "Carthage" and Sir JOSHUA'S "Mrs. Siddons." Have done with Civil Service Commissions; now for the other kind.

February.—What luck to be nephew to the Lord Chancellor! Uncle JACK has put me up to a good thing—decorate Westminster Abbey with mosaics—St. Paul's been such a success! Government commission for £20,000. Opposition nasty; impertinent remarks about uncle. Hath majority of 150, can laugh at Opposition.

November.—Prepare designs—Prodigal Son in bare legs. L. C. C. object; insist on trousers. Point out anachronism, but L. C. C. adamant.

May, 2001.—House in Committee of Supply. Opposition very rude about my Prodigal. Division challenged. Ominous drop in majority. Leader of House refers matter to Select Committee. Uncle says it will be all right; he will select committee.

March, 2004.—Committee report shortly. On uncle's advice, entertain them nobly, regardless of digestion.

August, 2004.—After sitting four months Select Committee miserable fiasco. Chairman suggests that mosaics be adopted for Hanwell. Leader refers matter to Hybrid Committee.

June, 2007.—H. C. no go. Creditors getting unpleasant. Apply to Chancellor of Exchequer. Says must wait till Committee report. Point out that General Election is at hand, and if anything should happen—

July, 2007.—It has happened. Uncle says the only thing to do is to send in claim for out-of-pocket expenses. Do so. Suggest £12,000. Chancellor of Exchequer asks for particulars. Set to work, and draw up bill:

Painting materials, &c.	£	s.	d.
Hospitality, moral and	1	2	0½
physical detriment	12,000	0	0

Total £12,001 2 0½

Painful resemblance to KRUGER'S "little bill." However, drop a line to C. of E. saying he need not trouble about odd figures; C. of E. willing to give cheque for £1 2s. 0½d., out-of-pocket expenses, but H.M. Government decline to entertain my friends. Would refer matter to a Royal Commission. Consult uncle. He says better take what I can get and be thankful. All very well for him: he retires on full pay. But £1 2s. 0½d. for seven years' work! State-regulated Art! Bah!



THIS IS MR. DENIS O'BRIEN, WHO CLAIMS DESCENT FROM THE ANCIENT KINGS OF IRELAND. BUT HIS PRETENSIONS JUST NOW DO NOT SOAR ABOVE HALF A CROWN.

"SARAH'S YOUNG MAN"

EVIDENTLY Mme. SARA's view of *Hamlet's* character is that this youthful Prince, now aged about eighteen, had been as a precocious child badly brought up by his injudicious mother, petted by his nurses, and spoilt by tutors, governors, and servants. Doubtless *Polonius* had frequently been charged with the care of the young Prince, and, of course, had allowed *Ophelia* and the heir to the crown of Denmark to be thrown a good deal together as boy and girl. The poor old Lord Chamberlain suffered for this culpable weakness in after years, as *Hamlet* laughs at him to his face, chaffs him in company, and actually, when his lordship is seriously and respectfully addressing his youthful master, the latter, like the comic countryman in *Mr. Crummles'* theatre, pretends to be catching a fly, which he finally captures with both hands on the old man's mouth! Isn't that the very act of a mischievous, spoilt Prince? And how appropriately would come from his lips the remark that if every one were treated "according to his deserts, who would escape whipping?"

This is Madame SARA BERNHARDT'S *Hamlet*. She shows him as from gay to grave, from lively to severe. He is sharp as a needle, he will speak daggers, but will not use so much as a bare bodkin. His lecture to the professional players, impertinent even from an older Prince, is an exhibition of boyish conceit. Yet is SARA'S *Hamlet*, with all her *gaminerie*, far nearer the ideal *Hamlet* than any *Hamlet*, including FRECHTER'S, that this deponent has ever seen. All other *Hamlets*—the male *Hamlets*, *bien entendu*—have been, in comparison with "SARAH'S Young Man," eccentric middle-aged youths of from thirty to fifty.

From the point of view of *Hamlet's* being an entirely spoilt child, allowed to play about and do exactly what he likes, the business

of the play-scene is of course possible, otherwise, in any well-regulated Court, the monkey tricks of even so exalted a personage as the young Crown Prince would meet with severe and immediate rebuke from his mother. With *Ophelia*, who is a knowing young lady just about a year or so older than *Hamlet*, and a past mistress of arts and crafts, an apt pupil of sly old Father *Polonius*, SARA'S *Hamlet*, *toujours l'enfant gâté*, is delightful. With the Queen he is a bully, just the retribution that a vain, silly mother might expect. In the course of the piece, SARA'S *Hamlet* becomes more dignified, and when he is confronted with that egregious ass, *Osric*, he is as serious with him as he had been playful with *Polonius*.

In the fencing scene SARA'S Young Man is a master of the art, and her business of whisking *Laertes'* sword out of his hand, and courteously proffering her own for his acceptance is the only rationally practical explanation of the exchange of weapons as devised by SHAKESPEARE. All this is excellent.

CHACUN À SON GOUT.

["A writer in the *Toynbee Record* claims for East London an æsthetic beauty of its own. How could any sane man prefer the prim, dismal stucco of a West London square?"—*Daily Paper*.]

If you wish to be *chic*, you will doubtless agree
No place is so fair as the district marked E,
But, however my Philistine judgment may trouble you,
I confess to an old-fashioned weakness for W.

There may be whose noses do ardently wish
To sample the savoury joys of fried fish;
Let them to Whitechapel, but give me the breeze
That rustles the leaves of the Serpentine trees.

Your 'ARRY be-buttoned and 'ARRERET too
Are sights to be seen like the Tower and the Zoo;
But still I prefer, in the matter of *mode*,
Your Kensington Gardens to Whitechapel Road.

But I quarrel with no one; *chacun à son gout*;
A pestilent slum has attractions for you,
But I'll be content with a flat in Mayfair,
Or a family mansion in Grosvenor Square.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

'*Postle Farm* (BLACKWOOD), by GEORGE FORD, is the most powerful novel my Baronite has read for a long time. The casual reader need not be repelled by discovery that the heroine and some of her early companions speak in the Devonshire dialect. It looks bad, but it is easily comprehended, and soon grows to be musical. *Cathie* is quite a new departure among novel heroines, real flesh and blood fashioned into profoundly interesting life by skilful hands. The picture has for setting the lush lanes, green fields, and bordering sea of Devon, peopled with living persons. *Granfer*, the owner of 'Postle Farm, is particularly delightful. "GEORGE" FORD the wise call the author. There are some subtle touches in the portraiture of *Cathie* that to my Baronite bewray the woman.

To his *British Anthologies*, in itself a library of delight, Mr. FROWDE adds three volumes, issued from the Oxford University Press. The first covers the field of time SHAKESPEARE marked as his own. From 1617 to 1637, rare BEN JONSON and his contemporaries pay tribute. The third is the *Milton Anthology*, dating from 1638 to 1674. In this last we find flowers culled from COWLEY, BEAUMONT, FLETCHER, SYDNEY GODOLPHIN, GEORGE HERBERT, PEMBROKE, HERRICK, MASSINGER, WALTER RALEIGH, SUCKLING, GEORGE WITHER, and, of course, MILTON. One often thinks what book he would take to a desert island if his choice were limited to a single work. My Baronite plumps for the *British Anthologies*, of which there are to be ten volumes in all, covering four centuries of British poesy. It is a happy thought, admirably carried out under the editorship of Professor ARBER. The publisher contributes the charm of cunningly selecting Black Letter and a tone of rough paper that gives the volume a faded look, as if it had come from the private possession of the Reverend ROBERT HERRICK or Colonel RICHARD LOVELACE.

In *Orientalisms* (FISHER UNWIN), Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM tells some short stories in a style which, though peculiar to himself, reminds me at one time of the cynicism of THACKERAY, and at another of the pleasant humour of DICKENS. Not that Mr. MAUGHAM is in the least degree either plagiarist or imitator. Perhaps in this collection of tales the sketch entitled "The Punctiliousness of Don Sebastian" is the most graphic, the most picturesque, and certainly not the least amusing in the volume. "Faith" were better omitted. "De Amicitia" is very good, though the finish is weakened by the author's evident dislike of the usual "so they married and lived happily ever after" termination.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

**TOWARDS FREEDOM.**

Madame la République. "WELCOME, M. LE CAPITAINE. LET ME HOPE THAT I MAY SOON RETURN YOU YOUR SWORD."

THEIR TRUE VOCATION.

(By a Sufferer.)

[A woman in the Catskill District (New York State) has accidentally discovered that blowing a horn beneath a tree causes caterpillars to fall from the boughs. Organ-grinders and similar performers have, therefore, been numerous employed night and day to grind their machines under the trees and lure these pests to their doom. Town bands have also been impressed to play "*Yankee Doodle*," and other national airs, to the grubs.]

A USE has been found for the organ-grinder,
A place for the German band;
Then let 'em all—flock to the blessed finder
Far away in that western land.

'Tis discovered at last—their real mission
In the scheme of sublunary things,
For the more than superfluous street musician,
The fiend that our ear-drum wrings.

No more need the dweller in town be tortured
By foreign purveyors of noise;
They're wanted instead in each country orchard
(Like Orpheus) to act as decoys.

For music hath charms, and these baneful charmers
Mid grubs cause a general slump;
"*Yankee Doodle*" 's too much for their nerves—and the farmers
Pretty soon sweep them up in a lump.

Let 's grant to itinerant Swiss and Teuton
Free fares to the West, one and all;
May the insects remember the Apple of Newton
And smother their foes in their fall!



HARD ON THE CHAMOIS.

[According to the *Daily Chronicle* the Kaiser has been in the Tyrol, learning to yodel, "The only thing I do not know," said William the Second.]



AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

"WELL, MY DEAR ADMIRAL, AND HOW DID YOU SLEEP?"
"NOT AT ALL, GENERAL. CONFOUNDED BUTTERFLY FLEW IN AT THE WINDOW, AND WAS FLOPPING AROUND ALL NIGHT—COULDN'T GET A WINK OF SLEEP."
"AH, DASHED DANGEROUS THINGS, BUTTERFLIES!"

THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM.

[Lord PERCY complained that the first division qualifying women to serve as councillors and aldermen was taken in a thin House, when members had gone to dinner, and the final division when most of the members were having tea on the Terrace.]

You who with woman ruthless battle make
With churlish voice and pen,
Throw up the sponge, and, beaten, humbly take
Defeat like men.

What boots it to complain, the hour you chose
To stay your appetites

Gave a long-sought occasion to your foes
To win their rights?

Or that DELILAH false with witching hair
Availed your strength to bind—
That, therewith to the Terrace chained, you there
New terrors find?

But learn this moral, you whom woman's grace
At tea untimely snares,
Men who would still keep woman in her place,
Must be in theirs.

REFRESHING IDEA DURING THE HOTTEST WEATHER (suggested by the Name of a popular catering Firm).—"Per-spires and Pond."



She. "WHERE'S YOUR NATURALIST BROTHER NOW?" *He.* "CALIFORNIA. STARTED AN APIARY, DON'T YOU KNOW."
She. "HOW NICE! MONKEYS ARE SO INTERESTING!"

A Rule of Three Sum for the New Senior Wrangler.

IF KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINGH's name for the first few years of his career in England was abbreviated into SMITH, how are we to pronounce the cognomen of Mr. RAGHUNATH PURUSHOTOM PARANJY, his brilliant fellow-Indian of the recent Mathematical Tripos? Is it to be JONES or ROBINSON? But from the last syllable of the surname, we darkly suspect that it is, after all, a case of printer's "pie," and give it up. Q.N.E.F.

"CONSPUEZ TROFFORT!"

LACHES LOUBETTISTES! INFAMES INJURES!
 UN MINISTÈRE D'ASSOMMEURS!

VOILÀ le résultat des ignobles efforts de l'abominable Syndicat! Le peuple français a crié "A bas TROFFORT!" Oh, suprême injure! Oh, lâche canaille!

Cependant ce ne sont que les misérables assommeurs qui m'ont hué, moi, le seul patriote en France. Je ne céderai jamais aux infâmes mouchards de PANAMA 1^{ER}. Conspuez LOUBET! Il faut redoubler nos efforts. PICQUART libéré, ZOLA chez lui, DREYFUS innocent! C'est un cauchemar de la justice. A bas les juges!

Et moi, HENRI TROFFORT, est-ce que je peux rester en France, désormais abandonnée aux PICQUART, aux ZOLA, aux DREYFUS, désormais l'esclave du conspué d'Auteuil et de l'affreux Syndicat anglais-juif? Moi, ancien communard, pour le moment allié des ridicules jeunes gens du

Faubourg St. Germain? Non, mille fois non!

Je n'ai aucune envie de suivre le vaillant CHRISTIANI en prison. A vrai dire, je ne désire que le confortable. Ah, un mot Anglais! A bas les Anglais! Cependant chez eux on trouve le vrai confortable. J'étais très-bien là-bas, dans cette villa du Regent Parc. Il ne me manquait rien, sauf le soleil de la France. Et qu'est-ce qu'il y a de plus gentil que le *policeman* anglais?



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—No. 19.

THE "TOD" RACING SADDLE.

This saddle, made of buckskin and silk, is of Yankee origin, and is designed, in straight running lines, after the style of the North American Indians.

Pourvu que vous ayez l'air d'un honnête homme, il ne s'occupe point de vous. Pas de mouchards, pas d'espions, pas d'assommeurs! Voilà une vie agréable, lorsqu'on n'est plus jeune!

ESTERHAZY lui-même habite Londres. Entre nous, c'est un homme des plus infâmes, espion, menteur, faussaire, voleur. Et cependant l'Angleterre ne lui refuse pas un home.

Donc je ne crierai plus "A bas les Anglais!" Si par hasard j'étais forcé de quitter ce malheureux pays où les méprisables bandits de l'infâme LOUBET m'ont hué, j'irais en Angleterre. Ah, douce tranquillité du Regent Parc! Il faut toujours varier ses cris selon ses principes. Il faut toujours varier ses principes selon son entourage. Jusqu'ici je n'ai pu crier "Vive les Anglais!" Mais ça viendra peut-être plus tard.

A présent il faut redoubler nos efforts; il faut dire des injures, mille fois plus violentes, à l'infâme locataire de l'Elysée, le méprisable PANAMA 1^{ER}, et au sinistre organisateur des assommeurs d'Armenonville, l'ignoble DUPUY. [Here we are forced to omit the remainder of M. TROFFORT's vituperation.]

Enfin un dernier mot. Si les Français, salariés ou non-salariés du Syndicat juif, — je ne parle plus des Anglais; c'est un peuple hospitalier — crient encore "Conspuez TROFFORT" je quitterai à tout jamais ce pays ingrat, et j'irai m'installer au milieu des paisibles *policemen* de Londres, en face des verdoyantes prairies du Regent Parc.

HENRI TROFFORT.

BUMBLE'S LAMENT.

"The boundaries of Marylebone parish are causing considerable bother to the Vestry. To beat them properly it is necessary to enter a cage in the Zoo where a hippopotamus lives. After discussion it was resolved to let the matter rest."—*The Globe*.]

WHICH I wish to put it simple-like and clear,
And the same it didn't ought to be forgot,
If you want to find a perilous career,
Why, a Beadle's is the wussiest of the lot;
For it's "What a howdy-dowdy! Here's them paupers gettin'
rowdy,
And the males is all refract'ry, 'cos the food ain't satisfact'ry,
While the females is that silly, they're refusin' of their skilly,"
And you've always got to be upon the spot.

Now, I ain't afraid of nuthink, no, not me!
As a man, a 'uman man, I'm brave enough,
For I've sometimes drunk a cup of paupers' tea,
And I've even ate a plateful of plum-duff,
But there's limits! When the fuss is over hippopotamuses
With a mouth wot's like a chasm, why, it damps your 'thusiasm,
And I'd like to see the man 'll swallow that job—even DAN'L
With his lions would have found it rather tough.

Yus, though unbeknown to terror, and I takes
To danger, like a crowner to a 'quest,
When I looks upon this hanimal, I shakes
Till my big 'eart is bustin' through my breast.
Which I'll beat the bounds with any, but there ain't not very many
Wot will plunge into the cages wheer sich monsters ramps and rages,
So, while beggin' of their pardins for advisin' of the Guardi'ns,
I'd suggest that they should let the matter rest.

ANOTHER DICTIONARY.—An advertisement appears in the *Times* of a "FUNK AND WAGNALLS Co.'s English Dictionary." As BULWER's *Cardinal Richelieu* observes, "There's no such word as 'Fail,'" so, written in English character, there ought to be "no such word as 'Funk.'" Such a book as this, partly composed by a FUNK, might cause a panic in the City. Perhaps the Wag in WAGNALLS counteracts the effect. Be it so. You can obtain it in "half Russia" for three sovereigns (the other "half Russia" going ten shillings better), and in "full Morocco" the Moors will do it for you at four guineas and five pounds.



SUPERB.

Podgson (a recently joined disciple of the gentle craft). "AH, NOW I FLATTER MYSELF THAT I PLAYED THAT FELLOW WITH CONSIDERABLE SKILL, AND LANDED HIM WITHOUT THE NET, TOO!"

MINOR TROUBLES.

I.—Our Secretary.

BEING a young author, with a young wife, who expects a good deal of my society—assistance in choosing her dresses, etc.—I thought it would be well to have a secretary to help me with the more laborious part of my work; but I have long regretted that I ever engaged one. I find I waste several hours of every day in trying to think of something for the secretary to do. He is far too willing, too industrious and eager for work. He is always talking about "method," and has a habit of continually "making lists" that annoys me acutely. He is an excellent type-writer, and always longing to exercise this art. Certainly I have written very little since he has been here, and it is doubtful if I ever shall do much during his stay. When I retire to my study—a dim little retreat, furnished principally with tobacco and boots, and with a delightful view of roofs from the window—I have hardly been there two hours when he will look in and find me still reading the *Daily Mail*. When I came down, my wife would say—

"Well, dear, have you had a good morning's work?" and I would answer, "Oh, very fair—very fair, indeed."

But now the secretary rushes up after me, and finds nothing on my desk but a piece of beautiful clean blotting-paper. Then he looks reproachful. We are both always inventing absurd errands for him—to get him out of the way. He is sent on missions not unconnected with millinery, to explain

what is the latest moment until which my wife can support existence without her new hat. Once I lent him to a musical friend, to help to get up a "Benefit." We did not see him for weeks, and we greatly enjoyed the holiday. He takes our dog out for a walk every day. I have found him reading aloud to my wife the "Answers to Correspondents" in *The Queen* while she worked. She told me she thought it was a kindness to give him something useful to do.

In his leisure moments—some twenty-three hours—he answers the acrostics in *Tit-Bits*, but I have never heard of his gaining a prize. To show the bad effect his presence has on my art, the last few weeks I have had some excellent ideas for poems, I may mention that I have already brought out a small volume called *Foam-Flowers*, which made some little sensation. Indeed, the criticisms it received were not those bestowed on the first comer. Not that they were fulsome, nauseating praise. And, by the way, one of the most irritating things my secretary ever did was to collect all the reviews and paste them neatly in a book. Separately, they had seemed not uncomplimentary—when taken in the right spirit. But together, they were depressing in a certain universality of opinion. I began a poem to be called *The Judgment Day*, which seemed a large subject and suitable for a fine work. I had written the following four lines of the first stanza:

"Under the versi-coloured tissue
Over the fulgent, bickering marge,
Stand in the participate twilight
Tenebrous gonfalons, looming large."

I was pleased with this opening, and my wife also admired it, though she said she feared it was "too deep" for the general public. I went out in the fresh air, to rest afterwards; and when I came in, I found these four lines neatly type-written. I was absolutely unable to think of another line in consequence, and was obliged to abandon what might have been a remarkable epic. However, I thought of something in an entirely different style; a simple little thing, a mere impression, called *Candle-light*.

It began thus—

"A cigarette; and the scent
Of a candle that has gone out.
And I would I knew where it went,
I, alone in darkness and doubt.
Dripping, pattering rain,
On the window-pane—"

I had got so far when I was called away. Of course, I came back to find it type-written, and my inspiration nipped in the bud.

I have just heard some good news. I had sent my secretary to look for a country house for us, that was to be neither old, nor new, neither too large nor too small, quite rustic and out in the country, but conveniently near to town. I thought this would occupy him some time. He returned unsuccessful and has just informed me he wishes to resign his secretaryship. He finds life in a flat too monotonous, and wishes to be a war-correspondent.

TEMPORARY PROVERB.—Every Midsummer has its day.



SCENE—A Soirée at the Head Master's House.

Mrs. Godolphin (to new German Master). "AND HOW DO YOU GET ON WITH THE BOYS, HERR SCHUSTER?"

New German Master. "ACH! DEY LAUGHS ME IN MY FACE; UND DEN I BOXES DEIR EARS; UND DEN I DO LAUGHS IN MY INTERIORS!"

CHILDE KRÜGER'S PILGRIMAGE.

A FRAGMENT.

THERE was a sound of devilry by night
Where Dopper patriots held open doors;
A maze of Chinese lanterns shed their light
On fearsome-waisted vrouws and deadly
Boers; [floors;
And now their stalwart crushers beat the
Now to the organ's titillating strum
They sang, with ardour streaming through
their pores,
A local hymn in one voluptuous hum,
Or that intoxicating strain—"Let 'em all
come!"

Did ye not hear it? Down the listening
wind,
Pure as their lord from taint of rinderpest,
The Presidential fly attached behind,
Thundered the trekking bullocks three
abreast;
And lo, within, taking a well-earned rest,
His topper tilted, in his coat a bloom
Of Orange-river-blossom, and a jest
Lingering round his lips, the seal of doom,
Behold the portly outlines of the unctuous
Oom.

As sleeps the youthful lambkin, yet un-
shorn,
Or as the bruiser dreams his toil away,
Having, by force of gravity, outworn
Another bruiser, earlier in the day—
So in the Communal four-wheeler lay
[This innocent, with conscience clear of stain,

Letting his pliant mind go loose at play,
Sated of sitting with a dull disdain
Upon the messenger from Mr. CHAMBER-
LAIN.

On what a sight the sleeper's peepers
woke!
The homage of a nation, void of art!
While little tuskless Boers and woman-
folk [heart!
Wept out their welcome on his flannelled
Fat warriors unoxed and hauled his cart
Irregularly, much against his will;
And some, whose humour was a thing
apart, [Hill?"
Made question, "How about Majuba
Or, "Have they sent you MILNER's Moral
Damage Bill?"

Threatat the pilgrim with a pious blush
And lifting up the white of both his eyes,
Honest as crocodiles', said "Hush, oh,
hush! [rise!
Let not your naughty earthly passions
Once more we win a victory; yet, be wise,
Nor, having giant strength, employ the
same
As giants use; but rather scan the skies,
Where he that upward looks with single
aim [little game.
May get to learn if Heaven approves his
"For Heaven has helped us who have
helped ourselves;
Pouching at ease what revenues we would,
Won from the heathen sweat of him that
delves

(And, delving, blasts) for our peculiar
good; [have stood
Judge not too much these gentiles who
Between our State and famine; let us see
How to embrace them in our brotherhood,
But very slowly, for a fitting fee,
Thus making Virtue blossom from Necess-
sity."

At this among the ruder bloods arose
Mutinous murmurs, till the old 'un said
That, at a pinch, if matters came to blows,
The Power, that long his Chosen Ones had
led [their head,
Would still, he hoped, consent to take
And bash the aliens. Here his dexter eye
Closed deftly. Then a Psalm or so was
read, [cry
The fighting kind, concluding with the
"The Sword of Gideon! Hew them hip,
hip, hip and thigh!"

But far away within the Sovereign isle,
Hard by where Europe sat and racked her
brain
Devising means to mend the nations' bile,
The enemies of peace took heart again;
And hounds of war that chafed against the
chain, [brine,
With ears aprick and nose that drank the
Waiting the sound of "Havoc!" stood at
strain;
For Job himself must here have made a
sign
And hinted that the hour had come to draw
the line.



“DOGS OF WAR.”

ONE PAUL, “MAY I ASK IF THOSE DOGS ARE INTENDED FOR ANY SPECIAL PURPOSE?”
J. B. CHAMBERLAIN, “WELL, GUVVNOH, THAT’S AS MAY BE! MERELY GIVIN’ ’EM A LITTLE GENTLE EXERCISE!”



WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

A CITY IDYLL.

TOBACCILLI!

[Mr. G. CLARKE NUTTALL, in the June *Contemporary Review*, says the flavour of tobacco is due to the agency of microbes alone.]

The Smoker sings to his Lady Nicotine:—

Now and then I have smoked a choice cigar,
By some kind friend presented;
There was nothing my peace of mind to mar
And render me discontented.

But now I've perused a June review
And lost one more illusion;
My Havana's aroma is merely due
To bacteria in profusion.

Nicotine's a cousin-german now
To the microbe in a twin sense;
But, though I'm a germicide, I vow,
At her shrine I'll still burn incense!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, June 12.—Rigoletto; or, The Opera that Wasn't. Mme. MELBA unfortunately indisposed; so VERDI's *Aida* substituted, in which Mme. GADSKI, as heroine, continued and improved upon her former success. Mme. LOUISE HOMER again proved herself worthy to bear the name of her great Greek ancestor, so celebrated as singer of his own little poetic compositions and travelling solo-harpist. Chorus good; holders of trumps scored the usual points. Compliments to Signor SCOTTI, who put in a first appearance as *Amonasro*.

Tuesday.—Faust. JEAN himself again, and in the moral clutches of the wicked EDOUARD, stoutest *Mephistopheles* that the STALLED Ox has ever seen. Man being known by his company, cannot help feeling surprised that *Marguerite* was not more curious to learn from *Faust* who his large friend in red was. When he makes love to skittish BAUERMEISTER (as *Martha*) latter's head only just comes up to his lowest note; no attempt made to encircle his waist. Mme. SUZANNE ADAMS played "one of Eva's daughters" with charming discretion, and is much more like a daisy than most stage *Marguerites*. Perhaps not quite so innocent as she looks; noticed that the flower she picks up so casually in He-loves-me-not scene had been previously selected for the odd number of its petals. Found her behaviour a little restless in church; and think she lacked fervour in *révision* scene, though holding her own against immense volume of sound emitted by pair

of brothers. Brass band of *Valentine's* Volunteers not to be overlooked. Played *Le Petit Soldat* march with incredible *verve*. Altogether a "dem fine" performance, as Mr. MANCINELLI (conductor) is at liberty to say.

Thursday, June 15.—BELLINI's Norma; or, "Her Heart was true to Pol!"—No! Scenes of my childhood once more I behold ye! GRISI and MARIO I shall never forget; TITIENS I remember.

A capital house; if not absolutely crowded, at least so full as not only to afford proof positive of the genuine public interest awakened by the revival. Four times were Mme. LILLI LEHMANN, as *Norma*, and Mlle. GIULIA RAVOGLI, as *Adalgisa*, recalled before the curtain after the great duet.

Grand was M. PLANÇON, the magnificent *Oroveso*, topping every one on the stage by at least half a head, as representing the very highest of high priests in the Druidical hierarchy. Herr DIPPPEL was a perfectly perfidious *Pollio*, false to *Adalgisa*, as he had been false to *Norma*, but absolutely true to his BELLINI, and receiving that full share of the ovation he had justly earned. Signor VANNI adequately filled the modest part of *Flavio*, the "*Carolus ejus amicus*" of operatically classic Rome. *Clothilde*, engaged as *Norma's* nursery governess in charge of the two little *Pollio-Norma* boys, was sweetly portrayed by Mlle. BAUERMEISTER.

It is a pity that, with the new scenery and costumes, so many of the old absurdities which made the Opera an easy prey to the burlesque-writer should not have been done away with entirely. The Druids' brass band might have been heard but not seen, and the nondescript chorus of nobodies-in-particular might have become naturalised and nationalised with appropriate costumes; as it is, they are a rabble out of some comic classic history.

"JAM" NON "SATIS."

(*A Lay of Medmenham, by a Broken-hearted Boating Man landing from the Thames, who was informed that, by the rules of the Hotel, visitors were not allowed jam with their tea if served in the garden.*)

THERE'S a river hotel that is known very well,

From the turmoil of London withdrawn,
Between Henley and Staines, where this strange rule obtains—
That you must not have jam on the lawn.

In the coffee-room still you may eat what you will,

Such as chicken, beef, mutton, or brawn,
Jam and marmalade too, but, whatever you do,
Don't attempt to eat jam on the lawn.

Young JONES and his bride sought the cool river side,

And she said, as she skipped like a fawn,
"As it is, it is nice, but 'twould be paradise,
Could we only have jam on the lawn!"

DIVIDENDS AND DRAMA.

At the first ordinary general meeting of the Lyceum Theatre Co., Limited, Mr. COMYNS CARR presented Sir HENRY's "cordial greetings" to the directors and shareholders, and the assurance that he (Sir HENRY) was perfectly satisfied and contented, and under the circumstances, in a general way as happy as possible, which, of course, was "tidings of comfort and joy." Then an inquisitive shareholder wanted to know what the future arrangements might be, and the astute Mr. CARR declined to be drawn on that delicate subject. Then another shareholder politely requested to be informed "whether the receipts had depreciated in the absence, through illness, of Sir HENRY IRVING?"

Now this would have been a bit of a poser for any managing director, however well qualified for the post; but Mr. CARR, more than equal to the occasion, astutely replied that "of course Sir HENRY's absence would always depreciate receipts in any theatre in which he appeared as leading actor"—and he might have illustrated his remark by asking where would be the great attraction of a Lion Show in the absence of the Lion? However, without pausing for parables that might have been out of place at a business meeting, he went on to reassure the shareholder, with as little damage as possible to the feelings of Sir HENRY, that "the attractions of the play were such that the results were in the mass entirely satisfactory." An oracular utterance so admirably adapted to the occasion that no other shareholder seems to have troubled the "subsequent proceedings."

Perhaps on some future occasion a bolder shareholder may summon up courage to inquire what arrangements have been made, so that an extraordinarily "great success" may "run" for three, four, or five hundred nights and more? And suppose such a hit were to happen in the absence of Sir HENRY, what would the Lyceum Co., Limited, do with Sir HENRY? HENRY or not HENRY, "that is the question." Is it Dividends first and Drama afterwards? But, drama first by all means, only it must be a drama full of interest—for the money.



AFTER THE COLLISION.

Fair Stranger. "I SUPPOSE YOU MUSTN'T SWEAR EITHER?"

LYRICAL OUTRAGES.

X.—A LESSON (BY A DETECTIVE).

THERE is a flower, the Pride of Holloway,
That shuts in prison, as in cold and rain,
But with the sun of freedom's first bright
ray,
Brazen as brass itself, comes out again!
When cribs have been a-cracking, house on
house,
When burgled tradesmen clamour sore
distrest,
It hides its head as quiet as a mouse
In close self-shelter, having earned a rest.
But lately, one rough day, this flower I past,
And recognised it, though an altered
form—
False beard and whiskers streaming to the
blast—
Picking its way (and pockets) in the storm.
It stopped and said, with beggar's whining
voice,
"I do not love to beg in rain and cold;
This neither is my courage nor my choice,
But my necessity in being old."

"To tripe and onions and to mountain dew
I cannot help myself in my decay;
My limbs are stiff, my hair is changed of
hue"—
And, in my sleeve, I smiled that it was
gray.

"To be a first-class mobsman—then, worse
truth,
A common pickpocket—a baddish lot!
My man, you've gone down steady since
your youth,
You come along o' me, you'll catch it
hot!"

ADDITIONAL SUBJECTS

(For the International Council of Women,
Presented with Mr. Punch's Respects and
kind Regards).

By a Married Man.—"A paper on the
best method of 'setting things to rights' in
a study without putting an unfinished MS.
novel into the waste-paper basket, and
'mislaying' notes for consultation with
the family solicitor."

"A consideration of the possibilities of

theatre and ball going, without infringing
unduly upon the moments of an author
writing against time for a magazine or some
other periodical."

"A note upon the hours of luncheon and
dinner in relation to the reasonable require-
ments of the principal bread-winner of the
house."

By a Bachelor.—"An essay upon engage-
ments with a view to restricting within
moderate limits the right to dancing atten-
dance claimed by woman over man."

"Suggestions for the adequate valeting
of an elderly unmarried man in lodgings,
where only a 'general' is kept to act as
cook, housemaid, and sempstress."

By Everyone.—"A scheme by which both
sexes may live in amity and mutual use-
fulness."

BLOEMFONTEIN.

(With apologies to the Author of "The
Mikado.")

THE confabs that "bloem" at the "spring,"
tra la,

Of profit have shown not a trace:
We'll have to take "under our wing," tra la,
That old and avuncular thing, tra la,

With a caricature of a face.

He seems not to care when we say or
we sing,

That wronging the strangers is not quite
"the thing"

In the Transvaal, la la!

The Transvaal, la la!

To wrong them is hardly the thing!

THE POINT OF VIEW.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that some med-
dlesome busybodies are at the dogs' muzzles
again! As if a dog didn't look *ever so much*
better and brighter, in the nice hot weather,
with a wire muzzle over its ugly teeth!
Anyway, I and my family can walk the
streets now without being *constantly* worried
by every mangy little cur that passes—and



The Letter Writer.

that's *everything* to self-respecting citizens
like ourselves. Long life to LONG! say I.

Yours, dear Mr. Punch, with respect,
A. MOUSER,
Past President of the Anti-Canine Association.

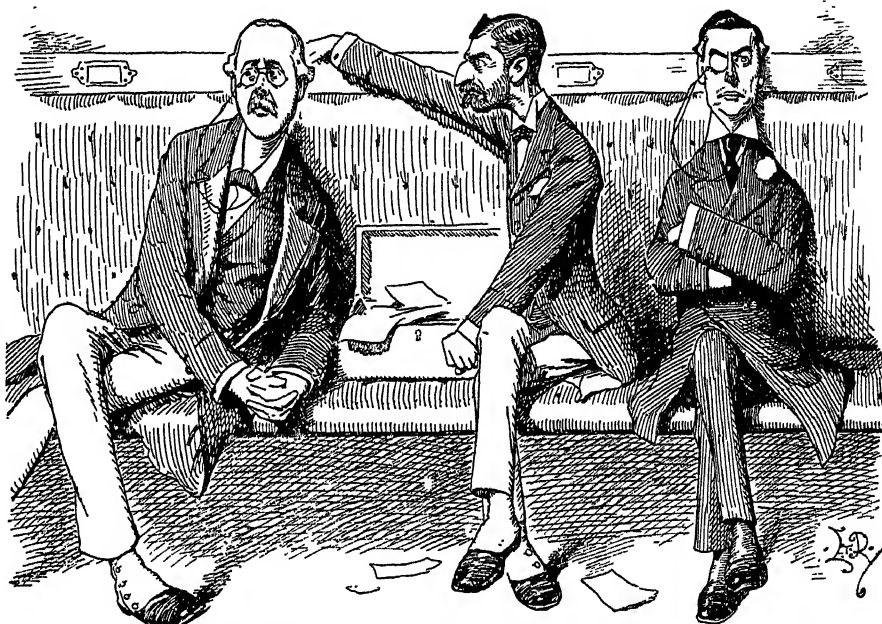
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 12, 12 P.M.—"Well," said the LORD ADVOCATE, mopping his pallid brow and smiling an arid smile, "I have in my time opposed Home Rule all round; after this I think I should like it—especially for England and Ireland."

House been eight hours in Committee on measure reforming procedure on Scotch private bills. With exception of CRIPPS, the Picts left the room and the business entirely to the Scots. For all practical purposes a Scotch Parliament. CALDWELL in great form.

"What I like," he says, "is Committee. When SPEAKER is in chair a member may make only one speech on a particular question. One motion one speech, is all very well for some people. Doesn't suit me. True, when I'm once on my legs I, like the brook at Milton-on-Campsie, rainbow-hued with proceeds of the paternal calico printing business, run on for ever, or as near that time as illimitable patience of House will permit. As CAWMELL-BANNERMAN once said, 'Listening to you, my dear CALDWELL, I never know any reason why you should sit down; nor, indeed,' he added after a moment's reflection, 'why you should have got up.' Don't know what he means by last remark. Fancy it must be by way of a joke, for CAWMELL'S aye humoursome. The first part is quite true, and nicely said. When I do sit down after speaking for an hour or so I haven't been on the bench two minutes when bang goes another idea. Something I might have talked about for a glad half hour. Rules of House against it. In Committee no such restriction. As GRAHAM MURRAY says, 'Scotch debate in Committee is a sort of CALDWELL sandwich. A slice of bread (say Dr. CLARK), then CALDWELL, representing a cut of salted tongue; another slice of bread (say Mr. WEIR), and there's your sandwich. Then we begin again: slice of bread (BUCHANAN), then CALDWELL; slice of bread



WHAT WE HAVE COME TO.—A SKETCH DURING THE SUGAR DEBATE.

A study of three "life-long Free Traders" while listening to Free Trade arguments.
(Mr. B-l-f-r, Lord G-rge H-m-It-n, and Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n.)

(ROBERTSON), and so on all through the sitting.' And very nourishing, wholesome food, too, if I may say it."

This is not the end of Mr. CALDWELL'S interesting remarks. But space is limited. He will be continued in our next. So will the debate on Private Bill Procedure. Scotch members don't often get a look in. Naturally not disposed to let their opportunity slip. Debate accordingly stands adjourned. LORD ADVOCATE meanwhile has been taken to the hospital.

Business done.—A nicht wi' BURNS. Song (by LORD ADVOCATE), "Private Legislation Procedure (Scotland) Bill, Oh!"

Tuesday.—Wide opening for ARTHUR ELLIOT. Not hitherto had opportunity of making his mark in present Parliament. Everything comes to man who waits. Ball at ELLIOT'S feet to-night. London Government Bill down for third reading. Measure includes provision introduced by COURTNEY, making possible the creation of Alderwoman. Thing to do is to have bill recommended so that question may be reconsidered. ELLIOT, so to speak, stands in the breach, to prevent Woman wearing it in the plural.

As he plaintively told SPEAKER and mocking House he had "been at some pains" to prepare oration on subject. For better effect in its delivery had obtained short lease of corner seat below gangway, to which the presence of JEMMY LOWTHER daily lends dignity and weight. JEMMY away to-night, having appointment with dressmaker who is making new frock for the Importunate Widow. So ARTHUR ELLIOT takes the coveted place and commences the oration that is to trip up the Alderwoman just as she sees the way clear to step into the chair.

Hadn't gone far when SPEAKER up on one of those pestiferous points of order that hamper the eloquent member. Mustn't discuss this, mustn't touch on that; must, in short, make progress (if any) along a tight rope. ELLIOT in despair. Never thought of these restrictions when composing his oration. Might as well try to make an

omelette without eggs as obey SPEAKER'S injunction. Stumbled along for few minutes; got back into groove of speech; doing nicely when SPEAKER again interrupted. It was on being pulled up for third time ELLIOT made the plaintive plea about having "been at some pains" in preparation of the speech it seemed he might not deliver. SPEAKER obdurate; House unsympathetic. ELLIOT'S struggles grew fainter, and, his speech unspoken, he fell back into the seat from which ten minutes earlier he had risen to wring the neck of the Alderwoman.

Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

Business done.—London Government Bill read a third time.

Thursday.—Since hapless King LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH set out in the historic yellow *Berline*, whose flight was stopped at Varennes, there has been nothing quite so enthralling as the more nebulous history of the railway carriage Don José did not engage for flight to Lausanne. Nothing more precise than the original statement. The *Berline*—I mean the railway carriage, was ordered by telephone, a means of communication that would have greatly pleased the boyish mind of the fugitive to Varennes. There was some mistake about the moment of departure. Here history, harking back to the start of the *Berline*, repeats itself. Finally, arrangements were concluded for the carriage to be at the Gare de Lyons to-morrow, at 9.10 P.M. (*L'heure de Paris*).

Don José, standing at the Table to-night in view of the sacred volume upon which members take the oath, solemnly declared that the story was a fantasy. "I have not," he said, "engaged any railway carriage either in this country or in France. I have no intention of leaving my country."

This, definite and undeniable, is more-over gratifying to patriotic hearts. Fallen upon troublesome times, with multiples of MACLEAN pestering him, LOUIS CAPET might



NIPPED IN THE BUD.

"Might as well try to make an omelette without eggs."

(Hon. Arth-r Ell-t.)



NOT WHAT SHE EXPECTED.

SCENE—Canal side, Sunday morning.

Lady. "DO YOU KNOW WHERE LITTLE BOYS GO TO WHO BATHE ON SUNDAY?"

First Arab. "YUS. IT'S FARDER UP THE CANAL SIDE. BUT YOU CAN'T GO. GIRLS AIN'T ALLOWED!"

take refuge in flight. DON JOSÉ is made of sterner stuff.

Business done.—Ministerial majority ran up to normal figure in support of counter-vailing sugar duties in India.*Friday.*—TIM HEALY back for a few days. Brings with him the influence of the brisk salt breeze of Irish Channel. Since he was last here has been made a Q.C. As he rises to confront CARSON and SAUNDERSON, united in opposition to Dublin Corporation Bill, you can almost hear the rustling of his silk gown. A masterly speech he made, brief, pungent, every sentence telling.

"Man and boy I've known the House of Commons for many years," said SARK. "In my experience the rarest thing is to find a speech influence a vote. That is a hard thing to say as going to the root of the business of our daily meeting. All the same it's true. One memorable variation from the rule was HENRY FOWLER's speech on Indian Cotton Duties. Another, and I don't recall any between, is TIM HEALY's speech on the report stage of the Dublin Corporation Bill. He had the good fortune to rise when the House was full. He instantly commanded, never lost grip of, attention. Immediately on his sitting down House divided. At a moderate estimate I reckon speech carried fifty votes."

Business done.—Scotch Estimates.

At Ascot.

Lady Larkspur (to Mrs. Vamose). I thought you said that you had tickets for the Royal Inclosure?

Mrs. Vamose (not to be beaten). Quite right, my dear, but my husband thought it would not be quite respectable for me to go there alone.

PRIVATE VIEWS: MOSTLY UNPOPULAR.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

No. V.—TRANSVAAL QUESTIONS.

Is England Suzerain or not, Sir?

Is Mr. KRÜGER bond or free?

Does ALFRED MILNER know what's what, Sir?

How stands the case of JOSEPH C.?

Is every plan, when we prepare it,

Serenely just, profoundly right?

Is black as black as men declare it,

Or just a darker shade of white?

The Uitlander would fain renounce us;

He pines to be a Transvaal Boer.

Shall Uncle KRÜGER always bounce us

By closing every open door?

Our remedy for wrongs so grievous

Is just to make Oom PAUL allow

These British citizens to leave us,

And help to milk the Transvaal cow.

Is JOSEPH C.—forgive my harking

Back to that celebrated man—

As good at biting as at barking

When KRÜGER calmly flouts his plan?

Is JOSEPH's fame securely founded,

Or merely made of gaudy shams?

What were the secrets he propounded

In those mysterious telegrams?

These questions much perplex the nation;

Our minds adopt the changing hue

Of every daily alteration

Of policies and points of view.

For first our papers shout for battle;

Then, presto, all the shoutings cease,

And with a lightning change we rattle

From blood to milk, from war to peace!

It's joyous to be urged to slaughter

On Sunday; but when Monday comes

The wine of threats is thinned with water;
Furled are the flags and hushed the drums.Next day our peacefulness we smother;
We mean to give old KRÜGER fits,
And make the Dutchman be our brother
By shooting every Boer to bits.On Wednesday we don't quite like it;
We *might* make war, but what's the use?
A nail's all right if you can strike it,
But if you miss it it's the deuce.
Besides, the Boers much lead have bought them;They're armed and ready for the fray—
Ask JAMESON, who went out and fought them,

And Mr. RHODES, who stayed away.

But Thursday's terrors, who shall state 'em?

That morn the bellicose D. T.

Puts forth its private ultimatum,

And every Jingo shouts with glee.

That pink and patriotic journal,

The Globe, makes evening fiery redBy calling down for flames infernal
To scorch the crown of KRÜGER's head.

Then Friday finds us pale and breathless;

The strain was much too tense to last:

Oom PAUL, it may be, isn't deathless;

We'll wait until his days are past.

On Saturday we range from raging

Down to the *Westminster Gazette*,Which bids us, while we're slowly aging,
Pause calmly—well, we're pausing yet.ADVERTISEMENT in the *Morning Post*—
"Failed in Civil Service Exam., young lad seeks employment,"—opens up new possibilities for the candid advertisement, such as:—TO LONDON EDITORS.—Young gentleman, rejected by *Times*, *Nineteenth Century* and other high-class papers, is prepared to accept engagement. Work not so much an object as salary.

SCOTCH GARDENER, early riser, strict temperance, 56, desires employment as Variety Artist.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, unencumbered with fortune or personal attractions, wishes to correspond with young heiress. No questions answered. Stamped envelope, 508a, Old Kent Road.

RETIRED CARD EXPERT wants change (of fifty forged notes). Address, in strict confidence, "TICKET OF LEAVE."



THE COMING RACE; OR, THE NEW CENTAURY.



SOMETHING LIKE A CATCH.

Mrs. Binks (sick of it). "REALLY, JOHN! HOW CAN YOU BEAR TO SPEND YOUR TIME WHIP—WHIP—WHIPPING AT THE STREAM ALL DAY LONG AND NEVER A SINGLE FISH TAKING THE LEAST NOTICE OF YOU?"

John. "AH, BUT THINK O' THE DELIGHT, MARIA, WHEN YOU DO GET A FISH! LOR' BLESS US, MY DEAR, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE DAY WHEN YOU HOOKED ME?"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—The Don. M. RENAUD, who had been "called on" twice after second act, and had politely returned the call, now sent round to his "friends in front" to say that he was suffering from hoarseness. The information was necessary, as otherwise the fact would have passed unnoticed by the audience. ZÉLIE *Zerlina* sprightly arch as usual, LILLI LEHMANN majestic, and Black-Ey'd SUZANNE ADAMS a rather knowing *Donna Elvira*.

Tuesday Night.—In view of coming Henley Week, and of Regatta season generally having now set in, the Operatic management, ever ready to get along swimmingly with the tide of popular favour, evidently considered it a Happy Thought to produce *Ero e Leandro*, by that "Jolly young Water-MAN"—CINELLI. That the announcement must have taken the public by surprise was evident from the thinness of the house, which was in a reduced state, perhaps on account of the afternoon's heat, with rain threatening and thunderstorms in the air. LOUISE HOMER, as *Prologo*, came like a shadow and so departed, being with us but for a few brief moments. Mlle. STRAKOSCH, as *Ero* the 'Eroine, and M. SALÉZA as the Hero, the classic professor of natation, and PLANÇON as the classic Irishman, *Arry O'Farnie*—spelt in Italian *Airofarnie*—did their level best, and the best on this occasion was so uncommonly level that the entire Opera, musically and dramatically, seemed rather flat. Signor MANCINELLI conducted, but whether during the performance he was pleased or grieved, it was impossible to determine from the audience's point of view of him.

Wednesday.—An emotional House calling JEAN DE RESZKE on before the curtain some eight or ten times in order to bid him heartily farewell. Rather trying for our stout JEAN. However, though he played and sang *Tristan* to perfection, he was not so overcome at the prospect of parting from his dear friends, "as," observed gaily Mr. WAGGSTAFF, "to appear a very *Triste'un*." Hope WAGGIE will be locked up before next season. He sees the name of JACQUES BARS in the programme and, of course, wants to know "which Bars? Is it drinking Bars, Chancery and Common

Law Bars, musical Bars, American Brown Bars, or—" But at this point (if the word "point" can possibly be applied to anything WAGGSTAFF ever utters) we fled. Suffice it that the two RESZKES, BISPHAM, PRINGLE, and BARS, with Mme. LILLI LEHMANN, as *Isolde*, and Mlle. OLITZKA as *Brangane*, were all first-rate.

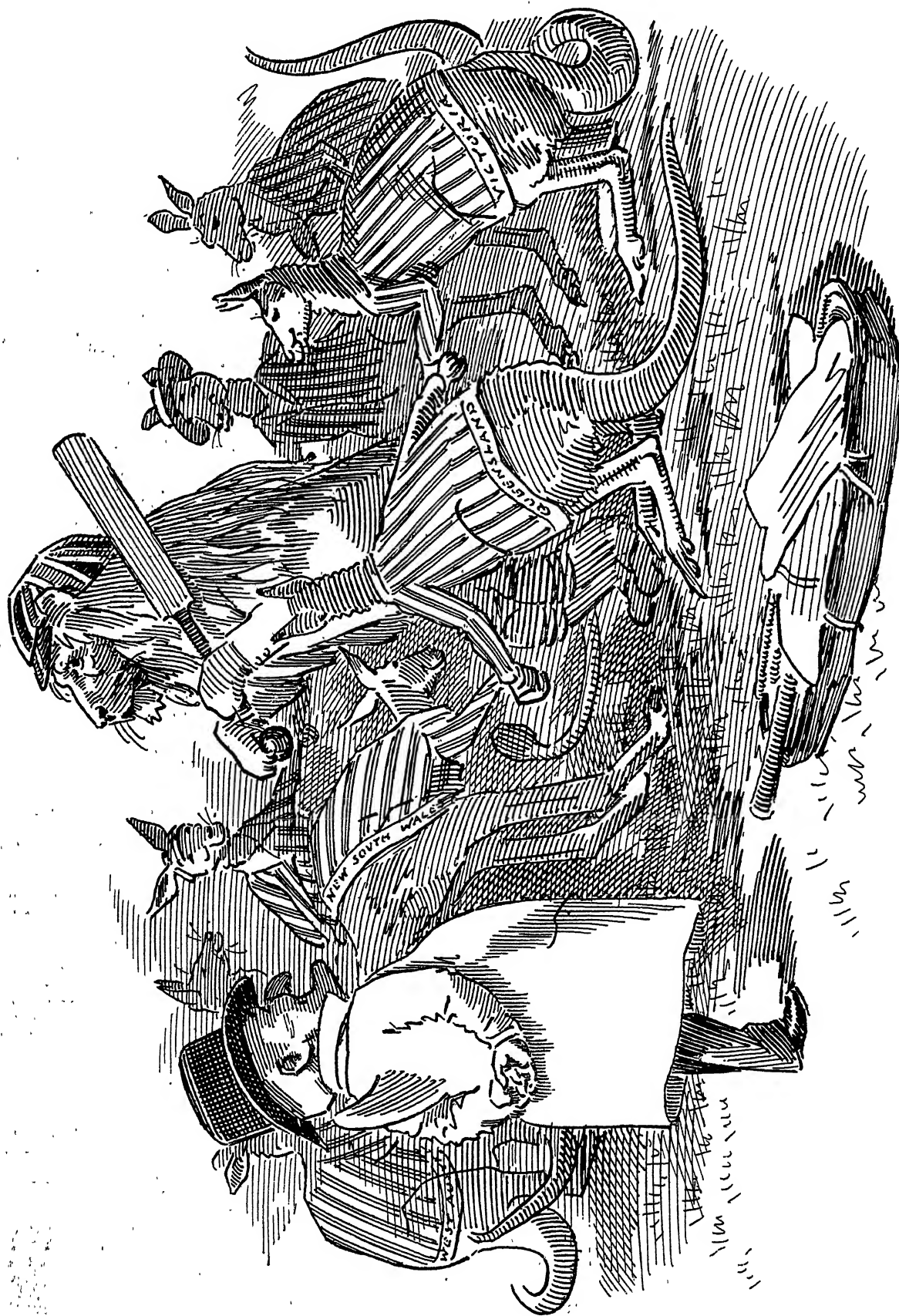
Thursday.—Tannhäuser. An "off" night, i.e. VAN DYCK and Mons. PLANÇON, both being "indisposed," were "off it." Their efficient substitutes were Herr DIPPPEL and Mister PRINGLE. *Elisabeth* was well sung and played by Mme. GADSKI; *Venus* came out strong, or rather, Miss SUSAN STRONG was all her name implies as *Venus*. In spite of its being, comparatively, a "Poor House," there was plenty of money in it, judging from appearances.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE late Mr. GEORGE W. FISHER's handsome book of the *Annals of Shrewsbury School* (METHUEN) should be a joy to all Old Salopians, as it is to one of them, my Nautical Retainer, who here writes its praises. There were school customs on which he could have enlightened the author, but the work does not pretend to exhaust the extensive and peculiar details of the habits of the boys as they lived; rather to be an historical record of the school from the time when it rose to fame under ESSEX's friend ASHTON, patron of Whitsuntide Plays, and counted PHILIP SIDNEY and FULKE GREVILLE among its *alumni*, till, after many vicissitudes, it won, and held during at least the middle half of the present century, the first place easily among English public schools for pure classical scholarship. At the same time, though Mr. FISHER, himself formerly a Shrewsbury Master, has dwelt most upon the history of the school as a seat of learning, the lighter side of things is not neglected; the prowess of the school by flood and field is traced back from the honours of her latest blues to the time when, in the days of good Queen BESS, "the only games permitted at the school were 'shootings in the longe bowe,' 'chesse plaie,' running, wrestling, and leaping;" when, with the exception of "limited stakes, 1*d.* a game and 4*d.* a match," all betting, "openlie or covertlie," was forbidden; and offenders "severely punyshed" or else "expulsed for ever." A useful ordinance of the same period made provision for the case of masters who might be unable to perform their duties satisfactorily by reason of "greate age or imbecillitie."

Both *Great and Small*, by ARTHUR LEGGE (JOHN LANE), should undoubtedly have been issued as the opening number of a series, say, *Lane's Penny Fireside Novelle*, in which form its lurid banalities could have made a more successful appeal. We have the noble Earl repulsed by the poor clergyman's daughter, until the time-honoured device of an affray in which he gets seriously mangled brings her rushing to his side, and, like the noble girl she is, promising to sacrifice herself and marry into the peerage. We have the bad and beauteous lady who calls a spade—emphatically and at frequent intervals—a spade; we have the gallant captain on whom she casts her basilisk eyes, making him so uncomfortable that he marries her, and spends the rest of his life being misunderstood by every one; and we have the death of the harmless, necessary child that instantaneously changes his bad and beauteous wife into a good but plain one. And when he finds her at last, after years of separation, on a lonely beach, a considerate tide surrounds them with boiling surf, and nothing remains but the "still pitiless cliffs, and the leaping, staggering, drunken sea." "If only we could believe that!" sighs the Baron's Retainer, ordinarily "blithe and gay," "but we know, alas, that neither by plague nor pestilence, fire nor water, can this kind of people be killed outright, never to re-appear in any novel or romance whatever."

Florizel's Folly (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is the gentle way of putting things Mr. JOHN ASHTON adopts as the title of a work devoted to record of the social life of the Prince of WALES, afterwards GEORGE THE FOURTH. If he had called it *Florizel's Meanness, Gluttony, Debauchery, and Absolute Worthlessness*, it would have been a more cumbersome but a more accurate label for the volume. My Baronite is amazed to think that such goings on as are here described happened in the highest places of this realm not more than a hundred years ago. What makes the record the more terrible is the compiler's severe abstention from comment. He is as unemotional as a telephone or a phonograph. His not to wonder why. He collects with intelligent assiduity from a far-stretching field contemporary records of the doings of "the First Gentleman of Europe," chiefly in connection with his orgies at Brighton. The only gleam of satisfaction that lights on the sordid story is found in the wholesome freedom of comment by pen and pencil displayed by the newspapers and the GILBAYS of the day. Everybody knew in what low saturnalia the Prince got into debt. All the same, when time after time his wretched father appealed to Parliament to pay off his pimps and harlots the money was forthcoming. THE BARON DE B.-W.



COMBINE, AUSTRALIA!

Empire Punch. "You 've done jolly well by combination in the Cricket Field, and now you 're going to federate at Home. Bravo, Boys!"

A MASQUE,

ENTITLED,
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

(In humble emulation of the Masque entitled "Beauty's Awakening," now being presented at the Guildhall by members of the Art Workers' Guild.)

THE SCENE—An open space under the ægis of the County Council. In the centre of the stage, upon a couch, reclineth LONDON, asleep. She is shown as a fair lady clad in flowing garments coloured like smoke, and a thick fog broods over her. One of the Council's bands discourseth sweet music.

Presently shall enter PROLOCUTOR, representing the Art Workers' Guild, who shall gaze sadly upon the sleeper and thereafter speak these lines, sternly :—

LONDON, awake ! I notice with regret That Art and You are unacquainted yet, Your homes are ugly and your streets are dirty,

You've not advanced a step since 1880. You love the gorgeous and eschew the chaste And now, as ever, are devoid of Taste.

Then shall he descend the steps of the stage and sit among the audience. Presently shall enter, on the Right, in poor attire, a fair youth, which is ARCHITECTURE, who shall turn to the sleeper and speak thus :—

Bid ME to build and I will build
A mansion fit for thee,
Which other members of the Guild
Shall furnish fittingly ;
A house as large, a house as fine,
A house as fair and free,
As anywhere shall meet thine ey'no,
That house I'll build for thee.

But, or ever he shall finish saying of these verses, shall enter on the Left a threatening shape, magnificently appointed, presenting JERRY-BUILDER, who shall address the sleeper thus :—

The Architects with might and main
Make every effort to destroy me,
My loss, they think, would be THEIR gain,
But as I'm cheap, why you employ me.

These twain shall then go out severally, and on the Right shall enter LITERATURE (in other words, the Society of Authors), represented by the good Knight Sir BESANT. He is clothed in rags, and shall address LONDON as follows, weeping :—

You lavish money on your table,
Your clothes, your footmen and your cooks,
You keep six horses in your stable,
And yet you never buy our books !

Whereupon enter hurriedly the TIT-BITS SPIRIT, in costly apparel, prosperous and well-fed, who shall speak as follows, proudly :—

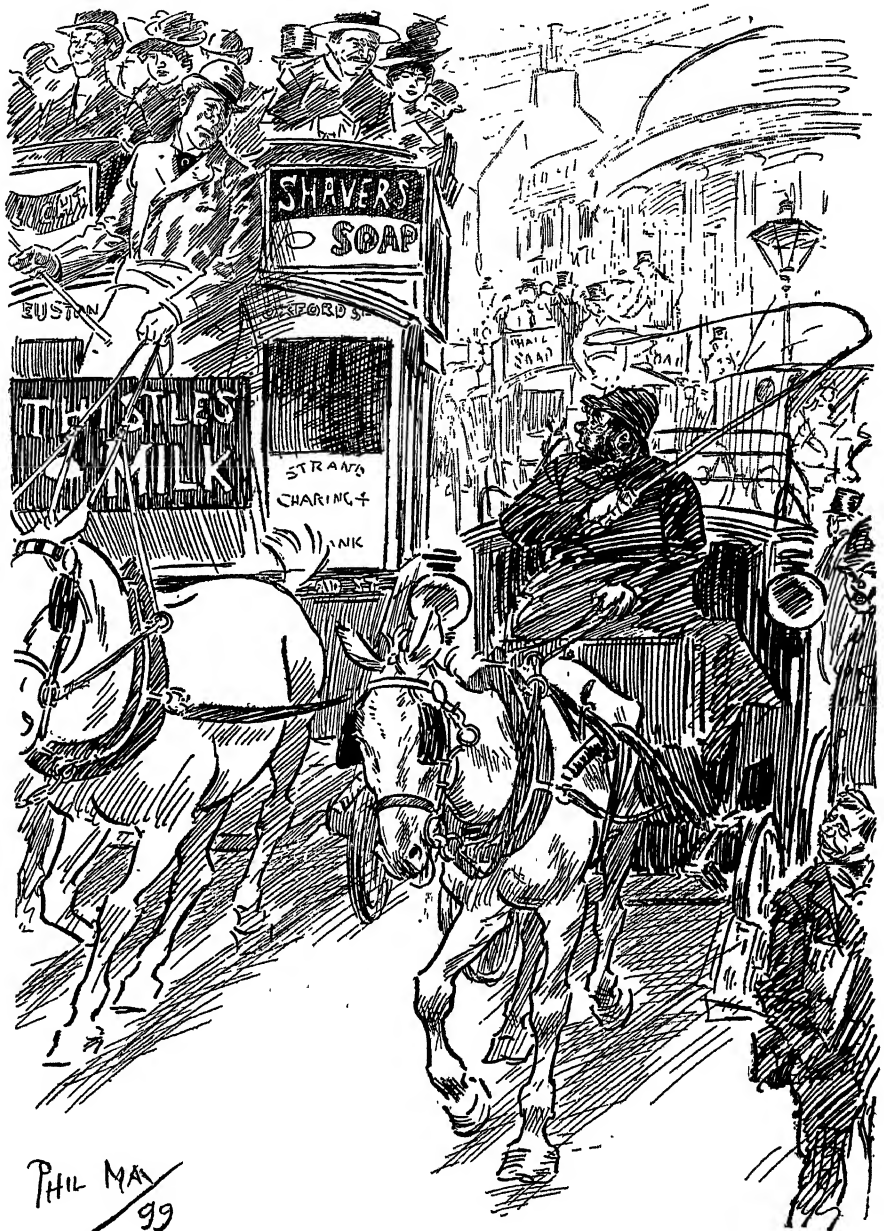
I am the thing that LONDON reads,
Beneath my spell she sleeps secure,
I am exactly what she needs,
I am her LITERATURE !

They two likewise shall go out severally, and enter on the Right figures representing ARTS AND CRAFTS, on the Left a mighty Spirit yclept SHODDY. They on the Right shall say :—

WE work in metal and in wood,
Design art papers for your walls,
WE, only WE, most fitly could
Provide mosaics for St. Paul's

To whom SHODDY shall reply :—

I am the Nasty and the Cheap,
I am the Hasty and the Bad,



'Bus Driver (to Cabby, who is trying to lash his horse into something like a trot). "WOT'S THE MATTER WITH 'IM, WILLUM ? 'E DON'T SEEM 'ISSELF THIS MORNIN'. I BELIEVE YOU'VE BIN AN' CHANGED 'IS MILK !"

I make artistic flesh to creep,
I drive artistic natures mad.
Whate'er I make, I make to sell,
The Greedy huckster loves me well !

When these are gone forth, shall enter on the Right MUSIC, carrying a broken harp. She shall speak thus, sadly :—

The eldest of the Arts am I,
All other cities reverence me,
Here by Thames' side I pine and die,
None aids me with a subsidy.

To whom shall reply the SPIRIT OF THE MUSIC HALL, upon the Left, clad resplendently in purple and gold :—

I am the Music LONDON craves,
The Patriotic crowds adore me ;
I sing how Britain rules the waves,
And pit and gallery encore me !

They also shall depart, and PROLOCUTOR shall ascend from the Audience, and, standing upon the stage, shall address LONDON as follows :—

Still sleeping, LONDON ? Dost thou close thine ears
Alike to Architect's and Artist's tears ?
Absorbed in bargains, busy in the Mart,
We see thee blind to beauty, deaf to Art,
Thy Painters starve, thy minor poets weep,
And nothing we can do can break thy sleep.

Then shall PROLOCUTOR also depart sadly, and LONDON, whose sleep has grown more and more profound during the progress of the Masque, shall break into a snore as the curtain falls.

FRUIT TO BE AVOIDED BY BATHERS.—Currants.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

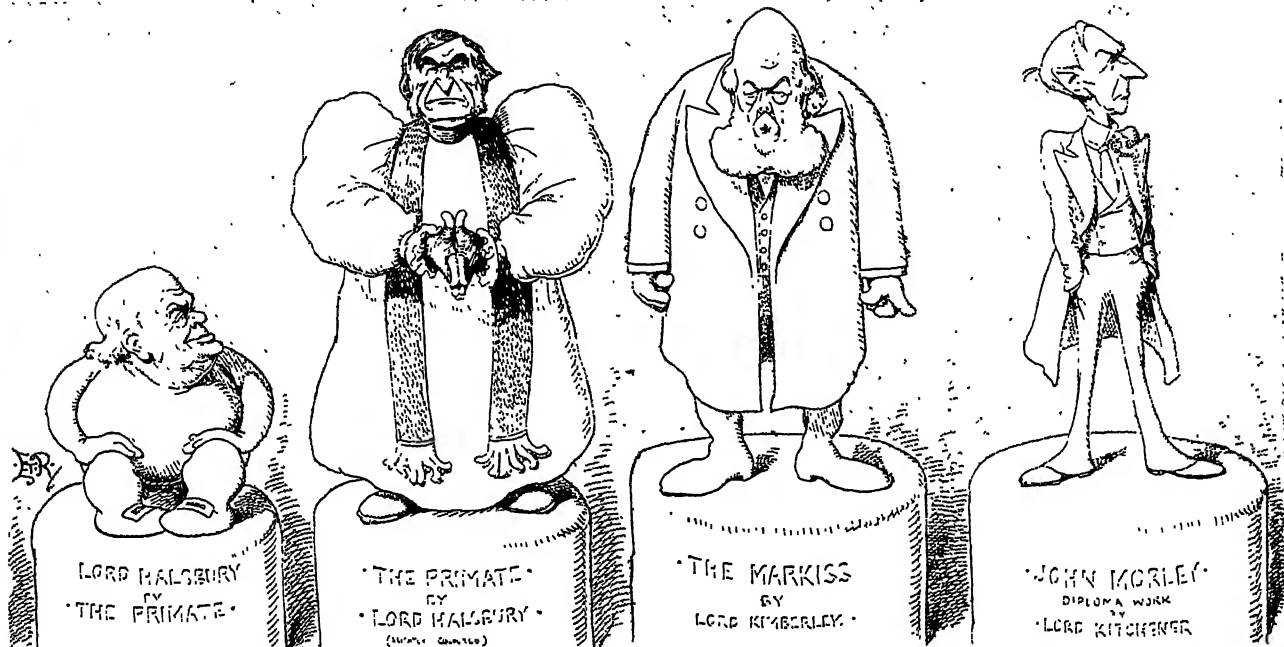
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, June 19.—Since the image of the housemaid crossed his mind, luring him on to the wanton destruc-

enough for that, a Select Committee has been appointed. On the system, value, utility, of Royal Commissions, MARKISS straightway proceeded to pour contumely and scorn.

"I think I know several now pending," he chuckled, "which have not the slightest

Tuesday.—"How they brought the news to Ghent" is a story that has been told in deathless verse. How Lord TWEEDMOUTH "came to the powers of," what he frequently alluded to as, "these bodies" is not lacking in dramatic incidence. Must not be concluded from iteration of phrase, "these



A POLITICAL ROYAL ACADEMY (SCULPTURE DEPARTMENT).

"I doubt whether any addition of politicians to the governing bodies of our great Art institutions would add much to the value and beauty of their work."—Lord Salisbury on Academy Reform.

tion of the Scotch Shop Girls' Seats Bill, introduced in other House by political supporter, approved by the LORD ADVOCATE, the MARKISS has not given us any of his charming speeches. To-night broke out again, harmlessly this time, at least, hurting no one more important than STANLEY of Alderley. That eminent legislator, suddenly remembering that thirty-six years ago Royal Commission recommended certain reforms of Royal Academy, woke up and asked the MARKISS what he meant to do about it?

Pretty to see the MARKISS's amused yet benevolent glance at the noble Rip Van Winkle. Must know STANLEY of Alderley and his manner of speech fully to appreciate the remark. "He has, as usual, surrounded the question of which he gave notice with a graceful haze of irrelevant matter." Then, momentarily displacing the housemaid, there crossed the MARKISS's mind the image of an Artistic Party in Parliament, led by Lord WEMYSS, with STANLEY of Alderley as Whip, prescribing for the Royal Academy rules of conduct and procedure.

"I hope," said the MARKISS, "they will organise themselves in some such way that their recommendations shall have a tendency towards unanimity." Next he be-thought him, that since he came into office, he and his colleagues, more especially those seated in the Commons, have passed much time in appointing Royal Commissions and Select Committees. Whenever a quandary has arisen, whether in respect of Old Age Pensions, Supply of London Water, Licensing Laws, Local Taxation, Railway Regulation, or anything else, a Royal Commission has been nominated, or, if difficulty not big

probability of any action following on their deliberation."

Encouraging this for gentlemen giving up valuable time to service of the State. But 'twas a pleasant speech, delight of listening to it increased by the subdued joyousness of the MARKISS and the politely shocked air of noble lords.

Business done.—LORD ADVOCATE brought down from hospital in one of new ambulances. House of Commons spends another night in Committee with Scotch Private Legislation Procedure Bill.



A GREAT WHIP AT FAULT.
Lord Tw-dm-th loses the scent—for once.

bodies," taken in conjunction with funereal aspect of audience addressed, that business to the fore had anything to do with undertaking. House was discussing London Government Bill: second reading just moved by DOOK of DEVONSHIRE. TWEEDMOUTH rose from Front Opposition Bench to state his views on the bill. For a quarter of an hour set them forth with lucidity and force that indicated loss sustained by Commons through years when office of Whip tied his tongue.

"Now, my lords," he continued, "I come to the question of the powers conferred on these bodies." Here he stopped; turned over copy of bill spread on table before him; long pause, while he studied contents. "My lords, I now come—" Another silence; turned over the bill with hastier movement. Prolonged pause. Noble lords sat silent, struggling against tendency to show signs of anxiety. The Dook, waking up from refreshing sleep following on his historical review of Government of London, started. His slumber disturbed by cessation of buzz of TWEEDMOUTH's voice followed by sepulchral silence. Thought at first business was over; House adjourned, and he left there sleeping. Looking round found LORD CHANCELLOR on Woolsack; peers sprinkled about benches; TWEEDMOUTH standing at table; all just as when he dropped off.

"My lords, I now come—" It was Lord TWEEDMOUTH's voice again breaking the pained silence. Putting on one side the copy of the bill he had been scanning he mutely turned over another paper.

In Commons such a scene would have been differently enacted. A titter of laughter

swelling in volume would have gone round; there would have been encouraging cheer for the faltering orator, amid which he would blushing have resumed his seat. Lords took it as if it were all part of ordered business. Sat silent, trying to look unconcerned. TWEEDMOUTH'S pluck equal to their politeness. A bead of perspiration gathered on his brow; rolled down his cheek; was quietly wiped away, and the search continued amid a ghastly silence appropriate enough in connection with "these bodies." Probably by Westminster clock the episode did not last three minutes. It seemed fully a quarter of an hour.

"My lords," said the voice at the table for the fourth time, "I now come to the powers conferred upon these bodies." That was it; the spell was broken; thereafter he went on in level voice, undisturbed manner, just as if nothing in the world had happened.

"My dear TOBY," a peer who has achieved perfect command over the Lords as an audience once said, "when I get up in the House I feel as if I were addressing an assembly of tombstones."

Only those who have shared the experience can fully appreciate the measure of the imperturbable pluck displayed by Lord TWEEDMOUTH amid freezingly embarrassing circumstances.

Business done.—London Government Bill read a second time.

Friday.—SARK tells me that when on Monday London Government Bill is taken in Committee, JAMES OF HEREFORD (not the Bishop but the Beau) will move an amendment providing that no woman under forty shall be eligible for election as an alderwoman in the new Metropolitan municipalities.

That seems designed to fatally limit field of selection. So few women, especially of the unmarried class who take an interest in public affairs, have reached the age of forty. SARK says it's all right; Lord JAMES would not, on any account, attempt to damage the bill at this particular point. What he really wants is to strengthen it. An intimate study of the subject has brought him



Jockey. "HE LOOKS A PRETTY HOT 'UN."

Trainer. "NOT A BIT. COULD LIGHT YOUR PIPE ON HIM."

Jockey. "WELL, THAT'S A BIT WARM, ISN'T IT?"



A REAL NATIVE,

Quite an Irish Wit-stable; good for Oyster Soup, being the "broth of a boy," and splendid for Oyster "Pat-ties."

"Steps are being taken to bring into cultivation the oyster-beds on the West Coast of Ireland."

Daily Mail.

to the conclusion that woman is at her best when she has passed the age of two-score. When champagne is kept in stock past a certain age it is apt to be ullaged. That lowers its market price; but, as connoisseurs know, it adds to the quality of the wine. Unmarried women over forty are, from the matrimonial-market point of view, regarded as ullaged. Actually they are improved in quality and value. The effervescence of youth has left behind more stable qualities.

Hence, if the new institution of alderwomen is to be a success make it a condition that spinster-candidates shall sign a document admitting that they are over forty years of age.

Don't understand this matter myself. Suppose it's all right, as these two eminent authorities are agreed.

Business done.—House of Commons in Committee on Supply.

A COMPLIMENTARY PASS FROM THE BOXES.—Last week Mr. JOSEPH HURST received a benefit from the Lyceum. This was as it should be. For Mr. JOSEPH HURST has been bestowing benefits for more than thirty years upon the famous theatre in Wellington Street, Strand, and Mr. Punch, having run a show himself—speaks upon the subject as an expert. Mr. JOSEPH

HURST now exchanges "the front of the house" for the interior. In his honourable retirement—far from the madding crowd clamouring for places—may he live long and prosper.

APHORISM FOR THE TSAR.—The nations who pay for the Peace Congress at the Hague are those who find the *pieces*.



MEDICINE, NOT SURGERY.

Dr. Cecil (the new doctor). "Swallow this, my dear President, and there will be no necessity for a surgical operation."



Curate, after weeks of serious reading and conversation with Gaffer Stokes without much apparent result, is at last rewarded by a look of rapt exaltation on the Gaffer's face.

Gaffer Stokes. "A-MEN! THAT'S THE FIRST WOPPS I SEE THIS YEAR!"

DEPRECIATIONS.

IX.

THE COIN AND THE BOOK.

[Being a rough Paraphrase of a Speech-delivered by Mr. H-l O-ne on the subject of the Sixpenny Novel.]

CLAP down your sixpence—tanner is the term?

Or tizzy, is it?—and the book is yours; With other epoch-makers, all one price For who pays cash on nail and takes his pick.

Small profits, smart returns; we'll sum the same.

Put cost at twopence nett for printer's needs, [nine]—Ink, rags and stitching (stitch in time saves The manufactured article; groat remains; How groat should be apportioned, this the crux.

Here chapman chips in; claims for wares exposed [store, On railway-platform, counter o' dry-goods Or huckster's barrow bare to brunt of sky; Lays trifle on for time and talent spent In urging wayfarer ope purse and buy 'Gainst better judgment; adds a further touch For samples soiled by proletarian thumb

And tossed aside; say twopence meets the case, [joy. With baker's odd thirteenth thrown in for "There's the transaction viewed i' th' vendor's light"— (Compare the *Cock and Bull* of C. S. C.).

Now for the twopenny residuum Since two and two (makes four) from six is two. [brain How strike proportion 'tween creator's (Pure crucible of fancy, but for which The actual work of Art could scarcely be) And common publisher's mere tradesman-craft?

For ease of calculation, fractions waived, Put author's obvious rights at three to one; And underrated, let me say, at that. Even so, there's money in it. Take my case, Who am a man of too acknowledged worth To seem to blow a private trump of tin. Yonder's an agent guarantees me down Three hundred thousand cents per master-piece, Seven i' th' set,—two million, roundly told, Whereof the unimaginable bulk Might well intoxicate a smaller mind. This for the yearning masses, while the few, The cultured tens of thousands, still would buy

My board-bound *Deemster*, dollar-and-a-half, My full-size *Christian*, four-and-six for cash.

Next rises question, how of Art herself, Cheapened to make a coster's holiday, Efforts of peerless Master priced at par With three of pot-house ale, or half a pew In seething pit of playhouse, Surrey side? What if the public taste She means to mend Depraves her own fine pallet? Sirs, I hold They wrong the People's brain that count it crude; But, were it so, Art's mission still remains. I speak from knowledge, who have never read

A two-cent terror but I found therein Wisdom I somehow failed to find before. Man must be *made* to read, *no matter what*. Supply the thing and you create demand To meet supply; 'tis done in Billingsgate With tepid fish that else were like to rot. Give quantity, what sort let Art decide, Who, once her highest known and recognised, Breeds godlike discontent of aught that aims Beneath the highest. Take my case again. Think you that in my next ensuing boom, Solely because I suit my price to serve What class of pocket makes my fingers itch, My work will therefore sink below itself, Or show one little whit more vulgar than Than now it shows? *Impossible, I say.*

Who laughs? I think you surely miss the point, Or do me despite doubling my intent!



THE CLERICAL CROW.

SIR MICHAEL (*to himself*). "CONFOUND THAT BIRD! HE'S GONE OFF WITH ALMOST ALL I HAD LEFT
—BORROWED MONEY, TOO!"



The Vicar's Daughter. "PAPA WAS VERY SHOCKED, GILES, TO SEE YOU STANDING OUTSIDE THE 'GREEN MAN' THIS MORNING, AFTER CHURCH."

The Village Reprobate. "OI CAN 'SURE YE, MISS, IT WUS NA FAULT O' MOINE THAT I WUS STANDIN' OUTSIDE!"

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

TO SIR ALFRED MILNER.

SIR,—You are a High Commissioner. While most of us potter along the dull path of our daily lives, you are of the select few who guide the policy of governments, pen despatches, call at need for armies and navies to support their pronouncements, and, in a word, represent the majesty of Great Britain in distant lands.

It seems but yesterday that you set out for South Africa, that grave of so many reputations, which Providence and Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN had selected as a field for your ambitions and energies. With how loud a chorus of praise and encouragement did you go forth. You were a Balliol man; you had lived your allotted undergraduate span in the mild and magnificent eye of BENJAMIN JOWETT; you had been Mr. GOSCHEN's private secretary; you had been a journalist; you had directed your imperial steps to Egypt, had helped to govern the meek fellah and had written a book on your experiences; you had friends, a host of them, who wished you well, and not a single enemy. And thus, as the ship bore you from our shores, we realised with a sigh of relief that at last the haughty KRÜGER, the *malleus Josephi*, was about to meet his match, and that through you, your suavity, your firmness, your temperate demeanour and your energetic action, the stiff-necked Boer of the Transvaal would be brought to recognise his true place in the divine order of things, and to submit to the hand of manifest Destiny as guided and strengthened by CHAMBERLAIN, your eye-glassed Chieftain. The situation in South Africa was difficult. Rarely in that land of difficulties has there been a situation demanding so much tact and patience, such gentle and kindly humouring to soothe wounds still raw, such wary walking to find a safe way between financial rogueries and Jingo excess on the one side and obstinacy, suspicion, and resentment on the other. But it is in difficult situations that the master-mind displays itself; when to the commonplace man the puzzle appears impossible of solution, lo, the heaven-born genius arrives and everything is swiftly made plain and easy. Such a master-mind

and such a heaven-born genius, it appeared, we had secured in you, and therefore you went, heavily-freighted with our confidence and our praise, to be High Commissioner at Cape Town.

For a long time we heard little or nothing of you. To be sure matters did not seem to be improving in the Transvaal. The Uitlander still clamoured for what he called his rights, still he proclaimed to all the listening world that he could not possibly be happy until he got the franchise, and still Mr. KRÜGER and the Raad refused to provide this rich and interesting alien with his favourite plaything. "Give ALFRED MILNER time," said your supporters, "wait till he's firmly seated in the saddle, and then you'll see what will happen to KRÜGER." Well, we waited; there wasn't much else for us to do; and still, as time went on, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN uttered dark sayings, and most of the newspapers declared that if we failed to do our duty promptly in the Transvaal, we might just as well resign ourselves to the mockery and contempt of civilised nations. Then suddenly the crisis became acute, the Uitlander clamoured with an even louder voice, the Boer became more and more suspicious and determined, the franchise receded into a dimmer distance, there were rumours of Army-Corps and Squadrons, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN still uttered dark sayings, and then one blessed morning we woke to the knowledge that everything was about to be settled in our favour, since a Conference had been arranged between you and Mr. KRÜGER.

The Conference took place, and, I shudder as I write the dreadful words, back to Pretoria went President KRÜGER with all the honours, while you, Sir, returned to Cape Town, having accomplished nothing.

And then your despatch, that impassioned despatch, which was sent palpitating along the telegraph wires, was published, and in a moment, as if by magic, things that had been bad became worse, the whole tribe of Jingoese began to wave flags and shout for blood, and calm and sober Englishmen who had trusted you and placed their hopes of a settlement in your abilities and exertions, were struck with shame.

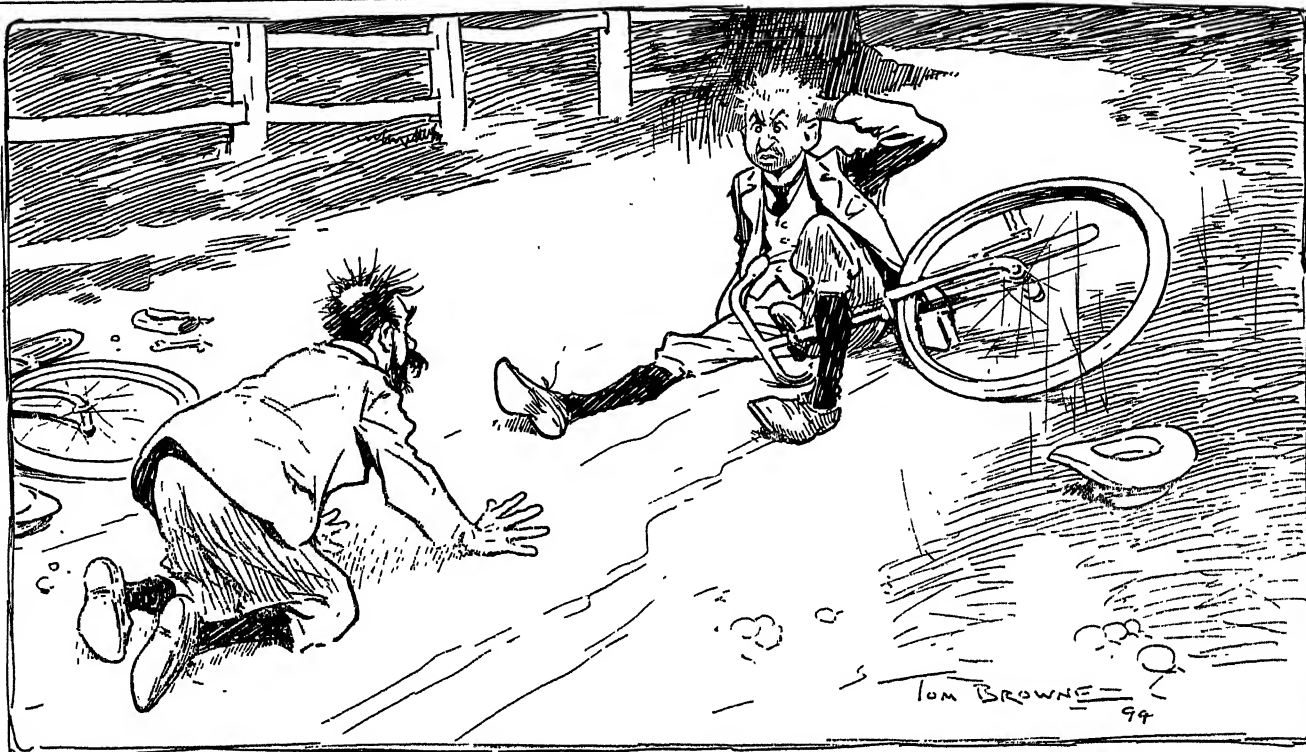
Do not misunderstand me. No one was disposed to blame you for the failure of the Conference. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is a hard taskmaster, Mr. KRÜGER is a hard and cautious bargainer. To reconcile the instructions you had received and the opposition you encountered might well, we supposed, have been an undertaking too difficult for a merely mortal High Commissioner. But, alas for that melancholy, that untimely effort of cabled rhetoric, your despatch. How shall we henceforth, with these rash, these passionate, these ill-omened words before our eyes, put confidence in your calmness, your tact, or your judgment? I lay no stress on an occasional defect of grammar, for the wires often make havoc of grammar, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may not have been in a humour to correct; but the tone of the whole thing, the temper it shows, its tawdry rhetorical pleadings, its appeal to prejudice and spread-eagleism, its ill-judged reflections on the loyalty of our Dutch fellow subjects—these qualities so crudely displayed cannot but destroy your reputation and your authority amongst those over whom you are set. That passage about "thousands of British subjects kept permanently in the position of helots" would, of itself, be sufficient to impair the career of an even greater man. How ridiculous, how preposterously frothy it sounds. Many of us have met, I suppose, some such South African helot; he was prosperous, well-fed, and portly; a heavy chain of gold, the badge not of his servitude, but of his wealth, stretched across his ample waistcoat; jewels sparkled in his tie-pin; his clothes were of a rich and massive decency; his boots creaked of balances at banks and manifold investments. Such a man may be many things, but a helot he is not.

Why, oh why, could you not sleep on this literary effort and then tear it up and write another? Was your ardour so great, was the necessity so sharp that you must needs rush hot-foot to a telegraph office and worry the wires with these foolish helotries? I cannot believe it. And, if your usefulness is gone, if the Boers denounce you, if the Afrikaner Bond regards you with distrust and a bitter resentment, have you any one to blame for this unhappy result except your rash, impetuous, and overbearing self?

I am, Sir, yours sorrowfully, THE VAGRANT.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—In the *Times* Marriage list last week, it was announced that a HOOPER had been united to a CRANMER. No doubt the "Reformation Settlement" was a handsome one. It would have been perfect had their domicile been Latimer Road, and the clergyman who officiated a RIDLEY. But it was near enough.

M. A. DE BLOCH.—One reason why the Peace Conference find a difficulty in arriving at any conclusion, satisfactory or unsatisfactory, is because there is a BLOCH in the way.



First Cyclist (cross-eyed). "WHY THE DICKENS DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?"
 Second Cyclist (cross-eyed). "WHY DON'T YOU GO WHERE YOU'RE LOOKING?"

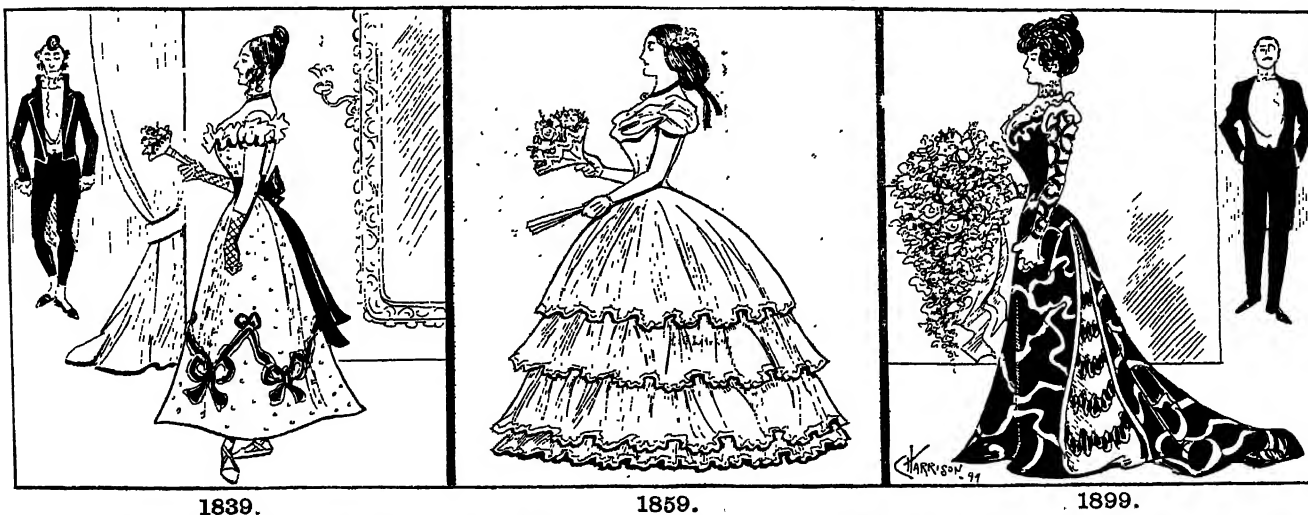
A GENUINE CHEVALIER D'INDUSTRIE.

MONTEZ, montez, Mesdames et Messieurs, montez the stairs of Queen's Hall, Langham Place, next door to the Hall of St. George (where the highly-trained performing "Gee Gee," or GEORGE GROSSMITH, continues to delight the public), and at an elevation in the building quite in keeping with the high-toned character of the entertainment, you will both see and hear, and, what is more, thoroughly enjoy the most artistically dramatic masterpieces of Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER. Among these, his impersonation of old Gaffer who has been "mindin' the pigs this forty year," and who knowingly defies his son from London to "take a rise" out of him, is in every way admirable. This must be coupled with his now well known pathetic song "*My Old Dutch*," which makes those who came only to laugh, remain to feel a choking sensation in the throat, and furtively imitate the action of the soldier who, leaning on his sword, "wiped away a tear." Scarcely has the audience stifled its sob than they are moved to convulsive laughter

by Mr. CHEVALIER's reappearance with the song of "*Blue Ribbon Jane*," and after another interval of rest he entertains them with a sketch of a broken-down professional actor, who, having in his time played all parts from *Hamlet* to *Clown*, is now out of work and struggling for a livelihood. It is a Cruikshankian illustration to a character that DICKENS might have sketched. Then his typical Frenchman of the *café chantant* with light-hearted song and indiotick-tock-tra-la-la refrain to a *très chic chanson*, all "go" and no sense. In Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER's programme there is no such word as "fail," everything being successful in its degree. Mr. CHEVALIER is assisted by a clever trio of vocalists, Miss CARL SHAW, Mr. HARRY BRETT, and Mr. FRANK PEMBERTON, and by way of contrast to all the singing and speaking comes the delicate conjuring of Mr. CHRIS HILTON, "The Magic Mute," whose sleight of hand is excellent.

Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, who is always hard at work in town or country, certainly deserves the title of "*Le Chevalier d'Industrie*" in the very best sense of an honest translation.

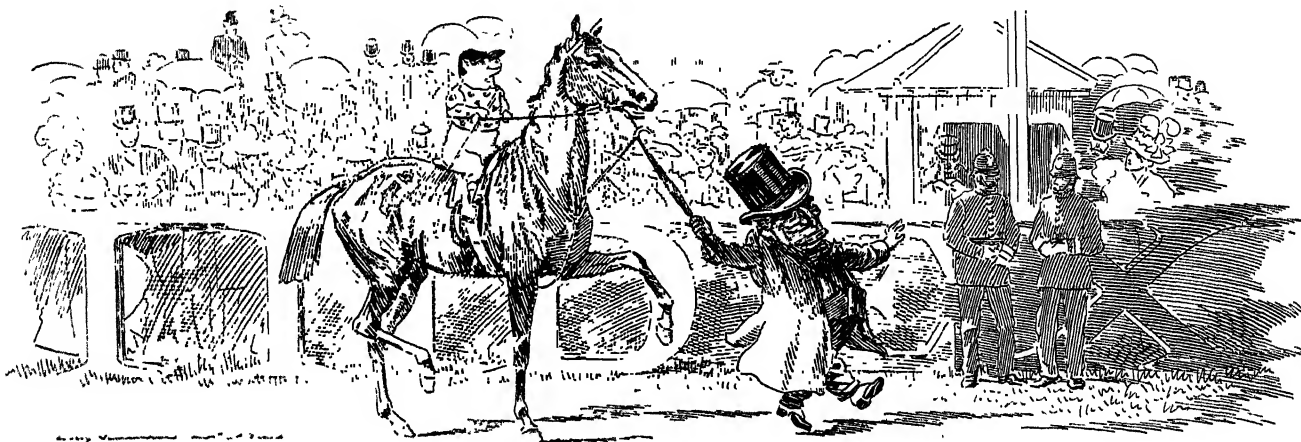
THE GROWTH OF THE BOUQUET.



1839.

1859.

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